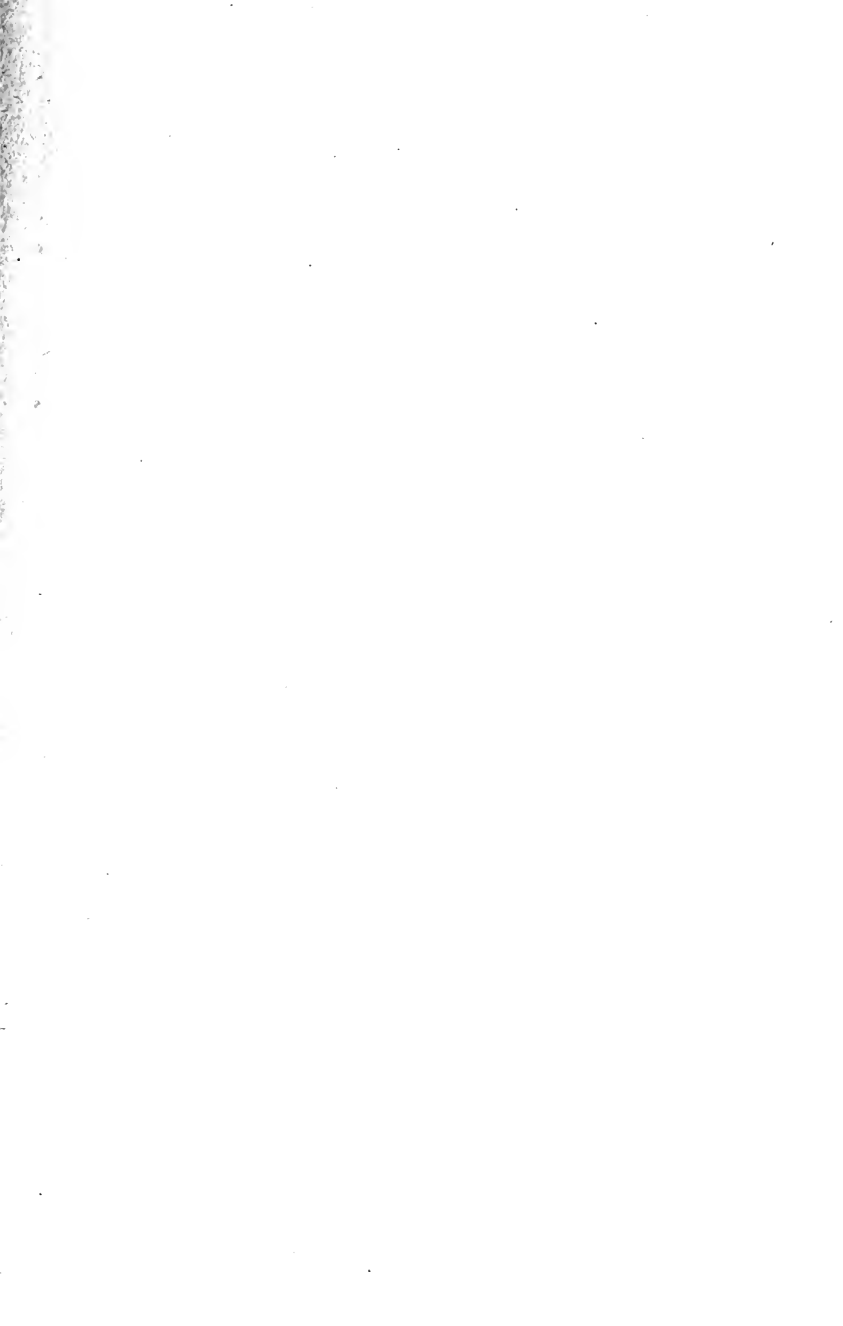




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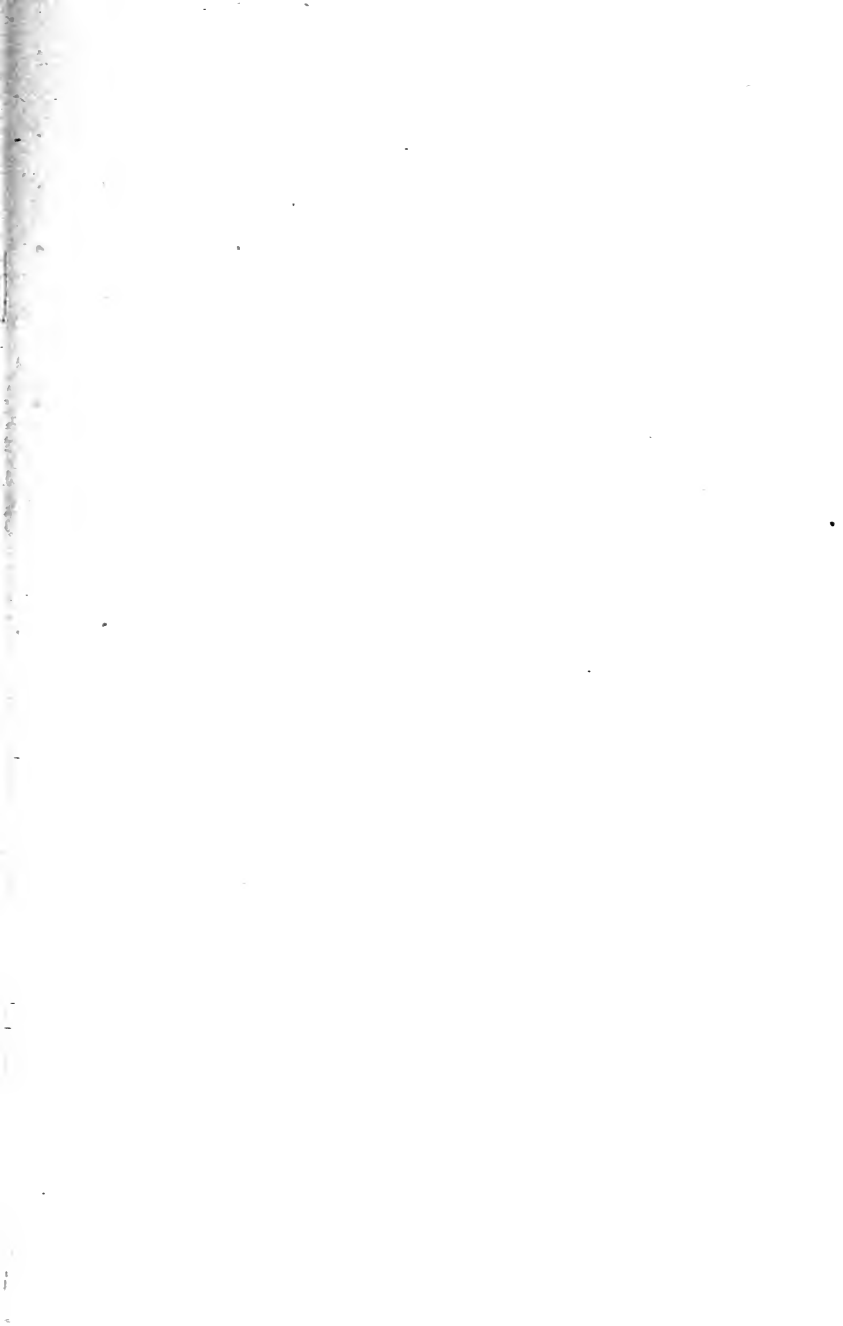


GIFT OF  
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KING JOHN

*HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION*

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EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. VI.

KING JOHN—KING RICHARD II.

*ILLUSTRATED*

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1898

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SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY  
OF  
KING JOHN



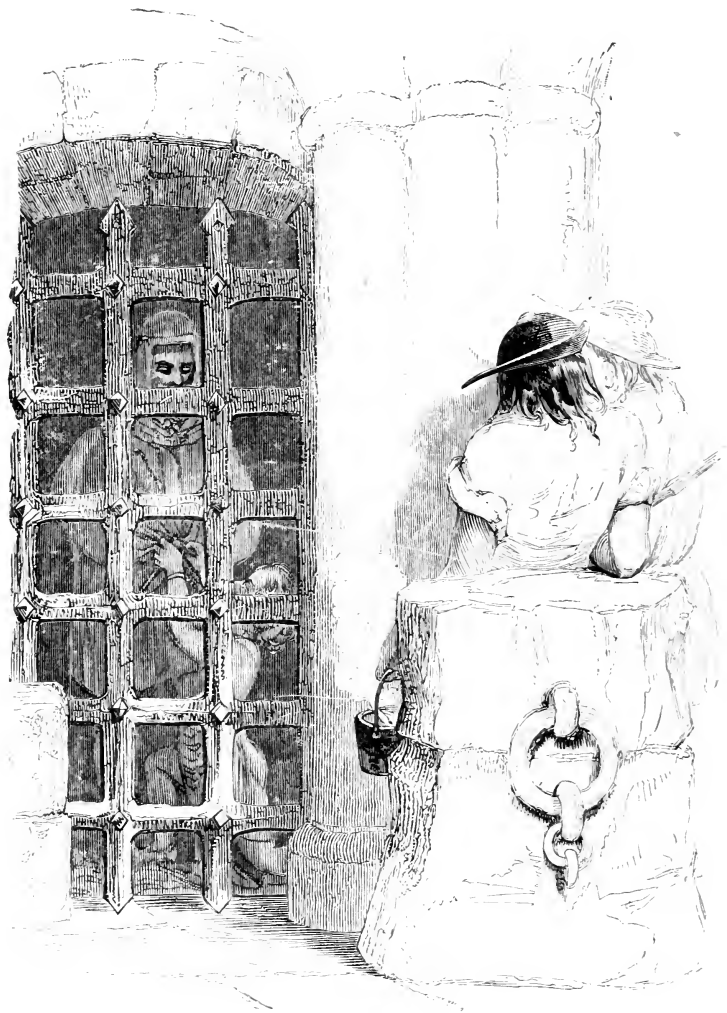
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KING JOHN.

## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

### I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

*King John* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is entitled "The life and death of King Iohn," and occupies pages 1-22 in the division of "Histories." It is the only one of the undoubted works of Shakespeare which is not entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. Internal evidence shows pretty clearly that it was written at about the same time as *Richard II.*; and it is probable that it

followed rather than preceded that play. We cannot be far wrong if, with Furnivall, we assign it to the year 1595. Dowden (*Shaks. Primer*, p. 90) also says: "The chief point of difference with respect to form is that *Richard II.* contains a much larger proportion of rhymed verse, and on the whole we shall not perhaps err in regarding *Richard II.* as the earlier of the two." Prof. Ward (*Eng. Dram. Lit.* vol. i. p. 368) remarks that "the play evidently belongs to the same period of Shakspeare's productivity as *Richard II.*, and may be dated about the same time; probably before the body of those in which he mainly followed Holinshed." Fleay makes the date 1596, seeing in i. 2. 66-75, as certain other critics have done, an allusion to the fleet sent against Spain in that year. He believes also that "the laments of Constance for Arthur's death (iii. 4) were inspired by Shakespeare's sorrow for his heir and only son, Hamnet, whom he lost August 12, 1596." As it is included in Meres's list in his *Palladis Tamia* (see *M. A. D.* p. 9), it must have been put upon the stage before the publication of that book in September, 1598.

## II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

*King John* varies from the facts of history more than any other of the "Histories," being founded upon an earlier play published in 1591 with the following title-page, of which Halliwell gives a fac-simile:

THE | Troublesome Raigne | of *Iohn King of England*,  
with the dis- | couerie of *King Richard Cordelions* | Base  
sonne (vulgarly named, The Ba- | stard Fawconbridge): also  
the | death of *King Iohn at Swinstead | Abbey.* | As it was  
(sundry times) publi<sup>k</sup>ely acted by the | *Queenes Maiesties Play-*  
*ers, in the ho- | nourable Citie of* | London. Imprinted at  
London for *Sampson Clarke,* | and are to be solde at his shop,  
on the backe- | side of the *Royall Exchange.* | 1591.

In the year 1611 this play was reprinted "by Valentine Simmes for John Helme," with "Written by W. Sh." added

to the title-page ; and in a third edition, printed "by Aug : Mathewes for Thomas Dewe," and brought out in 1622, it was ascribed to "W. Shakespeare." This was doubtless a mere trick of the publishers to help the sale of the book, as the style proves conclusively that Shakespeare had no part in its authorship.

While the poet follows this old play in the outlines of his plot, and occasionally borrows its language, his real indebtedness to it is comparatively slight. "The main incidents are the same, but Shakspeare elevates and almost re-creates the characters ; for the most eloquent and poetical passages no original is to be found in the old play. The character of the king grows more darkly treacherous in Shakspeare's hands : barely a hint of the earlier author suggested the scene, so powerful and so subtle, in which John insinuates to Hubert his murderous desires ; the boyish innocence of Arthur, and the pathos of his life, become real and living as they are dealt with by the imagination of Shakspeare ; Constance is no longer a fierce and ambitious virago, but a passionate sorrowing mother ; Faulconbridge is ennobled by a manly tenderness and a purer patriotism. Shakspeare depicts, with true English spirit, the ambition, the political greed, the faithlessness, the sophistry, of the court of Rome ; but he wholly omits a ribald scene of the old play, in which the licentiousness of monasteries is exposed to ridicule" (Dowden).

Gervinus, after remarking that "Shakespeare entirely followed this older work in the historical matter," goes on to say : "Artistically considered, he took in the outward design of the piece, blended both parts into one, adhered to the leading features of the characters, and finished them with finer touches. . . . The older *King John* is a rough but not a bad piece, from which the poet could have borrowed many happy poetical and historical features. It possesses the old stiffness, and is intermingled with Latin passages according

to the earlier custom, yet it is freer from the extravagances of the old school, from which these historical subjects in a great measure rescued us. The diffuseness in the second part is heavy, and here Shakespeare with excellent tact has remedied the evil by abridgment. The characters are designed in a manner suitable for our poet's use, but they are far less sustained than his. For the mere sake of speaking, speeches are put into the mouth of Faulconbridge which are inconsistent with his nature. Arthur, who once speaks in the childish tone of his age, loses it again, and in the pathetic scene with Hubert is a precocious disputant. How far Shakespeare excelled his best contemporary poets in fine feeling is evinced by his revised work as compared with this older play. Shakespeare delineates his Faulconbridge (and himself in him) rigidly and bitterly enough as a good Protestant in the base treatment of Popish arrogance. In suitable passages he gives full vent to the indignation of the English at Popish rule and intrigue, encroachment and oppression, which at that time was readily listened to in London. But he did not go so far as to make a farce of Faulconbridge's extortions from the clergy; . . . to our poet's impartial mind the dignity of the clergy, nay, even the contemplativeness of cloister-life, was a matter too sacred for him to introduce it in a ridiculous form into the seriousness of history. There are many similar crudenesses in the old piece, which Shakespeare has likewise effaced. At the marriage treaty between Lewis and Blanche, the poor Constance is present; at the indelicate discussion (i. 1) between the brothers Faulconbridge, their mother is introduced; the illegitimate son subsequently threatens his own mother with death if she does not confess the truth to him: this lack of tenderness does not occur in Shakespeare. In another respect also the accurate comparison of the two works is of the greatest interest, if we would watch Shakespeare's depth in the treatment of his poetry, as it were, in the work and in

the creation itself. In many passages of the old play, where motives, delineation of character and actions, lay before him in ample prolixity, he has gathered the contents of whole scenes compactly into a single sentence or a single insinuation; he disdains superabundant perspicuity, and leaves to the actor, the spectator, and the reader something for his own mind to find out and to add."

### III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* \*]

Constance of Bretagne was the only daughter and heiress of Conan IV., Duke of Bretagne; her mother was Margaret of Scotland, the eldest daughter of Malcolm IV. But little mention is made of this princess in the old histories; but she appears to have inherited some portion of the talent and spirit of her father, and to have transmitted them to her daughter. The misfortunes of Constance may be said to have commenced before her birth, and took their rise in the misconduct of one of her female ancestors. Her great-grandmother Matilda, the wife of Conan III., was distinguished by her beauty and imperious temper, and not less by her gallantries. Her husband, not thinking proper to repudiate her during his lifetime, contented himself with disinheritng her son Hoel, whom he declared illegitimate; and bequeathed his dukedom to his daughter Bertha, and her husband Allan the Black, Earl of Richmond, who were proclaimed and acknowledged Duke and Duchess of Bretagne.

Prince Hoel, so far from acquiescing in his father's will, immediately levied an army to maintain his rights, and a civil war ensued between the brother and sister, which lasted for twelve or fourteen years. Bertha, whose reputation was not much fairer than that of her mother Matilda, was succeeded by her son Conan IV. He was young, and of a feeble, vacillating temper, and after struggling for a few years

\* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 358 fol.

against the increasing power of his uncle Hoel, and his own rebellious barons, he called in the aid of that politic and ambitious monarch, Henry II. of England. This fatal step decided the fate of his crown and his posterity; from the moment the English set foot in Bretagne, that miserable country became a scene of horrors and crimes—oppression and perfidy on the one hand, unavailing struggles on the other. Ten years of civil discord ensued, during which the greatest part of Bretagne was desolated, and nearly a third of the population carried off by famine and pestilence. In the end, Conan was secured in the possession of his throne by the assistance of the English king, who, equally subtle and ambitious, contrived in the course of this warfare to strip Conan of most of his provinces by successive treaties, alienate the Breton nobles from their lawful sovereign, and at length render the Duke himself the mere vassal of his power.

In the midst of these scenes of turbulence and bloodshed was Constance born, in the year 1164. The English king consummated his perfidious scheme of policy, by seizing on the person of the infant princess, before she was three years old, as a hostage for her father. Afterwards, by contracting her in marriage to his third son, Geoffrey Plantagenet, he ensured, as he thought, the possession of the duchy of Bretagne to his own posterity.

From this time we hear no more of the weak, unhappy Conan, who, retiring from a fruitless contest, hid himself in some obscure retreat; even the date of his death is unknown. Meanwhile Henry openly claimed the duchy in behalf of his son Geoffrey and the Lady Constance; and their claims not being immediately acknowledged, he invaded Bretagne with a large army, laid waste the country, bribed or forced some of the barons into submission, murdered or imprisoned others, and, by the most treacherous and barbarous policy, contrived to keep possession of the country he had thus seized. However, in order to satisfy the Bretons, who were

attached to the race of their ancient sovereigns, and to give some colour to his usurpation, he caused Geoffrey and Constance to be solemnly crowned at Rennes as Duke and Duchess of Bretagne. This was in the year 1169, when Constance was five and Prince Geoffrey about eight years old. His father, Henry, continued to rule, or rather to ravage and oppress, the country in their name for about fourteen years, during which period we do not hear of Constance. She appears to have been kept in a species of constraint as a hostage rather than a sovereign ; while her husband Geoffrey, as he grew up to manhood, was too much engaged in keeping the Bretons in order, and disputing his rights with his father, to think about the completion of his union with Constance, although his sole title to the dukedom was properly and legally in right of his wife. At length, in 1182, the nuptials were formally celebrated, Constance being then in her nineteenth year. At the same time, she was recognized as Duchess of Bretagne *de son chef* (that is, in her own right) by two acts of legislation, which are still preserved among the records of Bretagne, and bear her own seal and signature.

Those domestic feuds which embittered the whole life of Henry II., and at length broke his heart, are well known. Of all his sons, who were in continual rebellion against him, Geoffrey was the most undutiful and the most formidable : he had all the pride of the Plantagenets, all the warlike accomplishments of his two elder brothers, Henry and Richard ; and was the only one who could compete with his father in talent, eloquence, and dissimulation. No sooner was he the husband of Constance, and in possession of the throne of Bretagne, than he openly opposed his father ; in other words, he maintained the honour and interests of his wife and her unhappy country against the cruelties and oppression of the English plunderers.\* About three years

\* *Vide Daru, Histoire de Bretagne.*

after his marriage, he was invited to Paris for the purpose of concluding a league, offensive and defensive, with the French king; in this journey he was accompanied by the Duchess Constance, and they were received and entertained with royal magnificence. Geoffrey, who excelled in all chivalrous accomplishments, distinguished himself in the tournaments which were celebrated on the occasion; but unfortunately, after an encounter with a French knight celebrated for his prowess, he was accidentally flung from his horse, and trampled to death in the lists before he could be extricated.

Constance, being now left a widow, returned to Bretagne, where her barons rallied round her, and acknowledged her as their sovereign. The Salique law did not prevail in Bretagne, and it appears that in those times the power of a female to possess and transmit the rights of sovereignty had been recognized in several instances; but Constance is the first woman who exercised those rights in her own person. She had one daughter, Elinor, born in the second year of her marriage, and a few months after her husband's death she gave birth to a son. The States of Bretagne were filled with exultation; they required that the infant prince should not bear the name of his father—a name which Constance, in fond remembrance of her husband, would have bestowed on him—still less that of his grandfather Henry; but that of Arthur, the redoubted hero of their country, whose memory was worshipped by the populace. Though the Arthur of romantic and fairy legends—the Arthur of the Round Table, had been dead for six centuries, they still looked for his second appearance among them, according to the prophecy of Merlin; and now, with fond and short-sighted enthusiasm, fixed their hopes on the young Arthur as one destined to redeem the glory and independence of their oppressed and miserable country. But in the very midst of the rejoicings which succeeded the birth of the prince, his grandfather,



Henry II., demanded to have the possession and guardianship of his person; and on the spirited refusal of Constance to yield her son into his power, he invaded Bretagne with a large army, plundering, burning, devastating the country as he advanced. He seized Rennes, the capital, and having by the basest treachery obtained possession of the persons both of the young duchess and her children, he married Constance forcibly to one of his own favorite adherents, Randal de Blondville, Earl of Chester, and conferred on him the duchy of Bretagne, to be held as a fief of the English crown.

The Earl of Chester, though a brave knight, and one of the greatest barons of England, had no pretensions to so high an alliance; nor did he possess any qualities or personal accomplishments which might have reconciled Constance to him as a husband. He was a man of diminutive stature and mean appearance, but of haughty and ferocious manners and unbounded ambition.\* In a conference between this Earl of Chester and the Earl of Perche, in Lincoln Cathedral, the latter taunted Randal with his insignificant person, and called him contemptuously "*Dwarf.*" "Sayst thou so!" replied Randal; "I vow to God and our Lady, whose church this is, that ere long I will seem to thee high as that steeple!" He was as good as his word, when, on ascending the throne of Brittany, the Earl of Perche became his vassal.

We cannot know what measures were used to force this degradation on the reluctant and high-spirited Constance; it is only certain that she never considered her marriage in the light of a sacred obligation, and that she took the first opportunity of legally breaking from a chain which could scarcely be considered as legally binding. For about a year she was obliged to allow this detested husband the title of Duke of Bretagne, and he administered the government with

\* *Vide* Sir Peter Leycester's *Antiquities of Chester*.

out the slightest reference to her will, even in form, till 1189, when Henry II. died, execrating himself and his undutiful children. Whatever great and good qualities this monarch may have possessed, his conduct in Bretagne was uniformly detestable. Even the unfilial behaviour of his sons may be extenuated; for while he spent his life, and sacrificed his peace, and violated every principle of honour and humanity to compass their political aggrandizement, he was guilty of atrocious injustice towards them, and set them a bad example in his own person.

The tidings of Henry's death had no sooner reached Bretagne than the barons of that country rose with one accord against his government, banished or massacred his officers, and, sanctioned by the Duchess Constance, drove Randal de Blondville and his followers from Bretagne; he retired to his earldom of Chester, there to brood over his injuries and meditate vengeance.

In the meantime, Richard I. ascended the English throne. Soon afterwards he embarked on his celebrated expedition to the Holy Land, having previously declared Prince Arthur, the only son of Constance, heir to all his dominions.\*

His absence, and that of many of her own turbulent barons and encroaching neighbours, left to Constance and her harassed dominions a short interval of profound peace. The historians of that period, occupied by the warlike exploits of the French and English kings in Palestine, make but little mention of the domestic events of Europe during their absence; but it is no slight encomium on the character of Constance that Bretagne flourished under her government, and began to recover from the effects of twenty years of desolating war. The seven years during which she ruled as an independent sovereign were not marked by any events of importance; but in the year 1196 she caused her son Arthur, then nine years of age, to be acknowledged Duke of

\* By the treaty of Messina, 1190.

Bretagne by the States, and associated him with herself in all the acts of government.

There was more of maternal fondness than policy in this measure, and it cost her dear. Richard, that royal firebrand, had now returned to England. By the intrigues and representations of Earl Randal, his attention was turned to Bretagne. He expressed extreme indignation that Constance should have proclaimed her son Duke of Bretagne, and her partner in power, without his consent, he being the feudal lord and natural guardian of the young prince. After some excuses and representations on the part of Constance, he affected to be pacified, and a friendly interview was appointed at Pontorson, on the frontiers of Normandy.

We can hardly reconcile the cruel and perfidious scenes which follow with those romantic and chivalrous associations which illustrate the memory of Cœur-de-Lion, the friend of Blondel and the antagonist of Saladin. Constance, perfectly unsuspecting of the meditated treason, accepted the invitation of her brother-in-law, and set out from Rennes with a small but magnificent retinue to join him at Pontorson. On the road, and within sight of the town, the Earl of Chester was posted with a troop of Richard's soldiery, and while the duchess prepared to enter the gates, where she expected to be received with honour and welcome, he suddenly rushed from his ambuscade, fell upon her and her suite, put the latter to flight, and carried off Constance to the strong Castle of St. Jaques de Beuvron, where he detained her a prisoner for eighteen months. The chronicle does not tell us how Randal treated his unfortunate wife during this long imprisonment. She was absolutely in his power; none of her own people were suffered to approach her, and whatever might have been his behaviour towards her, one thing alone is certain, that so far from softening her feelings towards *him*, it seems to have added tenfold bitterness to her abhorrence and her scorn.

The barons of Bretagne sent the Bishop of Rennes to complain of this violation of faith and justice, and to demand the restitution of the duchess. Richard meanly evaded and temporized: he engaged to restore Constance to liberty on certain conditions; but this was merely to gain time. When the stipulated terms were complied with, and the hostages delivered, the Bretons sent a herald to the English king to require him to fulfil his part of the treaty and restore their beloved Constance. Richard replied with insolent defiance, refused to deliver up either the hostages or Constance, and marched his army into the heart of the country.

All that Bretagne had suffered previously was as nothing compared to this terrible invasion; and all that the humane and peaceful government of Constance had effected during seven years was at once annihilated. The English barons and their savage and mercenary followers spread themselves through the country, which they wasted with fire and sword. The castles of those who ventured to defend themselves were razed to the ground; the towns and villages plundered and burned, and the wretched inhabitants fled to the caves and forests; but not even there could they find an asylum; by the orders and in the presence of Richard, the woods were set on fire, and hundreds either perished in the flames or were suffocated in the smoke.

Constance, meanwhile, could only weep in her captivity over the miseries of her country, and tremble with all a mother's fears for the safety of her son. She had placed Arthur under the care of William Desroches, the seneschal of her palace, a man of mature age, of approved valour, and devotedly attached to her family. This faithful servant threw himself, with his young charge, into the fortress of Brest, where he for some time defied the power of the English king.

But notwithstanding the brave resistance of the nobles

and people of Bretagne, they were obliged to submit to the conditions imposed by Richard. By a treaty concluded in 1198, of which the terms are not exactly known, Constance was delivered from her captivity, though not from her husband; but in the following year, when the death of Richard had restored her to some degree of independence, the first use she made of it was to *divorce herself* from Randal. She took this step with her usual precipitancy, not waiting for the sanction of the Pope, as was the custom in those days; and soon afterwards she gave her hand to Guy, Count de Thouars, a man of courage and integrity, who for some time maintained the cause of his wife and her son against the power of England. Arthur was now fourteen, and the legitimate heir of all the dominions of his uncle Richard. Constance placed him under the guardianship of the King of France, who knighted the young prince with his own hand, and solemnly swore to defend his rights against his usurping uncle John.

It is at this moment that the play of *King John* opens; and history is followed as closely as the dramatic form would allow, to the death of John. The real fate of poor Arthur, after he had been abandoned by the French, and had fallen into the hands of his uncle, is now ascertained; but according to the chronicle from which Shakspeare drew his materials, he was killed in attempting to escape from the Castle of Falaise. Constance did not live to witness this consummation of her calamities. Within a few months after Arthur was taken prisoner, in 1201, she died suddenly, before she had attained her thirty-ninth year; but the cause of her death is not specified.

Her eldest daughter, Elinor, the legitimate heiress of England, Normandy, and Bretagne, died in captivity, having been kept a prisoner in Bristol Castle from the age of fifteen. She was at that time so beautiful that she was called proverbially "La belle Bretonne," and by the English the "Fair

Maid of Brittany." She, like her brother Arthur, was sacrificed to the ambition of her uncles.

Of the two daughters of Constance by Guy de Thouars, the eldest, Alice, became Duchess of Bretagne, and married the Count de Dreux, of the royal blood of France. The sovereignty of Bretagne was transmitted through her descendants in an uninterrupted line till, by the marriage of the celebrated Anne de Bretagne with Charles VIII. of France, her dominions were forever united with the French monarchy.

In considering the real history of Constance, three things must strike us as chiefly remarkable.

First, that she is not accused of any vice or any act of injustice or violence; and this praise, though poor and negative, should have its due weight, considering the scanty records that remain of her troubled life, and the period at which she lived—a period in which crimes of the darkest dye were familiar occurrences. Her father, Conan, was considered as a gentle and amiable prince—"gentle even to feebleness;" yet we are told that on one occasion he acted over again the tragedy of Ugolino and Ruggiero, when he shut up the Count de Dol, with his two sons and his nephew, in a dungeon, and deliberately starved them to death; an event recorded without any particular comment by the old chroniclers of Bretagne. It also appears that, during those intervals when Constance administered the government of her states with some degree of independence, the country prospered under her sway, and that she possessed at all times the love of her people and the respect of her nobles.

Secondly, no imputation whatever has been cast on the honour of Constance as a wife and as a woman. The old historians, who have treated in a very uncereemonious style the levities of her great-grandmother Matilda, her grandmother Bertha, her godmother Constance, and her mother-in-law Elinor, treat the name and memory of *our* Lady Constance with uniform respect.

Her third marriage, with Guy de Thouars, has been censured as impolitic, but has also been defended ; it can hardly, considering her age, and the circumstances in which she was placed, be a just subject of reproach. During her hated union with Randal de Blondville, and the years passed in a species of widowhood, she conducted herself with propriety ; at least I can find no reason to judge otherwise.

Lastly, we are struck by the fearless, determined spirit, amounting at times to rashness, which Constance displayed on several occasions when left to the free exercise of her own power and will ; yet we see how frequently, with all this resolution and pride of temper, she became a mere instrument in the hands of others, and a victim to the superior craft or power of her enemies. The inference is unavoidable ; there must have existed in the mind of Constance, with all her noble and amiable qualities, a deficiency somewhere, a want of firmness, a want of judgment or wariness, and a total want of self-control. . . .

Whenever we think of Constance, it is in her maternal character. All the interest which she excites in the drama turns upon her situation as the mother of Arthur. Every circumstance in which she is placed, every sentiment she utters, has a reference to him ; and she is represented through the whole of the scenes in which she is engaged as alternately pleading for the rights and trembling for the existence of her son. . . .

But, while we contemplate the character of Constance, she assumes before us an individuality perfectly distinct from the circumstances around her. The action calls forth her maternal feelings, and places them in the most prominent point of view ; but with Constance, as with a real human being, the maternal affections are a powerful instinct, modified by other faculties, sentiments, and impulses, making up the individual character. We think of her as a mother, because, as a mother distracted for the loss of her son, she is immediately present-

ed before us, and calls forth our sympathy and our tears ; but we infer the rest of her character from what we see, as certainly and as completely as if we had known her whole course of life.

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, of passion, of affection, of pride. The moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient ; or, rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears, are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment ; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to endure. It is, therefore, with perfect truth of nature that Constance is first introduced as pleading for peace :

“Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis’d you stain your swords with blood :  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war ;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed.”

And that the same woman, when all her passions are roused by the sense of injury, should afterwards exclaim,

War, war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war !—



that she should be ambitious for her son, proud of his high birth and royal rights, and violent in defending them—is most natural ; but I cannot agree with those who think that in the mind of Constance *ambition*—that is, the love of dominion for its own sake—is either a strong motive or a strong feeling ; it could hardly be so where the natural impulses and the ideal power predominate in so high a degree. The vehemence with which she asserts the just and legal rights of her son is that of a fond mother and a proud-spirited woman, stung with the sense of injury, and herself a reigning sovereign—by birth and right, if not in fact ; yet when bereaved of her son, grief not only “fills the room up of her absent child,” but seems to absorb every other faculty and feeling, even pride and anger. It is true that she exults over him as one whom nature and fortune had destined to be *great*, but in her distraction for his loss she thinks of him only as her “Pretty Arthur.”

“O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !”

No other feeling can be traced through the whole of her frantic scene ; it is grief only—a mother's heart-rending, soul-absorbing grief—and nothing else. Not even indignation or the desire of revenge interferes with its soleness and intensity. An ambitious woman would hardly have thus addressed the cold, wily Cardinal [iii. 4. 76-89] :

“And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven,” etc.

The bewildered pathos and poetry of this address could be natural in no woman who did not unite, like Constance, the most passionate sensibility with the most vivid imagination.

It is true that Queen Elinor calls her on one occasion “ambitious Constance ;” but the epithet is rather the natu-

ral expression of Elinor's own fear and hatred than really applicable.\* Elinor, in whom age had subdued all passions but ambition, dreaded the mother of Arthur as her rival in power, and for that reason only opposed the claims of the son ; but I conceive that in a woman yet in the prime of life, and endued with the peculiar disposition of Constance, the mere love of power would be too much modified by fancy and feeling to be called a *passion*.

In fact, it is not pride, nor temper, nor ambition, nor even maternal affection which in Constance gives the prevailing tone to the whole character ; it is the predominance of imagination. I do not mean in the conception of the dramatic portrait, but in the temperament of the woman herself. In the poetical, fanciful, excitable cast of her mind, in the *excess* of the ideal power, tinging all her affections, exalting all her sentiments and thoughts, and animating the expression of both, Constance can only be compared to Juliet.

In the first place, it is through the power of imagination that when under the influence of excited temper Constance is not a mere incensed woman ; nor does she, in the style of Volumnia, "lament in anger, Juno-like," but rather like a sibyl in a fury. Her sarcasms come down like thunderbolts. In her famous address to Austria [iii. i. 114-129] :

"O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil ! thou slave ! thou wretch ! thou coward !" etc.

it is as if she had concentrated the burning spirit of scorn and dashed it in his face ; every word seems to blister where it falls. In the scolding scene between her and Queen Elinor [ii. i. 120 fol.], the laconic insolence of the latter is completely overborne by the torrent of bitter contumely which bursts from the lips of Constance, clothed in the most energetic, and often in the most figurative expressions.

\* "Queen Elinor saw that if he were king, how his mother, Constance, would look to bear the most rule in the realm of England till her son should come of a lawful age to govern of himself."—HOLINSHED.

And in a very opposite mood, when struggling with the consciousness of her own helpless situation, the same susceptible and excitable fancy still predominates [iii. i. 11-24].

It is the power of imagination which gives so peculiar a tinge to the maternal tenderness of Constance; she not only loves her son with the fond instinct of a mother's affection, but she loves him with her poetical imagination, exults in his beauty and his royal birth, hangs over him with idolatry, and sees his infant brow already encircled with the diadem. Her proud spirit, her ardent enthusiastic fancy, and her energetic self-will, all combine with her maternal love to give it that tone and character which belongs to her only: hence that most beautiful address to her son [iii. i. 43 fol.: "If thou, that bidd'st me be content," etc.], which, coming from the lips of Constance, is as full of nature and truth as of pathos and poetry, and which we could hardly sympathize with in any other.

It is this exceeding vivacity of imagination which in the end turns sorrow to frenzy. Constance is not only a bereaved and doting mother, but a generous woman, betrayed by her own rash confidence; in whose mind the sense of injury mingling with the sense of grief, and her impetuous temper conflicting with her pride, combine to upset her reason. Yet she is not mad: and how admirably, how forcibly, she herself draws the distinction between the frantic violence of uncontrolled feeling and actual madness!—

"Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 't is like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!"

On the whole, it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance as it is

exhibited to us ; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power, as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

The sole deviation from history which may be considered as essentially interfering with the truth of the situation is the entire omission of the character of Guy de Thouars, so that Constance is incorrectly represented as in a state of widowhood, at a period when, in point of fact, she was married. It may be observed that her marriage took place just at the period of the opening of the drama ; that Guy de Thouars played no conspicuous part in the affairs of Bretagne till after the death of Constance ; and that the mere presence of this personage, altogether superfluous in the action, would have completely destroyed the dramatic interest of the situation. And what a situation ! One more magnificent was never placed before the mind's eye than that of Constance, when [iii. 1], deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid her false friends and her ruthless enemies ! The image of the mother-eagle, wounded and bleeding to death, yet stretched over her young in an attitude of defiance, while all the baser birds of prey are clamouring around her eyrie, gives but a faint idea of the moral sublimity of this scene. Considered merely as a poetical or dramatic picture, the grouping is wonderfully fine : on one side, the vulture ambition of that mean-souled tyrant, John ; on the other, the selfish, calculating policy of Philip : between them, balancing their passions in his hand, the cold, subtle, heartless Legate ; the fiery, reckless Falconbridge ; the princely Louis ; the still unconquered spirit of that wrangling queen, old Elinor ; the bridal loveliness and modesty of Blanche ; the boyish grace and innocence of young Arthur ; and Constance in the midst

of them, in all the state of her great grief, a grand impersonation of pride and passion, helpless at once and desperate—form an assemblage of figures, each perfect in its kind, and, taken all together, not surpassed for the variety, force, and splendour of the dramatic and picturesque effect.

Elinor of Guienne and Blanche of Castile, who form part of the group around Constance, are sketches merely, but they are strictly historical portraits, and full of truth and spirit.

At the period when Shakspeare has brought these three women on the scene together, Elinor of Guienne (the daughter of the last Duke of Guienne and Aquitaine, and, like Constance, the heiress of a sovereign duchy) was near the close of her long various, and unquiet life—she was nearly seventy : and, as in early youth, her violent passions had overborne both principle and policy, so in her old age we see the same character, only modified by time ; her strong intellect and love of power, unbridled by conscience or principle, surviving when other passions were extinguished, and rendered more dangerous by a degree of subtlety and self-command to which her youth had been a stranger. Her personal and avowed hatred for Constance, together with its motives, are mentioned by the old historians. Holinshed expressly says that Queen Elinor was mightily set against her grandson Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother than by any fault of the young prince, for that she knew and dreaded the high spirit of the Lady Constance.

Queen Elinor preserved to the end of her life her influence over her children, and appears to have merited their respect. While intrusted with the government, during the absence of Richard I., she ruled with a steady hand, and made herself exceedingly popular ; and as long as she lived to direct the counsels of her son John, his affairs prospered. For that intemperate jealousy which converted her into a domestic firebrand, there was at least much cause, though little excuse. Elinor

had hated and wronged the husband of her youth,\* and she had afterwards to endure the negligence and innumerable infidelities of the husband whom she passionately loved;† “and so the whirligig of time brought in his revenges.” Elinor died in 1203, a few months after Constance, and before the murder of Arthur—a crime which, had she lived, would probably never have been consummated; for the nature of Elinor, though violent, had no tincture of the baseness and cruelty of her son.

Blanche of Castile was the daughter of Alphonso IX. of Castile, and the granddaughter of Elinor. At the time that she is introduced into the drama she was about fifteen, and her marriage with Louis VIII., then Dauphin, took place in the abrupt manner here represented. It is not often that political marriages have the same happy result. We are told by the historians of that time that from the moment Louis and Blanche met they were inspired by a mutual passion, and that during a union of more than twenty-six years they were never known to differ, nor even spent more than a single day asunder.

In her exceeding beauty and blameless reputation; her love for her husband, and strong domestic affections; her pride of birth and rank; her feminine gentleness of deportment; her firmness of temper; her religious bigotry; her love of absolute power, and her upright and conscientious administration of it, Blanche greatly resembled Maria Theresa of Austria. She was, however, of a more cold and calculating nature; and in proportion as she was less amiable as a woman did she rule more happily for herself and others.

\* Louis VII. of France, whom she was accustomed to call, in contempt, *the monk*. Elinor's adventures in Syria, whither she accompanied Louis on the second Crusade, would form a romance.

† Henry II. of England. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the story of Fair Rosamond, as far as Elinor is concerned, is a mere invention of some ballad-maker of later times.

There cannot be a greater contrast than between the acute understanding, the steady temper, and the cool, intriguing policy of Blanche, by which she succeeded in disuniting and defeating the powers arrayed against her and her infant son, and the rash confiding temper and susceptible imagination of Constance, which rendered herself and her son easy victims to the fraud or ambition of others. Blanche, during forty years, held in her hands the destinies of the greater part of Europe, and is one of the most celebrated names recorded in history—but in what does she survive to us except in a name? Nor history, nor fame, though “trumpet-tongued,” could do for *her* what Shakspeare and poetry have done for Constance. The earthly reign of Blanche is over, her sceptre broken, and her power departed. When will the reign of Constance cease? when will *her* power depart? Not while this world is a world, and there exist in it human souls to kindle at the touch of genius, and human hearts to throb with human sympathies.

[From Dowden's “*Shakspeare*.”\*]

Setting aside *Henry VIII.*, a play written probably for some special occasion, or upon some special occasion handed over to the dramatist Fletcher to complete; setting aside also the somewhat slight sketch of Edward IV. which appears in 3 *Henry VI.* and in the opening scenes of *Richard III.*, six full-length portraits of kings of England have been left by Shakspeare. These six fall into two groups of three each—one group consisting of studies of kingly weakness, the other group of studies of kingly strength. In the one group stand King John, King Richard II., and King Henry VI.; in the other King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Richard III. John is the royal criminal, weak in his criminality; Henry VI. is the royal saint, weak in his saint-

\* *Shakspeare. a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 168 fol. (by permission).

liness. The feebleness of Richard II. cannot be characterized in a word ; he is a graceful, sentimental monarch. Richard III., in the other group, is a royal criminal, strong in his crime. Henry IV., the usurping Bolingbroke, is strong by a fine craft in dealing with events, by resolution and policy, by equal caution and daring. The strength of Henry V. is that of plain heroic magnitude, thoroughly sound and substantial, founded upon the eternal verities. Here, then, we may recognize the one dominant subject of the histories ; namely, how a man may fail, and how a man may succeed in attaining a practical mastery of the world. These plays are, as Schlegel has named them, a "mirror for kings ;" and the characters of these plays all lead up to Henry V., the man framed for the most noble and joyous mastery of things.

In *King John* the hour of utmost ebb in the national life of England is investigated by the imagination of the poet. The king reigns neither by warrant of a just title, nor, like Bolingbroke, by warrant of the right of the strongest. He knows that his house is founded upon the sand ; he knows that he has no justice of God and no virtue of man on which to rely. Therefore he assumes an air of authority and regal grandeur ; but within all is rottenness and shame. Unlike the bold usurper Richard, John endeavours to turn away his eyes from facts of which he is yet aware ; he dare not gaze into his own wretched and cowardly soul. When threatened by France with war, and now alone with his mother, John exclaims, making an effort to fortify his heart, "Our strong possession and our right for us." But Elinor, with a woman's courage and directness, forbids the unavailing self-deceit :

"Your strong possession much more than your right,  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me."

King Richard, when he would make away with the young princes, summons Tyrrel to his presence, and inquires with cynical indifference to human sentiment, "Dar'st thou resolve



to kill a friend of mine?" and when Tyrrel accepts the commission, Richard, in a moment of undisguised exultation, breaks forth with "Thou sing'st sweet music!" John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will produce assassination, he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the king's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.

The show of kingly strength and dignity in which John is clothed in the earlier scenes of the play must therefore be recognized (although Shakspeare does not obtrude the fact) as no more than a poor pretence of true regal strength and honour. The fact, only hinted in these earlier scenes, becomes afterwards all the more impressive, when the time comes to show this dastard king, who had been so great in the barter of territory, in the sale of cities, in the sacrifice of love and marriage-truth to policy; now changing from pale to red in the presence of his own nobles, now vainly trying to tread back the path of crime, now incapable of enduring the physical suffering of the hour of death. Sensible that he is a king with no inward strength of justice or of virtue, John endeavours to buttress up his power with external supports; against the advice of his nobles he celebrates a second coronation, only forthwith to remove the crown from his head and place it in the hands of an Italian priest. Pandulph, "of

fair Millaine cardinal," who possesses the astuteness and skill to direct the various conflicting forces of the time to his own advantage, Pandulph is the *de facto* master of England, and as he pleases makes peace or announces war.

The country, as in periods of doubt and danger, was "possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams." Peter of Pomfret had announced that before Ascension-day at noon the King should deliver up his crown. John submits to the degradation demanded of him, and has the incredible baseness to be pleased that he has done so of his own free will:

"Is this Ascension-day? did not the prophet  
Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd! it is but voluntary."

After this we are not surprised that when the Bastard endeavours to rouse him to manliness and resolution—

"Away, and glisten like the god of war  
When he intendeth to become the field"—

John is not ashamed to announce the "happy peace" which he has made with the Papal legate, on whom he relies for protection against the invaders of England. Faulconbridge still urges the duty of an effort at self-defence, for the sake of honour and of safety, and the King, incapable of accepting his own responsibilities and privileges, hands over the care of England to his illegitimate nephew—"Have thou the ordering of this present time."

There is little in the play of *King John* which strengthens or gladdens the heart. In the tug of selfish power, hither and thither, amid the struggle of kingly greeds and priestly pride, amid the sales of cities, the loveless marriage of princes, the rumours and confusion of the people, a pathetic beauty illumines the boyish figure of Arthur, so gracious, so passive, untouched by the rapacities and crimes of the others:

"Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that 's made for me."

The voice of maternal passion, a woman's voice impotent and shrill, among the unheeding male forces, goes up also from the play. There is the pity of stern, armed men for the ruin of a child's life. These, and the boisterous but genuine and hearty patriotism of Faulconbridge, are the only presences of human virtue or beauty which are to be perceived in the degenerate world depicted by Shakspeare. And the end, like what preceded it, is miserable. The king lies poisoned, overmastered by mere physical agony, agony which leaves little room for any pangs of conscience, were the palsied moral nature of the criminal capable of such nobler suffering :

"I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up."

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.\*]

With this play of pathos and patriotism we open Shakspeare's Second Period,—looking on *Richard II.* as the last play in which ryme plays a prominent part, we take the series of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* as the transition to the Second Period ;—and on opening it we are struck with a greater fulness of characterization and power than we saw in the First-Period plays. But the whole work of Shakspeare is continuous. *King John* is very closely linkt with *Richard III.* In both plays we have cruel uncles planning their nephews' murder, because the boys stand between them and the crown. In both we have distracted mothers overwhelmed with grief. In both we have prophecies of ruin and curses on the murderers, and in both the fulfilment of these. In both we have the kingdom divided against itself, and the horrors of civil

\* *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. xl. (by permission).

war. In both we have the same lesson of the danger of division taught to the discontented English parties of Shakspeare's own day. *Richard III.* is an example of the misgovernment of a cruel tyrant; *King John* of the misgovernment of a selfish coward. But in *John* we have the mother's pathetic lament for her child far developed above that of Queen Elizabeth's for her murdered innocents, and far more touching than the laments of Queen Margaret and the Duchess of York, while the pathos of the stifled children's death is heightened in that of Arthur. The temptation scene of John and Hubert repeats that of Richard and Tyrrel. The Bastard's statement of his motives, "Gain, be my lord," etc., is like that of Richard the Third's about his villany. (The Bastard's speech on commodity may be compared with Lucrece's reproaches to opportunity.) Besides the boy's pleading for his life, besides his piteous death and the mother's cry for him, which comes home to every parent who has lost a child, we have in the play the spirit of Elizabethan England's defiance to the foreigner\* and the Pope. *King John* is founded on the old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1591.† Shakspeare alters the old play in eight

\* "The great lesson taught in the last lines of the play should be more brought out. King, nobles, claimant, all lean on foreign help, and all find it a broken reed which pierces their hands."—C. Hargrove. Besides the passage usually cited from Andrew Boorde for these last lines, he has another nearer to Shakspeare's words: "I think if all the world were set against England, it might neuer be conquered, they beyng treue within them selfe."—1542 (pr. 1547), *Introduction*, p. 164 of my ed. 1870.

† It is the old play re-written. The two *must* be read together and compared, to see what genius makes out of ordinary work. The extreme Protestant tone of the old play is much modified by Shakspeare: And as Prof. Delius notices (*New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, Part II.), Shakspeare only tells certain incidents that the old play acts, as Falconbridge ransacking the churches, arresting Peter of Pomfret on the stage; John's meal and poisoning, the death of the monk who poisons him, and Falconbridge's stabbing the abbot. Falconbridge's soliloquies are new too. On the many variations from history in *King John*, see

chief political points,—as shown by Mr. Richard Simpson in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874,\*—in order to bring the play closer home to his hearers, and the circumstances of his time,—the disputed succession of Elizabeth,

T. P. Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare*, two vols. Colburn, 1840, a book indispensable to the student of these plays. The old *Troublesome Raigne* of 1594 is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part II. vol. i. p. 212 [also in Fleay's ed. of *King John*].

\* These points are stated by Mr. Simpson thus :

“1. In Shakspeare, John is told by his own mother that he must rely on his ‘strong possession,’ not on his right; and the suggestion of the old play that Arthur, being ‘but young and yet unmeet to reign,’ was therefore to be passed over, is thrown out.

2. Elinor tells Constance that she can ‘produce a will that bars the title’ of Arthur.

3. History is altered to heighten and refine the characters of Arthur and Constance.

4. John's loss of his French possessions is accentuated by the exaggeration of the dowry given to Blanch.

5. The scenes where John first persuades Hubert to murder Arthur, and then reproaches him for it, are inventions of Shakspeare.

6. The compression of John's four wars into two, though absolutely necessary for dramatic arrangement, is so managed as to have an Elizabethan bearing. Of these two wars the poet makes the first to concern Arthur's title, without any religious or ecclesiastical motive. The second he makes to be in revenge for Arthur's death, with an ecclesiastical motive added in John's excommunication. This is wholly unhistorical. No English lord interfered in behalf of Arthur, whose death raised no commotion in England, and was long past and forgotten before the controversy with the pope about Langton began. The confederacy between the barons and Lewis was ten years after Arthur's death, with which it had nothing to do. . . .

7. Pandolph insinuates to Lewis that it is his interest to abstain from interference till John's murder of his nephew should make interference profitable to himself.

8. Melun's confession of Lewis's intended treachery to the barons is the occasion of their return to allegiance.

Every one of these points, in which the poet deviates from the *Chronicles*, is so turned as to contain indirect references and allusions to contemporary politics, or to events which had a decisive influence on them.”  
—ED.

and the interference of Spain and the Pope. The old playwright made the murder of Arthur, as Mr. Lloyd has notist,\* the turning-point between the high-spirited success of John at first and his dejection and disgrace at last; and he, too, fixt on the assertion of national independence against invading Frenchmen and encroaching ecclesiastics as the true principle of dramatic action of John's time. So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followd from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism. But Shakspeare, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backt by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like, depreciates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposd murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspeare's power of creating situations, which he had possesst from the first.

\* *Critical Essays*, G. Bell and Sons, London, 1875.





*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.

The Earl of PEMBROKE.

The Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of SALISBURY.

The Lord BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

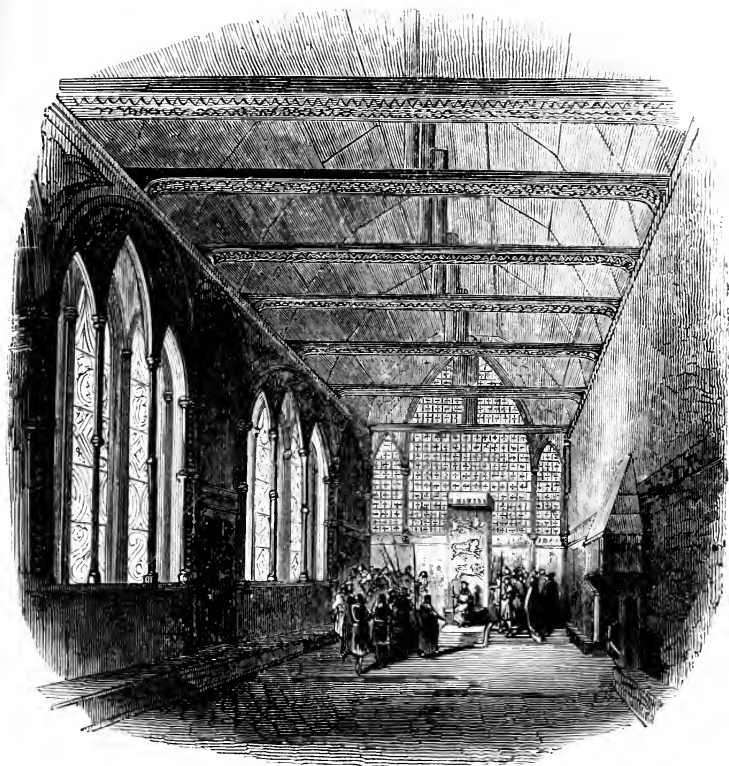
BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers,  
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England and partly in France.*





ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

—ACT I.

SCENE I. *King John's Palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

*King John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chatillon.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,  
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

*Elinor.* A strange beginning!—borrowed majesty!

*King John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chatillon.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories, 10  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*King John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chatillon.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*King John.* Here have we war for war and blood for  
blood,  
Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 20

*Chatillon.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassy.

*King John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.  
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath  
And sullen presage of your own decay.—  
An honourable conduct let him have;  
Pembroke, look to 't.—Farewell, Chatillon. 30

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

*Elinor.* What now, my son! have I not ever said  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
Till she had kindled France and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love,  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*King John.* Our strong possession and our right for us.

*Elinor.* Your strong possession much more than your  
right,

40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me ;  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

*Enter a Sheriff.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you  
That e'er I heard ; shall I produce the men ?

*King John.* Let them approach.—  
Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge.—

*Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP his bastard  
brother.*

What men are you ?

*Bastard.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,—  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

50

*King John.* What art thou ?

*Robert.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*King John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?  
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bastard.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king—  
That is well known—and, as I think, one father ;  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother :  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

60

*Elinor.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bastard.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:  
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.

Heaven guard my mother's honour—and my land! 70

*King John.* A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bastard.* I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both

80

And were our father, and this son like him,—

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

*King John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

*Elinor.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

*King John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,

90

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bastard.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father,

With that half-face would he have all my land;

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

*Robert.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bastard.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;  
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Robert.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there with the emperor

100

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

The advantage of his absence took the king

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,

But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

As I have heard my father speak himself,

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and took it on his death

110

That this my mother's son was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

*King John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,

And if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

120

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world;

In sooth he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him, nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Robert.* Shall then my father's will be of no force

130

To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bastard.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Elinor.* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

*Bastard.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him ;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say ' Look, where three-farthings goes !'  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I would give it every foot to have this face ;  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

*Elinor.* I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 150

*Bastard.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear.—  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Elinor.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bastard.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*King John.* What is thy name ?

*Bastard.* Philip, my liege, so is my name begun ;  
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*King John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form  
thou bear'st ; 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,  
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

*Bastard.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your  
hand ;  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

*Elinor.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

*Bastard.* Madam, by chance but not by truth; what  
though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch:  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*King John.* Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy de-  
sire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed  
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

*Bastard.* Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee! 180  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
'Good den, Sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:

'T is too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why, then I suck my teeth and catechise

My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'—  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—

'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;  
And then comes answer like an Absey book:

'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;  
 At your employment; at your service, sir:—  
 'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:—  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society  
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself,  
 For he is but a bastard to the time  
 That doth not smack of observation:  
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;  
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

200

210

*Enter* LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!  
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

220

*Lady Faulconbridge.* Where is that slave, thy brother?  
 where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bastard.* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?  
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
 Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady Faulconbridge.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unrever-  
 end boy,



Sir Robert's son; why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

229

*Bastard.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

*Gurney.* Good leave, good Philip.

*Bastard.* Philip! sparrow! James,  
There 's toys abroad; anon I 'll tell thee more.—

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well; marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

240

*Lady Faulconbridge.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother  
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bastard.* Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son:

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father.—

Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

250

*Lady Faulconbridge.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
bridge?

*Bastard.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady Faulconbridge.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd.—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

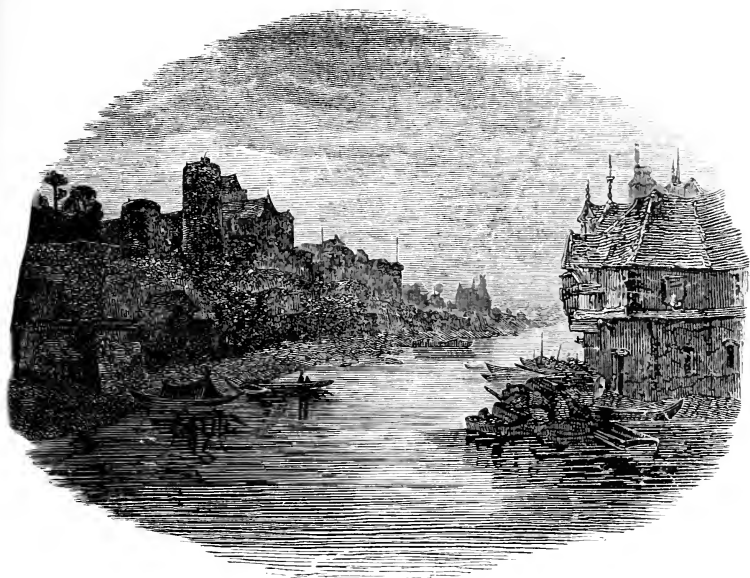
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*Bastard.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
Who says it was, he lies; I say 't was not.

260

270

[*Exeunt.*]



ANGIERS.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

*Enter AUSTRIA and forces, drums, etc., on one side : on the other KING PHILIP of France and his power ; LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, and attendants.*

*King Philip.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave ;  
And for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come.

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John : 10  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arthur.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death  
 The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love ;  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*King Philip.* A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

*Austria.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes.—  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king ; till then, fair boy, 30  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Constance.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 To make a more requital to your love !

*Austria.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
 In such a just and charitable war.

*King Philip.* Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be  
 bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—  
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
 To cull the plots of best advantages. 40  
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Constance.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter CHATILLON.*

*King Philip.* A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd !—  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;  
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

50

*Chatillon.* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

60

With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd ;  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

70

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scath in Christendom. [Drum beats.  
The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

*King Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

*Austria.* By how much unexpected, by so much 80  
We must awake endeavour for defence ;  
For courage mounteth with occasion.  
Let them be welcome then ; we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and forces.*

*King John.* Peace be to France, if France in peace permit  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,  
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

*King Philip.* Peace be to England, if that war return 90  
From France to England, there to live in peace.  
England we love ; and for that England's sake  
With burden of our armour here we sweat.  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced infant state and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his : 100  
This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right  
And this is Geffrey's : in the name of God

How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

*King John.* From whom hast thou this great commission,  
France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

*King Philip.* From that supernal judge that stirs good  
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

*King John.* Alack ! thou dost usurp authority.

*King Philip.* Excuse, it is to beat usurping down.

*Elinor.* Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

*Constance.* Let me make answer,—thy usurping son.

*Elinor.* Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world !

*Constance.* My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey  
Than thou and John in manners—being as like  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think  
His father never was so true begot ; 130  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Elinor.* There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy  
father.

*Constance.* There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot  
thee.

*Austria.* Peace.

*Bastard.* Hear the crier.

*Austria.* What the devil art thou?

*Bastard.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone.  
 You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
 I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right :  
 Sirrah, look to 't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

140

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe  
 That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

*Bastard.* It lies as sightly on the back of him  
 As great Alcides' shows upon an ass ;  
 But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,  
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Austria.* What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
 With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

*King Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.

151

King John, this is the very sum of all :

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
 In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

*King John.* My life as soon ; I do defy thee, France.—

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;  
 And out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :  
 Submit thee, boy.

*Elinor.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Constance.* Do, child, go to it grandam, child ;

160

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig ;

There's a good grandam.

*Arthur.* Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Elinor.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Constance.* Now shame upon you, whether she does or no !  
 His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,



Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ; 170  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice and revenge on you.

*Elinor.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

*Constance.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !  
Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eld'st son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;  
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*King John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Constance.* I have but this to say,—  
That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her  
And with her plague ; her sin his injury,  
Her injury the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her ; a plague upon her ! 190

*Elinor.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son.

*Constance.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;  
A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

*King Philip.* Peace, lady ! pause, or be more temperate.  
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

*Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.*

*Citizen.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*King Philip.* 'T is France, for England.

*King John.*

England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*King Philip.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

*King John.* For our advantage ; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

210

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist doth girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made

220

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful king,

Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle ;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears :

230

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*King Philip.* When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys. 240  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
In the relief of this oppressed child  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely this young prince;  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up. 250  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260  
Though all these English and their discipline  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Citizen.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*King John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

*Citizen.* That can we not ; but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal : till that time 271  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*King John.* Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?  
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bastard.* Bastards, and else.

*King John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*King Philip.* As many and as well-born bloods as those—

*Bastard.* Some bastards too.

*King Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280

*Citizen.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*King John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

*King Philip.* Amen, amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

*Bastard.* Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er  
since

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence !—[*To Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness, 291  
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

*Austria.* Peace ! no more.

*Bastard.* O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar !

*King John.* Up higher to the plain ; where we 'll set forth  
In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bastard.* Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

*King Philip.* It shall be so ;—and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums and excursions; then enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*French Herald.* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in, 301  
Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310  
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

*English Herald.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
bells;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.  
There stuck no plume in any English crest  
That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth; 320  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates and give the victors way.

*Citizen.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured.

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power :  
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

331

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, severally.*

*King John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?  
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

340

*King Philip.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
 blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;  
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear.  
 Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bastard.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel :  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?  
 Cry havoc, kings ! back to the stained field,  
 You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits !  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

350

360

*King John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*King Philip.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

*Citizen.* The king of England, when we know the king.

*King Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*King John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*Citizen.* A greater power than we denies all this;  
And till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;  
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

370

*Bastard.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem;  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

380

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again,  
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,

390

And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

*King John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
 I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers  
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,  
 Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

*Bastard.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 Why then defy each other, and pell-mell  
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

*King Philip.* Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

*King John.* We from the west will send destruction  
 Into this city's bosom. 410

*Austria.* I from the north.

*King Philip.* Our thunder from the south  
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bastard.* O prudent discipline! From north to south,  
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:  
 I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

*Citizen.* Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
 And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league,  
 Win you this city without stroke or wound,  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field. 420  
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*King John.* Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

*Citizen.* That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,  
 Is niece to England; look upon the years  
 Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.  
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?



If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of, say he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he.  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance: but without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

430

440

450

460

*Bastard.*

Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

E

He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce ;  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue :  
 Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his  
 But buffets better than a fist of France.  
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Elinor.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown, 470  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition,  
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Citizen.* Why answer not the double majesties 480  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*King Philip.* Speak England first, that hath been forward  
 first

To speak unto this city ; what say you ?

*King John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 Can in this book of beauty read ' I love,'  
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen ;  
 For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
 And all that we upon this side the sea,  
 Except this city now by us besieg'd,  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490  
 Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*King Philip.* What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

*Lewis.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow. 500  
 I do protest I never lov'd myself  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*]

*Bastard.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor; this is pity now,  
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510  
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will;  
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,  
 That I can find should merit any hate. 520

*King John.* What say these young ones?—What say you,  
 my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

*King John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love  
 this lady?

*Lewis.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*King John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

530

*King Philip.* It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

*Austria.* And your lips too; for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

*King Philip.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

540

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?  
I know she is not, for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much.  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lewis.* She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

*King Philip.* And, by my faith, this league that we have made  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady? In her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*King John.* We will heal up all;  
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne  
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
That we shall stop her exclamation.

550

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

*Bastard.* Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part ;  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, 570  
Who, having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that,  
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—  
Commodity, the bias of the world,  
The world, who of itself is peized well,  
Made to run even upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent ;— 580  
And this same bias, this Commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
And why rail I on this Commodity ?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand  
When his fair angels would salute my palm ; 590  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be  
To say there is no vice but beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee !

[*Exit.*



QUEEN ELINOR.



THE BATTLE NEAR ANGIERS.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *The French King's Pavilion.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

*Constance.* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !  
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces ?  
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :  
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 't is so.  
I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man.  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears,  
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

20

*Salisbury.* As true as I believe you think them false  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Constance.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,  
And let belief and life encounter so  
As doth the fury of two desperate men  
Which in the very meeting fall and die!  
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?  
France friend with England, what becomes of me?—  
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

30

*Salisbury.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Constance.* Which harm within itself so heinous is  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

40

*Arthur.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Constance.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,



Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content;  
 For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;  
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast  
 And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,  
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
 And leave those woes alone which I alone  
 Am bound to underbear.

50

60

*Salisbury.* Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

*Constance.* Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.  
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
 To me and to the state of my great grief  
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up. Here I and sorrows sit;  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

70

*[Seats herself on the ground.]*

*Enter* KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,  
*the* BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

*King Philip.* 'T is true, fair daughter; and this blessed  
 day

Ever in France shall be kept festival.  
 'To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,  
 Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holiday.

80

*Constance.* A wicked day, and not a holy day !      [*Rising.*  
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set  
 Among the high tides in the calendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury;  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd.  
 But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;  
 No bargains break that are not this day made:  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

90

*King Philip.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Constance.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
 Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league.—  
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
 A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,

100

..

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !

Hear me, O, hear me !

*Austria.* Lady Constance, peace !

*Constance.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.—

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil ; thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villany !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,

120

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,

And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

129

*Austria.* O, that a man should speak those words to me !

*Bastard.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Austria.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bastard.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*King John.* We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter PANDULPH.*

*King Philip.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pandulph.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

140

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?  
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*King John.* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions :  
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,  
So under Him that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.  
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

150

*King Philip.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*King John.* Though you and all the kings of Christen-  
dom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,  
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

170

*Pandulph.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate :  
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic ;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Constance.* O, lawful let it be  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile ! 180  
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen  
To my keen curses ; for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pandulph.* There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Constance.* And for mine too ; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law ;  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ? 190

*Pandulph.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Elinor.* Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy  
hand.

*Constance.* Look to that, devil ; lest that France repent,  
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

*Austria.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bastard.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Austria.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, 200  
Because—

*Bastard.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*King John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

*Constance.* What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

*Lewis.* Bethink you, father ; for the difference  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend :  
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That 's the curse of Rome.

*Constance.* O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee  
here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

209

*Blanch.* The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

*Constance.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need.  
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

*King John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Constance.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

*Austria.* Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt. 219

*Bastard.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*King Philip.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

*Pandulph.* What canst thou say but will perplex thee  
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*King Philip.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so!  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

240

250

*Pandulph.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

260

*King Philip.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

*Pandulph.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,  
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,  
That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself;  
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss  
Is not amiss when it is truly done,  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done not doing it.  
The better act of purposes mistook

270

Is to mistake again ; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
 Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept ;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion, 280  
 By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear swears only not to be forsworn ;  
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear !  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore thy later vows against thy first  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;  
 And better conquest never canst thou make 290  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy loose suggestions :  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight.

*Austria.* Rebellion ! flat rebellion !

*Bastard.* Will 't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lewis.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day ? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me !—ay, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,



Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.

*Constance.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
'Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Forethought by heaven!

310

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; what motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Constance.* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour.—O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

*Lewis.* I muse your majesty doth seem so cold  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pandulph.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*King Philip.* Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall  
from thee.

320

*Constance.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Elinor.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*King John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
hour.

*Bastard.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'er cast with blood; fair day, adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive;

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*King John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;

340

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

*King Philip.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt  
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire ;

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*King John.* No more than he that threats.—To arms let's  
hie !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with AUSTRIA'S  
head.*

*Bastard.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes.

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.*

*King John.* Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up ;  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.

*Bastard.* My lord, I rescued her ;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :

But on, my liege ; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same.*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.*

*King John.* [*To Elinor*] So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded.—[*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad :  
Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arthur.* O, this will make my mother die with grief!

*King John.* [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England !  
haste before ;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots. Set at liberty  
Imprison'd angels ; the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon. 10  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bastard.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back  
When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray,  
If ever I remember to be holy,  
For your fair safety ; so, I kiss your hand.

*Elinor.* Farewell, gentle cousin.

*King John.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

*Elinor.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

*King John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ! within this wall of flesh 20  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor  
And with advantage means to pay thy love ;  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hubert.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*King John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.  
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow, 31  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience. If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes,

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

But, ah, I will not !—yet I love thee well ;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hubert.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it !

*King John.* Do not I know thou wouldst ?  
Good Hubert, Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy : I 'll tell thee what, my friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hubert.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*King John.* Death.

*Hubert.* My lord?

*King John.* A grave.

*Hubert.* He shall not live.

*King John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well;

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70

*Elinor.* My blessing go with thee!

*King John.* For England, cousin, go;

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.*

*King Philip.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convicted sail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pandulph.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

*King Philip.* What can go well when we have run so ill?  
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
 And bloody England into England gone,  
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*Lewis.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified; 10  
 So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example : who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

*King Philip.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise.

So we could find some pattern of our shame.—

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—  
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

20

*Constance.* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace.

*King Philip.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Con-  
stance !

*Constance.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death !  
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself !  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,  
O come to me !

30

*King Philip.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Constance.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.

40

*Pandulph.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Constance.* Thou art not holy to belie me so.

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost !

I am not mad ; I would to heaven I were !

For then, 't is like I should forget myself ;

O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

50

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;

For being not mad but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad, I should forget my son,

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

60

*King Philip.* Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !

Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends

Do glue themselves in sociable grief,

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,

Sticking together in calamity.

*Constance.* To England, if you will.

*King Philip.*

Bind up your hairs.

*Constance.* Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,

70

'O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty !'

But now I envy at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
 And so he 'll die ; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pandulph.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 89

*Constance.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*King Philip.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.

*Constance.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?  
 Fare you well ; had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.— 100  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,  
 When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

[*Exit.*

*King Philip.* I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

*Lewis.* There 's nothing in this world can make me  
 joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;



And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness. 110

*Pandulph.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil.  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lewis.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pandulph.* If you had won it, certainly you had.  
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120  
'T is strange to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won;  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lewis.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pandulph.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark. 130  
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.  
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

*Lewis.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pandulph.* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lewis.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pandulph.* How green you are and fresh in this oid world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;  
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.  
 This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
 No natural exhalation in the sky,  
 No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
 No common wind, no custom'd event,  
 But they will pluck away his natural cause  
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lewis.* May be he will not touch young Arthur's life, 160  
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pandulph.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach.  
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;  
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170  
 Than I have nam'd! The bastard Faulconbridge  
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity; if but a dozen French  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand English to their side,  
 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
 Go with me to the king; 't is wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

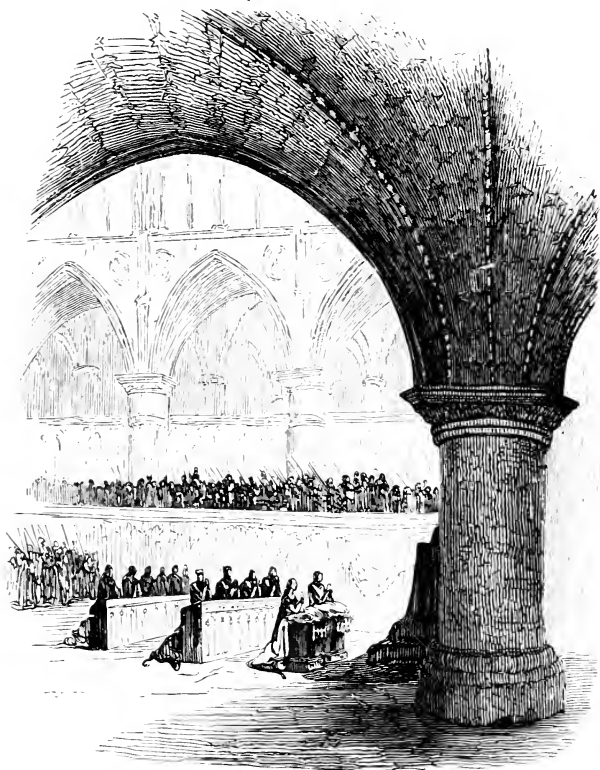
180

For England go; I will whet on the king.

*Lewis.* Strong reasons make strong actions; let us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE MARRIAGE OF LEWIS AND BLANCH.



All murders past do stand excus'd in this (iv. 3. 51).

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A Room in a Castle.*

*Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.*

*Hubert.* Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hubert.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arthur.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hubert.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arthur.* As little prince, having so great a title 10  
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

*Hubert.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arthur.* Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I;  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me: 20  
He is afraid of me and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me. Hubert.

*Hubert.* [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy which lies dead;  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arthur.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you; 30  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hubert.* [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur.— [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door?  
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arthur.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hubert.* Young boy, I must.

*Arthur.*

And will you?

*Hubert.*

And I will.

*Arthur.* Have you the heart? When your head did but  
 ache,

41

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—  
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
 And I did never ask it you again;  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'  
 Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'  
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
 And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.  
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did nor never shall  
 So much as frown on you.

50

*Hubert.*

I have sworn to do it,

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arthur.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

51

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears  
 And quench his fiery indignation  
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's. 70  
*Hubert.* Come forth. [Stamps.

*Re-enter Attendants, with a cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arthur.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hubert.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arthur.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; 80  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angerly.  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hubert.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attendant.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Arthur.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hubert.* Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

*Arthur.* Is there no remedy?

*Hubert.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arthur.* O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hubert.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arthur.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ;  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you !  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold  
And would not harm me.

100

*Hubert.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arthur.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself :  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

110

*Hubert.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arthur.* An if you do, you will but make it blush  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office ; only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

120

*Hubert.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arthur.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hubert.* Peace ! no more. Adieu.



Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports ;  
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
 Will not offend thee.

130

*Arthur.* O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hubert.* Silence ! no more. Go closely in with me ;  
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *King John's Palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords.

*King John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,  
 And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pembroke.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
 Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,  
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,  
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;  
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
 With any long'd-for change or better state.

*Salisbury.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 To guard a title that was rich before, 10  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pembroke.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
 This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
 And in the last repeating troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

*Salisbury.* In this the antique and well noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured ;  
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pembroke.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness ;  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

30

*Salisbury.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel ; but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*King John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with and think them strong ;  
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,  
I shall indue you with : meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

40

*Pembroke.* Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies—heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument,—  
If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days

50

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
 The rich advantage of good exercise?  
 That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
 Which for our goods we do no further ask  
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*King John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth  
 To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

*[Taking him apart.]*

*Pembroke.* This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
 And I do fearfully believe 't is done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

70

*Salisbury.* The colour of the king doth come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set;  
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pembroke.* And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

80

*King John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead;  
 He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Salisbury.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pembroke.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was  
 Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

*King John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

91

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Salisbury.* It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it.  
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

*Pembroke.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne; this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

100

*King John.* They burn in indignation. I repent;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;  
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

*Messenger.* From France to England. Never such a power  
For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land.  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

111

*King John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Messenger.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died  
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died

120

Three days before. But this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

*King John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!  
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France  
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

130

*Messenger.* Under the Dauphin.

*King John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—

*Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bastard.* But if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

*King John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

140

*Bastard.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

150

*King John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*King John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety; and return,  
For I must use thee.—

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd? 160

*Bastard.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of  
it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,  
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*King John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies.  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Bastard.* I will seek them out.

*King John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot be-  
fore.— 170

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

*Bastard.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

*King John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.—  
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
And be thou he.

*Messenger.* With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

*King John.* My mother dead! 181

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hubert.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*King John.* Five moons!

*Hubert.* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads  
And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist, 190  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent. 200

Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

*King John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these  
fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murther'd him; I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hubert.* No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*King John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life, 210  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hubert.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*King John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and  
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

220

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murther had not come into my mind ;

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hubert.* My lord,—

230

*King John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a  
pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me ;

But thou didst understand me by my signs.

And didst in signs again parley with sin,

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act

240

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !

My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,



This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hubert.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 251  
Young Arthur is alive ; this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;  
And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*King John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage, 261  
And make them tame to their obedience !  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not, but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste.  
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.*

*Arthur.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.—  
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!—  
There's few or none do know me ; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;

As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*  
 O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.— 9  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! [*Dies.*

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Salisbury.* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury ;  
 It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pembroke.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

*Salisbury.* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;  
 Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love  
 Is much more general than these lines import.

*Bigot.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Salisbury.* Or rather then set forward ; for 't will be  
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet. 20

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bastard.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !  
 The king by me requests your presence straight.

*Salisbury.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us :  
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
 Return and tell him so ; we know the worst.

*Bastard.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

*Salisbury.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Bastard.* But there is little reason in your grief ; 30  
 Therefore 't were reason you had manners now.

*Pembroke.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bastard.* 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man else.

*Salisbury.* This is the prison. What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

*Pembroke.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
 beauty !  
 The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Salisbury.* Murther, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Bigot.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

*Salisbury.* Sir Richard, what think you? have you be-  
held,

Or have you read or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murther's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

*Pembroke.* All murthers past do stand excus'd in this;  
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bastard.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Salisbury.* If that it be the work of any hand! 60  
We had a kind of light what would ensue.  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,  
The practice and the purpose of the king;  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70

Till I have set a glory to this head,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pembroke.* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  
*Bigot.* }

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hubert.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.  
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Salisbury.* O, he is bold and blushes not at death.—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hubert.* I am no villain.

*Salisbury.* Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*

*Bastard.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

*Salisbury.* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

*Hubert.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;  
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours.  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bigot.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

*Hubert.* Not for my life ; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor. 89

*Salisbury.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hubert.* Do not prove me so.

Yet I am none : whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pembroke.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bastard.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Salisbury.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bastard.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury ;  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

100

*Bigot.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
Second a villain and a murderer?

*Hubert.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Bigot.* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hubert.* 'T is not an hour since I left him well;  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep  
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

*Salisbury.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

110

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Bigot.* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*Pembroke.* There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bastard.* Here 's a good world!—Knew you of this fair  
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hubert.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bastard.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;

120

Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hubert.* Upon my soul—

*Bastard.* If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

130

*Hubert.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
I left him well.

*Bastard.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easy dost thou take all England up !  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth  
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.  
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
Now powers from home and discontents at home  
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child  
And follow me with speed ; I 'll to the king.  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

140

150

[*Exeunt*]



Upon the altar at St. Edmundsbury (v. 4. 18).

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *King John's Palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

*King John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory. [Giving the crown.

*Pandulph.* Take again  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*King John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the  
French,  
And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified:  
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pandulph.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

*King John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bastard.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone



To offer service to your enemy,  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*King John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bastard.* They found him dead and cast into the streets,  
An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away. 40

*King John.* That villain Hubert told me he did live.

*Bastard.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes.  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution. 50

Away, and glister like the god of war  
When he intendeth to become the field;  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said; forage, and run  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh. 60

*King John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bastard.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce  
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms :  
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace ;  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*King John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bastard.* Away, then, with good courage ! yet, I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmundsbury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT,  
 and Soldiers.*

*Lewis.* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.  
 Return the precedent to these lords again ;  
 That, having our fair order written down,  
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Salisbury.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith  
 To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,  
 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker ! O, and there  
 Where honourable rescue and defence

Cries out upon the name of Salisbury !  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
What, here ? O nation, that thou couldst remove !  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

*Lewis.* A noble temper dost thou show in this ;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect !  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation ;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm ;  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd,  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—  
 And even there, methinks, an angel spake ;

60

*Enter PANDULPH.*

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
 And on our actions set the name of right  
 With holy breath.

*Pandulph.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
 The next is this : King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome.  
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
 And be no further harmful than in show.

70

*Lewis.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;  
 I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 Or useful serving-man and instrument,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself.  
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;

80

And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;  
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? Is 't not I  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

90

100

*Pandulph.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lewis.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook conquest and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

110

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the BASTARD, attended.*

*Bastard.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak.—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

120

*Pandulph.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;  
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

*Bastard.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well. Now hear our English king ;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepar'd, and reason too he should :

130

This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,

This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,

The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories.

That hand which had the strength, even at your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,

To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

To crouch in litter of your stable planks,

140

To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,

To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out

In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake

Even at the crying of your nation's crow,

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman,—

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,

That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No ! know the gallant monarch is in arms,

And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,

To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—

150

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame ;  
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids  
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lewis.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;  
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well ; 166  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabbler.

*Pandulph.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bastard.* No, I will speak.

*Lewis.* We will attend to neither.  
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest and our being here.

*Bastard.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;  
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ; 170  
Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand,  
Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,  
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lewis.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bastard.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Field of Battle.**Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.*

*King John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*Hubert.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*King John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field  
And send him word by me which way you go.

*King John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey  
there.

*Messenger.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands. 10  
This news was brought to Richard but even now;  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*King John.* Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.—  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.*

*Salisbury.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pembroke.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Salisbury.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pembroke.* They say King John sore sick hath left the field.



*Enter MELUN, wounded.*

*Melun.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Salisbury.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pembroke.* It is the Count Melun.

*Salisbury.* Wounded to death.

*Melun.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ; 10  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John and fall before his feet ;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn  
And I with him, and many moe with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury ;  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

*Salisbury.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive.  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false, since it is true  
That I must die here and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day. 30  
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east ;  
But even this night, whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
Paying the fine of rated treachery  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
 Commend me to one Hubert with your king ;  
 The love of him, and this respect besides,  
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
 In lieu whereof. I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires.

40

*Salisbury.* We do believe thee ; and beshrew my soul  
 But I do love the favour and the form  
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,  
 And like a bated and retired flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience  
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends ! New flight,  
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

50

60

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V. *The French Camp.*

*Enter LEWIS and his train.*

*Lewis.* The sun of heaven methought was loath to set.  
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,  
 When English measure backward their own ground  
 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil we bid good night,  
 And wound our tottering colours clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lewis.* Here; what news?

*Messenger.* The Count Melun is slain; the English lords  
By his persuasion are again fallen off, 11  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

*Lewis.* Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!  
I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Messenger.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord. 19

*Lewis.* Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night.  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *An Open Place in the Neighborhood of Swin-  
stead Abbey.*

*Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.*

*Hubert.* Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I  
shoot.

*Bastard.* A friend.—What art thou?

*Hubert.* Of the part of England.

*Bastard.* Whither dost thou go?

*Hubert.* What 's that to thee? why may not I demand  
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Bastard.* Hubert, I think?

*Hubert.* Thou hast a perfect thought;  
I will upon all hazards well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.  
Who art thou?

*Bastard.* Who thou wilt; and if thou please,

Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

10

*Hubert.* Unkind remembrance ! thou and eyeless night  
Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bastard.* Come, come ; sans compliment, what news  
abroad ?

*Hubert.* Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bastard.* Brief, then ; and what 's the news ?

*Hubert.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

20

*Bastard.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

*Hubert.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk ;  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bastard.* How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

*Hubert.* A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

30

*Bastard.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

*Hubert.* Why, know you not ? the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company ;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bastard.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—  
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them ;  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

40

Away before : conduct me to the king ;  
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

*Prince Henry.* It is too late ; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
Doth by the idle comments that it makes  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pembroke.* His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief

That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

9

*Prince Henry.* Let him be brought into the orchard here.—  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*]

*Pembroke.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

*Prince Henry.* O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible, and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should  
sing.

20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Salisbury.* Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter Attendants, and BIGOT, carrying KING JOHN in a chair.*

*King John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;  
It would not out at windows nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*Prince Henry.* How fares your majesty ?

*King John.* Poison'd.—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off ;  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 40  
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much :  
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*Prince Henry.* O that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you !

*King John.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the BASTARD.*

*Bastard.* O, I am scalded with my violent motion  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty ! 50

*King John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,

And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair ;  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bastard.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him ; 60  
For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the Washes all unwarily  
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies  
*Salisbury.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king, now thus.

*Prince Henry.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

*Bastard.* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind 70  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths,  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

*Salisbury.* It seems you know not, then, so much as we.  
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bastard.* He will the rather do it when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Salisbury.* Nay, it is in a manner done already :  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal ;  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

90

*Bastard.* Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*Prince Henry.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bastard.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land !  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee  
I do bequeath my faithful services  
And true subjection everlastingly.

100

*Salisbury.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*Prince Henry.* I have a kind soul that would give you  
thanks,  
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

*Bastard.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

110

[*Exeunt.*]



# NOTES.

## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).  
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.  
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).  
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.  
 B. J., Ben Jonson.  
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.  
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.  
 Clarke. "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).  
 Coll., Collier (second edition).  
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.  
 D., Dyce (second edition).  
 Fl., F. G. Fleay's ed. of *King John* (London and Glasgow, 1878).  
 H., Hudson (first edition).  
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).  
 Id. (*idem*), the same.  
 K., Knight (second edition).  
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).  
 Prol., Prologue.  
 S., Shakespeare.  
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).  
 Sr., Singer.  
 St., Staunton.  
 Theo., Theobald.  
 V., Verplanck.  
 W., White.  
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).  
 Warb., Warburton.  
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).  
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

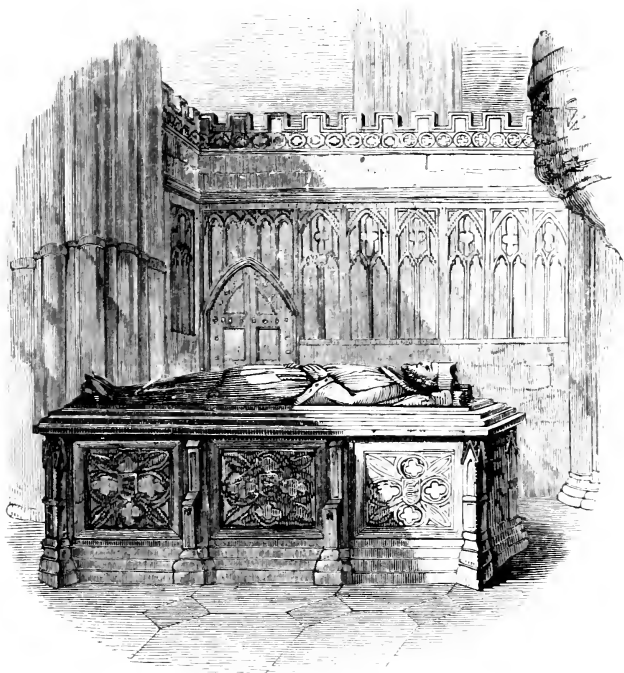
The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *King John*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of Crowell's reprint of that ed.

## NOTES.

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TOMB OF KING JOHN IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

### ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—We give these as in the Camb. and Globe eds. The Var. of 1821 and most of the modern eds. add sundry historical details; as the fact that Prince Henry was “afterwards King Henry III.,” etc. The Earl of Pembroke was William Mareshall; the Earl of Essex was Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, who held the office of Chief Justiciary of England; the Earl of Salisbury was William Longsword; and Lord Bigot

was Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk. "Faulconbridge" is the spelling of the folio, followed by the majority of the modern editors. Fleay retains also the old forms "Gourney" and "Chatillion."

SCENE I.—Most of the eds. give the scene as "*Northampton. A Room of State in the King's Palace.*" There is no doubt that the court was then held at Northampton; but with regard to the locality of some of the other scenes we cannot speak so positively. The 1st scene of act iv., for instance, is laid by Capell in "Northampton," by Halliwell in "Dover," and by W. in "Canterbury." As the Camb. editors remark, "nothing is gained by an attempt to harmonize the plot with historical facts gathered from Holinshed and elsewhere, when it is plain that S. was either ignorant of them or indifferent to minute accuracy."

3. *In my behaviour.* "In the *character* which I here assume" (Johnson); "in the words and action that I am going to use" (Malone); "not only in my words, but in my bearing and manner—my assumption of superiority to the 'borrowed majesty' of John" (Fl.).

4. *Borrowed.* The folio form, retained by the Camb. ed. and W. Most eds. give it "borrow'd."

11. *Touraine.* The 1st folio has "Torayne," the later folios "Lorayne" or "Loraine." The old play has "Torain" in the corresponding passage.

16. *Disallow.* Used by S. nowhere else; but we have *allow of* in *W. T.* iv. 1. 29 and *T. N.* iv. 2. 63.

17. *Control.* Constraint, compulsion. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 84: "without control" (that is, restraint). See also *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 96:

"*French King.* Or else what follows?"

"*Exeter.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

19. *War for war*, etc. Steevens compares *Jeronimo*, 1588-89:

"*And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.

"*Bal.* Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes."

24. *As lightning.* Johnson finds fault with the simile, because "the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent;" but it is the quickness with which the thunder *follows* the lightning to which the poet alludes. Besides, as Farmer notes, the thunder was not then thought to be harmless. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 204, ii. 2. 112, *M. for M.* ii. 2. 110 fol., *J. C.* i. 3. 49, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 271, etc.

Of course the mention of *cannon* here is an anachronism, as it is in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Gunpowder was not invented until at least a century later, and artillery is commonly said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy. As K. remarks, S. "uses terms which were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the mangonell and the petraria—the stone-flinging machines of the time of John—he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many."

27. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter, herald. See *Ham.* p. 176 or *W. T.* p. 168.

28. *Sullen*. Sad, dismal. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 88: "sullen dirges." See also *Rich. II.* p. 222.

29. *Conduct*. Escort; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 297: "safe conduct," etc. This use of the word is still retained in military parlance.

30. *Chatillon*. A quadrisyllable, like the "Chatillon" of the folio.

34. *Party*. Part, side; as in ii. 1. 361 and iii. 1. 123 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 195.

37. *Manage*. Administration. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "the manage of my state;" *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "The husbandry and manage of my house," etc.

39. *Our strong possession*, etc. See p. 32 above.

49. *Charge*. Cost, expense. See *Rich. II.* p. 175. The 1st folio has "expeditious," which Fl. retains, making it="urgent, sudden."

50. *Your faithful subject*, etc. Steevens remarks that the character of the Bastard, adopted from the old play, is "compounded of two distinct personages:" "Falcasius de Brete" of Matthew Paris's *Chronicle*, and the natural son of Richard I. "named Philip," mentioned by Holinshed. Malone suggests that the author of the old play was led to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to this son of King Richard by a passage in the continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, where he is called "one Faulconbridge, therle of Kent, his bastarde, a stoute-hearted man." It is said that his mother was a lady of Poitou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province. The old play gives only this slight hint of the character which S. has made so much of:

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,  
A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous."

54. *Cœur-de-lion*. Spelt uniformly "Cordelion" in the folios.

62. *Put you o'er*. Refer you; the only instance of the phrase in S.

64. *Rude man*. Fl. gives "rude-man" (like *goodman*, etc.) and compares "rudesby" in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10 and *T. A.* iv. 1. 55.

65. *Diffidence*. Distrust, suspicion; the only sense of the word in S. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 10:

"We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;"

and *Lear*, i. 2. 161: "needless diffidences."

68. *A'*. A corruption of *he*, common in the language of the vulgar, but sometimes put into the mouth of the well-bred (Schmidt). The early eds. print it without the apostrophe; the modern ones give *a'* or *'a*.

69. *Pound*. S. uses both *pound* and *pounds* for the plural. See *Rich. II.* p. 182.

75. *Whether*. The folios (except the 4th) have "where," as in ii. 1. 167 below and not a few other passages. W. prints "whe'r," which is another contraction found in the old eds. In 134 below the folios have "whether," though the word is metrically equivalent to a monosyllable, as here. See Gr. 466.

78. *Fair fall*, etc. Good luck befall the frame that bore the pains of maternity for me! Cf. *V. and A.* 472: "Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!" See also *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 124, 125.

82. *O old Sir Robert, father.* Perhaps Fl. is right in omitting the comma after *Robert*.

84. *Lent.* Heath conjectured "sent;" but cf. *R. of L.* 17, *A. W.* ii. 2. 8, *Per.* prol. 24, etc.

85. *Trick.* "Peculiarity" (Schmidt); as in *W. T.* ii. 3. 100: "The trick of 's frown;" *Lear*, iv. 6. 108: "The trick of that voice I do well remember," etc. Some connect this use of the word with its heraldic application = copy. Mr. Wilbraham, in his MS. notes (cited in the Camb. ed.), gives from an old account-book: "July 21st, 1691, received of Mr. Cole for a trick of Consure's arms, 2s. 6d."

86. *Affecteth.* Resembles; a sense not found elsewhere in S., but somewhat like its use = imitate, as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 199: "Thou dost affect my manners," etc.

88. *The large composition,* etc. "This expression finely brings to the eye those magnificent proportions of manly strength that characterized Richard I., and which helped to make him the heroic ideal of English hearts" (Clarke).

93. *With that half-face.* The early eds. have "With half that face;" corrected by Theo. Some editors put a period at the end of 92.

94. *A half-fac'd groat.* A silver groat (or fourpence) with the king's profile on it; first coined in the reign of Henry VII. The groat was not coined at all until the time of Edward III. But S. did not mind these little anachronisms. For the contemptuous use of *half-faced*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 283: "this same half-faced fellow, Shadow." Here there is a play upon the word.

100. *The emperor.* Henry VI.

110. *Took it,* etc. Took his oath, protested. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 154: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound; *Id.* ii. 4. 9: "They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy," etc. Fl. quotes *Lover's Progress*, v. 3:

"Upon my death I take it, uncompe'll'd,  
That they are guilty."

119. *Which fault.* Cf. iii. 1. 40 below: "Which harm," etc. Gr. 269. *Lies on the hazards of* = is risked by; a gambling phrase (Fl.). Cf. *M.* for *M.* iv. 2. 166: "I'll lay myself in hazard," etc.

127. *This concludes.* "This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not be forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him" (Johnson). Perhaps it is simply = this is the conclusion.

137. *Lord of thy presence.* "Master of that fine manly person inherited from Cœur-de-lion;" with perhaps the added idea, as Clarke suggests, of "master of thine own individuality or identity." Cf. ii. 1. 367 and 377 below. Halliwell quotes Sir Henry Wotton's description of *The Happy Man*:

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all."

138. *An if.* The folios have "And if," as often. Gr. 101, 105.

139. *And I,* etc. The folio reads: "And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him," etc. The modern editors arrange it in as many different ways

as a Chinese puzzle. The majority give it, "And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him." Fleay has "And I had his Sir Robert's; his, like him;" that is, "his (my brother's) shape of Sir Robert; *his* (my brother's); like *him* (my brother)—Philip pointing at his brother at the words *his* and *him*." The reading in the text is that of the Camb. ed. *Sir Robert's his* may perhaps be=his, derived from Sir Robert, or Sir Robert's shape as seen in him; spoken contemptuously, the repeated *his* being treated as a noun. Johnson explains "Sir Robert his" as=Sir Robert's, the *his* being used instead of the possessive 's, as in "Mars his sword" (*Sonn.* 55. 7), "Lewis his satisfaction" (*Hen. V.* i. 2. 88), etc.; but we doubt whether that form of the possessive was ever used with the thing possessed "understood," not expressed. Schmidt considers that in *Sir Robert's his* we have "the 's of the genitive and *his* combined."

140. *Riding-rods.* Switches.

142. *Rose.* It was the fashion in Elizabeth's time to wear rosettes of ribbon, and sometimes real roses, stuck behind the ear. Steevens cites Marston, B. J., Davenant, and Burton in illustration of the custom.

To understand the allusion in *three-farthings*, it is necessary to know that Elizabeth coined pieces of that value which had her head and the emblematic *rose* of England upon them. These coins, as Malone states, were of silver and so thin that they were liable to be cracked. Hence B. J., in his *Every Man in His Humour*, says: "He values me at a cracked three-farthings."

144. *To.* In addition to, besides. Gr. 185.

146. *Face.* Fl. reads "hand," as being "necessary for the rhyme, and also for the antithesis to *foot*, which, after Shakespeare's usual custom, is used in a double sense, one meaning being merely glanced at."

147. *Nob.* Contemptuous for *Robert*. The folio prints it "sir nobbe." Clarke thinks there is a kind of pun on *nob*, the cant word for head.

154. *Unto the death.* Though death be the consequence; the Fr. à la mort. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 72, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 146, etc.

161. *Arise.* Steevens's emendation of the "rise" of the folios.

162. *Plantagenet.* Originally not a family name, but a nickname, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a broom-stalk (*planta genista*) in his bonnet; afterwards popularly assigned as a surname to the royal family of England from Henry II. to Richard II. (Malone).

169. *Truth.* Honesty (Johnson). Cf. 181 below. *What though* = what of it? what matters it? Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 286, *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 31, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9, etc.

170. *Something about*, etc. "*I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day* must *make his motions* in the *night*; he to whom the door is shut must climb *the window* or leap the *hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark or *far* off it" (Johnson). *In at the window* and *over the hatch* were

proverbial phrases for illegitimacy, as Steevens shows by sundry quotations. A *hatch* is a half-door (the lower half of the door arranged to shut, leaving the upper half open like a window) such as is still commonly seen in English cottages. Cf. v. 2. 138 below: "take the hatch;" and *Lear*, iii. 6. 76: "Dogs leap the hatch."

177. *A landless knight*. Not the king ("John Sans-terre" or "Lack-land," as he was called), but Philip.

180. *Good fortune come to thee*, etc. The *thee* is emphatic. He intimates that he himself does not need the good wish, as, according to the proverb, "bastards are born lucky."

182. *A foot*. A step, *un pas* (Johnson).

184. *Joan*. A peasant girl. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 207: "Some men must love my lady and some Joan;" *Id.* v. 2. 930: "While greasy Joan doth keel the pot," etc.

185. *Good den*. Good evening. See *R. and J.* p. 148. "Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood. *Good den*, Sir Richard he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it" (Steevens). *God-a-mercy*=God have mercy. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 154, *Ham.* iv. 5. 199, etc.

188. *Respective*. Regardful, or considerate. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 156: "You should have been respective, and have kept it;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 128: "Away to heaven, respective lenity," etc.

189. *Conversion*. Change of condition; needlessly changed by Pope to "conversing."

*Your traveller*. "It is said in *A. W.* [ii. 5. 30] that 'a traveller is a good thing after dinner.' In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller" (Johnson).

190. *Toothpick*. The use of a toothpick was considered a foreign affectation in the time of S. See *W. T.* p. 206. For *mess*, see *W. T.* p. 157, note on *Lower messes*.

191. *Suffic'd*. Satisfied; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 131:

"till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit."

192. *I suck my teeth*. Not using a toothpick, like the traveller.

193. *Picked*. Refined. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14: "He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." See also *Ham.* p. 262. *My picked man of countries*= "my travelled fop" (Holt White).

196. *Absey book*. ABC book, or primer, which often included a catechism, like the old *New England Primer*. Halliwell quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Abecé*, an abcee, the crosse-row, an alphabet."

201. *Compliment*. Tollet cites Sir W. Cornwallis's *Essays*, 1601, in which the extravagance of compliment in that day is thus ridiculed: "We spend even at his [a friend's or stranger's] entrance a whole volume of words. What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! 'O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me



with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness,' &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be."

203. *The Pyrenean*. The Pyrenees.

207. *For he is but a bastard*, etc. "He is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries" (Malone). For *smack* in 208 the folio has "smoake;" corrected by Theo.

212. *Motion*. Impulse; as in iv. 2. 255 below: "The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought," etc.

214. *Which*. Referring to *to deliver sweet poison*. Cf. Gr. 271.

219. *To blow a horn*. "He means that a woman who travelled about like a *post* was likely to *horn* her husband" (Johnson). Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 123, notes on *Recheat* and *Baldrick*.

220. *Gurney*. S. may have got this name from Holinshed, who, in his history of King John, mentions a Hugh Gourney (Malone).

225. *Colbrand*. A Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan (Johnson). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 22: "I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand," etc.

227. *Unreverend*. Used by S. interchangeably with *unreverent*, and = irreverent, disrespectful. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 14: "Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad," etc. *Irreverent* does not occur in S.

228. *Scorn'st thou at*. Scoffest thou at. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 102: "one that scorn'd at me." See also *R. and J.* p. 160.

230. *Give us leave awhile*. Leave us alone; a courteous expression of the time. See *R. and J.* p. 150, note on *Give leave awhile*.

231. *Good leave, good Philip*. Coleridge, in one of his Table-Talks, said: "For an instance of Shakespeare's power in *minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John*. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!" Clarke adds: "They certainly suffice to show us the free-and-easy style of the confidential servitor; one intrusted with the family secrets of this country household; one accustomed to treat the eldest son, but not the heir, with a coolly easy familiarity tolerated by the good-humoured young man, and only lightly waved aside by the new-made knight."

*Sparrow!* The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note. Holt White quotes Lyly, *Mother Bombe*:

"cry  
Phip phip the sparrows as they fly."

From the note of the bird, Catullus, in his *Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow*, has formed a verb: "Ad solam dominam usque *pipilabat*." Cf. Gascoigne's *Praise of Philip Sparrow*:

"Of all the byrds that I doo know,  
Philip my sparrow hath no peere.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let other prayse what byrd they wil,  
Sweete Philip shall be my byrd still."

Sir Richard sportively rebukes Gurney for calling him by his former name: "*Philip!* do you take me for a *sparrow?*"

232. *There's toys abroad.* "Certain trifling changes have come to pass" (Sr.). For *toy*=trifle, see *Ham.* p. 247 or *M. N. D.* p. 179.

234. *Sir Robert might have eat,* etc. Steevens quotes Heywood, *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,  
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."

236. *To confess.* To be honest, to tell the truth.

239. *Beholding.* Beholden, indebted. See *M. of V.* p. 135, or *Gr.* 372.

240. *Holp.* Helped; the form regularly used by S. except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped*. It is also the more common form for the participle, being used ten times, while *helped* occurs only four times. *Holpen* is found in the A. V. in *Ps.* lxxxiii. 8, *Dan.* xi. 34, *Luke*, i. 54, etc.

243. *Untoward.* Unmannerly; as in the only other instance of the word in S., *T. of S.* iv. 5. 79: "Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward."

244. *Basilisco-like.* An allusion, as Theo. explains, to *Soliman and Perseda*, a stupid play printed in 1599:

"*Basilisco.* O, I swear, I swear.  
"*Piston.* By the contents of this blade,—  
"*Basilisco.* By the contents of this blade,—  
"*Piston.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—  
"*Basilisco.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight,  
Good fellow, knight.  
"*Piston.* Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

The Bastard, *Basilisco-like*, insists on being called *knight* instead of *knave*.

250. *Proper.* Comely, handsome. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*. Cf. *Heb.* xi. 23.

*Who was it, mother?* "No one like Shakespeare for setting straight before the imagination the very look, gesture, and tone with which a few simple words could be uttered. By the way in which he has written these two lines, introducing this little sentence at the close, we see the son's hugging arm thrown round her, the close drawing her to him, the manly wooing voice by which he accompanies the coaxing question" (Clarke).

256. *Deqr.* Grievous. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 181: "your dear offences;" *Rich. III.* i. 4. 215:

"How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?"

Cf. *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*) or *Rich. II.* p. 151.

260. *Some sins,* etc. "There are *sins* that, whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*" (Johnson).

262. *Dispose.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 86: "All that is mine I leave at thy dispose" (see also *Id.* iv. 1. 76). For *dispose*=disposition, temper, see *Oth.* p. 170.

265. *Aweless.* Fearless. Fl. makes it="unruled, lawless," compar-

ing the use of *awe* in *Nobody and Somebody*: "Subjects unto the awe of Elidun."

266. *Nor keep*, etc. The allusion is to the old legend that Richard derived his name of *Cœur-de-lion* from having torn out the heart of a lion to which he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria in revenge for having killed his son. A metrical form of the story may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

267. *Perforce*. By force. See *A. Y. L.* p. 141 or *M. N. D.* p. 138.

272. *My kin*. The king and the dowager queen. Cf. 168 above.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—In the folio this scene is headed "*Scæna Secunda*;" and the next (iii. 1), "*Actus Secundus*." The latter ends with iii. 1. 74, making the act consist of only 74 lines; and "*Actus Tertius, Scæna prima*" then begins, continuing to end of iii. 1. "*Scæna Secunda*" includes iii. 2 and iii. 3, and "*Scæna Tertia*" is iii. 4. The divisions of the last two acts are the same as in the modern eds. Fl. makes the first 299 lines of this scene a second scene of act i., taking the remainder as ii. 1; and he divides iii. 1 into ii. 2 (74 lines) and iii. 1. W. also makes this division of iii. 1, and gives good reasons for it; but for convenience in cross references we follow the arrangement (first made by Theo.) in the "Globe" ed. and most of the modern eds.

1. *Before Augiers*, etc. The folio gives this speech, and the one in 18 below, to "*Lewis*," but it clearly belongs to King Philip, as D., Clarke, and some others assign it. The expression "*At our importance*" in 7 is alone sufficient to show that it belongs to the king, who would also be more likely to refer to Arthur as "*noble boy*" than would Lewis, who was of about the same age. As Mr. Williams has remarked, those who adhere to the folio, which is often inaccurate in its prefixes (see, for instance, on 368 below), forget that S. has crowded into this drama the events of several years. "In the later acts Lewis plays a conspicuous part, and heads the invasion of England; but at the period in question he was a mere youth, and was evidently so considered by the dramatist." Cf. 495 below, where the king addresses him as "*boy*," and 521, where he and Blanch are called "*young ones*." It is hardly probable that this "*beardless boy*," as the Bastard afterwards calls him (v. 1. 69), would be the first to welcome the Duke of Austria here, and that in the presence of his royal father. As a rule, S. "makes his monarchs and great personages open and conclude the dialogue whenever they appear." It may be added that in the old play the corresponding speech is given to King Philip.

Fl. believes that the first 200 lines of this scene (with iii. 2. 1-10) were "inserted hurriedly after the rest of the play had been written," and after the death of the poet's son, Hamnet, in 1596; and that the blunders in names "are to be attributed to the confusion caused by grief in Shakespeare's mind."

The introduction of *Austria* here is an anachronism, as Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in 1195, while the action of this play begins in 1199 (Malone). Cf. the old play (i. 2. 4) :

"Brave Austria, cause of Cordelion's death,  
Is also come to aid thee in thy wars."

7. *Importance*. Importunity. See *T. A.* p. 168 ; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 129, note on *Important*.

12. *God shall forgive you*, etc. "S. has made Arthur of younger age at this period than historical truth warrants ; but he well knew that the truth of tragic story would be more perfectly fulfilled by having a child the subject of injury here. The way in which he has drawn the innocent boy throughout is intensely pathetic—a sweet and gentle nature hurled to and fro like a flower amid tempests ; bruised, wounded, and finally crushed by the stormy passions and ruthless ambitions of the merciless natures around him. That the dramatist has nowise violated natural and characteristic truth, by making the little prince speak with a grace and propriety beyond those generally belonging to children of his age, we have confirmatory evidence in a record made by Froissart in his *Chronicles*, where he describes the conduct of the Princess of France, then 'a yonge childe of eyght yere of age' " (Clarke).

16. *Unstained*. The Coll. MS. makes the bad alteration "unstrained." As Sr. remarks, "the antithesis of the hand without *power*, but love without *stain*, is both lucid and forcible."

20. *Indenture*. Contract. See *Ham.* p. 262, note on *A pair of indentures*.

23. *Pale* and *white-fac'd* refer of course to the chalk cliffs of the southern coast of England. Hence *Albion*, from the Latin *albus*, white.

26. *With*. By. Gr. 193. On the passage, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 46 fol.

34. *A more requital*. A greater return. Cf. *V. and A.* 78 : "a more delight ;" *R. of L.* 332 : "a more rejoicing ;" *C. of E.* ii. 2. 174 : "a more contempt," etc.

37. *Well then*, etc. The first speech given to King Philip in the folio ; but the form of expression rather implies that he has spoken before. See on 1 above.

39. *Chiefest*. A superlative often used by S. See *M. of V.* ii. 8. 43, *Macb.* iii. 5. 33, *Ham.* i. 2. 117, etc.

40. *Plots of best advantages*. Most advantageous positions.

45. *Unadvis'd*. Inconsiderate, rash. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 118 : "It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden," etc. See also 191 and v. 2. 132 below.

49. *Indirectly*. Wrongfully ; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 94 : "Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held," etc. So *indirection* = wrong, in iii. 1. 276 below, and in *J. C.* iv. 3. 75.

50. *A wonder*. "The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him ; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good" (Johnson).

53. *We coldly pause for thee.* That is, we restrain ourself, and calmly wait to hear thy message. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 145, note on *Bear it coldly*.

58. *Stay'd.* Waited for. See *Ham.* p. 268.

59. *All as soon.* For this "intensive" use of *all*, see Gr. 28.

60. *Expedient.* Expeditious, rapid; used by S. in this sense only in plays before 1596 (Fl.). See *Rich. II.* p. 169; and cf. 223 and iv. 2. 268 below.

63. *Ate.* See *Much Ado*, p. 132. The folio misprints "Ace."

65. *King's.* The later folios have "king." The old play has "Next t' them, a bastard of the king's deceast."

66. *Unsettled humours.* Restless spirits.

67. *Voluntaries.* Volunteers. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. i. 106: "Ajax was here the voluntary."

68. *Fierce dragons' spleens.* Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350: "Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!" *Spleen*=impetuosity, ardour.

69. *Have sold their fortunes,* etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 83:

"O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
For this great journey."

73. *Bottoms.* Ships. See *T. A.* p. 162. *Waft*=waited; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 11. Gr. 341. Cf. *heat*=heated, in iv. 1. 61 below. Halliwell quotes *The Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594:

"And from Deaths quiver fell a fatall shaft,  
That under Cupid by the wind was waft."

75. *Scath.* Harm, mischief. See *R. and J.* p. 161. Spenser uses the noun often; as in *F. Q.* i. 12. 34: "To worke new woe and improvided scath," etc.

77. *More circumstance.* Further particulars. See *R. and J.* p. 178, note on *Stay the circumstance*.

85. *Lineal.* By lineal or hereditary right.

87. *Whiles.* See on iii. 4. 132 below; and for *if that* in 89, Gr. 287.

95. *Underwrought.* Undermined; used by S. nowhere else. Rowe changed *his* to "its," and the Coll. MS. has "her."

97. *Outfaced infant state.* "Brazenly outraged a child's right" (Clarke); that is, his right to the throne. For *outfaced*, cf. v. 1. 49 below.

101. *This little abstract,* etc. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 97:

"Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father," etc.

103. *Brief.* Equivalent to *abstract* above. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 146, *M. A.* D. v. 1. 42, etc.

106. *This is Geoffrey's.* This is Geoffrey's heir. Mason's change of *this* to "his" (adopted by W.) does not seem to be necessary. Clarke makes *this is Geoffrey's*=this boy's (that is, his right) is Geoffrey's.

109. *Owe.* Own, are entitled to. Cf. 248 and iv. 2. 99 below. *O'er-masterest*=hast become master of, hast got by force.

111. *To draw my answer,* etc. "To make me answer according to thy articles" (Schmidt); "to draw up my replication out of the clauses of your own brief" (Fl.). It is legal phraseology.

113. *Breast*. The 1st folio has "beast;" corrected in 2d folio.  
 119. *Excuse*. Schmidt is probably right in making this a noun. It seems to be elliptical=my excuse is. Fl. explains it "pardon me."  
 123. *Check*. "Treat as a bondman" (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2.  
 166: "to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself."

Malone quotes Holinshed: "Surely Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

127. *Than thou*, etc. The folio reads "Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like," etc.; and Fl. prefers that pointing.

128. *Dam*. Here used contemptuously; but not always so. See *W. T.* p. 178.

131. *If thou wert his mother*. "Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II." (Malone).

134. *Hear the crier!* A sarcastic allusion to the crier's proclamation of silence in courts of justice, suggested by Austria's *Peace!*

136. *An a' may catch you*, etc. It is said that Austria wore a lion's hide which he had taken as a spoil from Richard when he killed him (Pope). As Johnson adds, S. assumed that this story would be familiar to his audience, and therefore does not refer to it in the play as the ground of the Bastard's hostility to Austria.

137. *The proverb*. "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant" (Erasmus, *Adagia*, quoted by Malone). Steevens cites *The Spanish Tragedy*: "So hares may pull dead lions by the beard."

139. *I'll smoke your skin-coat*. Halliwell quotes Cotgrave: "*L'en auray*,—blowes being understood—I shall be well beaten; my skin-coat will be soundly curried." In the North of England *smoke* is a provincialism="to beat severely."

141. *O, well*, etc. Clarke is inclined to assign this speech to Constance rather than Blanch, "who seems intended by the dramatist to take no part in what is going forward until there is question of her marriage with the Dauphin, and she is addressed by him;" but S. follows the old play, in which Blanch says:

"Joy tide his soul, to whom that spoil belong'd:  
 Ah, Richard, how thy glory here is wrong'd!"

144. *As great Alcides' shoes*, etc. The folio reads "As great *Alcides* shooes vpon an Asse;" and "shoes" was defended by Malone and Steevens, who cited sundry passages referring to the shoes of Hercules on feet too small for them. Fl. also retains "shoes," but changes *ass* to "ape." The emendation in the text is due to Theo., and is adopted by

most of the recent editors. Keightley conjectures "Alcides' should," and Vaughan "Alcides' does."

147. *Cracker*. A play upon the various meanings of the word, including that of boaster. Halliwell quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Grand menteur ou vanleur*, a bragger; a boster; a vaunter; a craker; a vaine praiser of his owne virtue." Cf. the modern vulgarism, "cracking himself up."

149. *King Philip*, *determine*, etc. The folio reads:

"King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

"*Lew*. Women & fooles," etc.

The emendation in the text was made by Theo. Capell's reading, adopted by many of the editors, is

"*King Philip*. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

"*Lewis*. Women and fools," etc.

The objection to this is implied in the note on 1 above. The King would not be likely to refer the matter to a mere "boy" for decision. For Austria's form of address, cf. iii. 1. 198: "King Philip, listen to the cardinal;" and again in 219: "Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt." As Clarke remarks, the reply of John, "I do defy thee *France*," appears conclusively to settle the point that we ought to assign the present speech to King Philip.

152. *Anjou*. The folio has "*Angiers*;" corrected by Theo. Cf. 487 below.

160. *It*. For the possessive *it*, see *W. T.* p. 172, note on *It own*. Here it is apparently used in imitation of the language of children, or the "baby-talk" of mothers to their children.

163. *Good my mother, peace!* See on p. 34 above.

165. *Coil*. Ado, disturbance. See *Much Ado*, p. 146, or *M. N. D.* p. 168.

169. *Draws*. Changed by Capell to "Draw." See Gr. 333.

S. is fond of comparing tears to *pearls*. Cf. *V. and A.* 980, *R. of L.* 1213, 1553, *Sonn.* 34. 13, *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 224, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 322, and *Lear*, iv. 3. 24.

170. *Beads*. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 284: "those beads of sorrow." Fl. sees a play on beads of a rosary.

177. *Eld'st*. For the contraction of superlatives, see Gr. 473.

178. *Unfortunate*. Used by S. occasionally instead of *unfortunate*; as *incertain*, *ingrateful*, *insociable*, etc. See Gr. 442.

180. *The canon of the law*. See *Exod.* xx. 5.

180. *Bedlam*. Lunatic; from Bedlam (or *Bethlehem*) Hospital in London. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 103: "get the Bedlam To lead him," etc.

184. *That he is not only plagued*, etc. Another Chinese puzzle for the critics (see on i. 1. 139 above). The folio gives the passage thus:

"*Con*. I haue but this to say.

That he is not onely plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague

On this remoued issue, plagued for her,

And with her plague her sinne; his iniury

Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne.

All punish'd in the person of this childe,

And all for her, a plague vpon her "

The pointing in the text (adopted by K. and the Camb. ed.) is that of Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus: "God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her; God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin; all which (namely, her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

Many of the editors adopt Roderick's conjecture of "plagued" for *plague* in 187. Sr. points the lines thus:

"But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue:—plagu'd for her,  
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury;  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin:" etc.,

which he explains (abridging Henley) as follows: "Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and plagued with her, that is, by her. *Her* sin brings upon him *his* injury, or the evil *he* suffers; and *her* injury, or the evil *she* inflicts, is as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it."

The only other reading and interpretation we will notice is that of Fl., who gives

"But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue; plagued for her,  
And with her plague, her sin: his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;" etc.

His explanation is: "Plagued on her account, and by means of her wrong-doing, which is a plague inflicted by her (cf. *her sin, the plague*, in line 185); the injury inflicted on him, the injury inflicted by her, being the beadle, the chastiser (in Arthur's sufferings) of her original wrong-doing."

W. points the passage essentially as in the text, but adopts Roderick's "plagued." H. follows Sr., reprinting his explanation as above. Clarke's reading is the same as Fleay's.

191. *Unadvised*. See on 45 above.

192. *Will*. There is a play upon the word.

194. *Canker'd*. Venomous, malignant; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 137: "ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke," etc.

196. *Cry aim*. Encourage; "an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 45: "to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim." See also *Id.* ii. 3. 93. Halliwell, among other illustrations of the phrase, cites B. and F., *Love's Cure*: "Can I cry aim to this against myself?"

197. *Ill-tuned repetitions*. "Discordant recriminations" (Clarke). *Repetitions* is metrically equivalent to five syllables, like *observation* in i. 1. 208 above. See also on iv. 2, 125 below.

198. *Trumpet*. Trumpeter. See on i. 1. 27 above.

205. *Gentle parley*. Friendly parley. For *parle*, see *Hen. V.* p. 164; and cf. 226 below.



209. *Endamagement*. Injury. S. uses the noun only here, but we find the verb *endamage* in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 43 and *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 77.

215. *Confronts your*. The 1st and 2d folios have "Comfort yours," the 3d and 4th "Comfort your;" corrected by Capell. The Coll. MS. gives "Come fore your." *Winking*=shut hastily, in apprehension of danger.

217. *Doth*. The form is to be explained by the proximity of *waist*. Cf. iii. 1. 295 below: "The peril of our curses light on thee." Gr. 412.

218. *Ordinance*. Ordnance. See *Hen. V.* p. 161.

220. *Dishabited*. Dislodged. Fl. gives "dishabit'." Cf. *wast* in 73 above.

223. *Expedient*. See on 60 above.

228. *A shaking fever*. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 66:

"some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake."

See also *Cor.* i. 4. 61.

229. *Words folded up in smoke*. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1027: "This helpless smoke of words doth me no right." See also *Id.* 1042 and *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 64.

230. *To make*, etc. That is, to deceive your ears, to delude you.

233. *Forwearied*. Wearied out, exhausted; used by S. only here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 32: "Ye all forwearied be;" *Id.* i. 9. 13: "Forwearied with my sportes," etc.

236. *Protection*. A quadrisyllable. See on 197 above.

237. *Divinely*. "Religiously" (246 below), sacredly.

247. *Owe*. In the modern sense; but in the next line=owns, is entitled to, as in 109 above.

250. *Aspect*. The regular accent in S. Gr. 490.

252. *Invulnerable*. The 1st folio has "invulnerable;" corrected in 2d folio.

253. *Unvex'd retire*. Unmolested return. For the noun, cf. 326 and v. 5. 4 below.

256. *Spout*. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 10: "let thy eyes spout blood," etc.

258. *Fondly pass*. Foolishly disregard or reject. *Proffer'd offer* has been suspected of corruption. and "love," "favour," "terms," etc., have been suggested in place of *offer*; but *proffer'd offer* may be a more emphatic *proffer* or *offer*, or a mere inadvertence of composition.

259. *Roundure*. Round or circle (Fr. *rondeur*). The folios have "rounder," which indicates the pronunciation. We have *roundure* in *Sonn.* 21. 8.

264. *In that behalf which*. That is, *in which*; a common ellipsis in relative clauses. See Gr. 394.

266. *Possession*. A quadrisyllable. Cf. *repetitions* in 197 and *protection* in 236 above, and *ocean* in 340 below. Gr. 479.

268. *For him*, etc. Cf. the old play: "to him will we remain firm subjects, and for him, and in his right, we hold our town."

278. *Bloods*. "Men of mettle" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C. i.* 2. 151: "the breed of noble bloods." See also 461 below.

281. *Compound*. Agree, decide.

288. *Swing'd*. Whipped, conquered. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 88, iii. 1. 392, *M. for M.* v. 1. 130, etc. The folio has "swindg'd."

289. *Horse back*. As one word ("horsebacke") in the folio. See *Mach.* p. 204 (note on *Horses*) or Gr. 471.

292. *I would set an ox-head*, etc. Steevens quotes the old play:

"But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,  
If Philip front him with an English horn."

On *monster*, cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 63: "A horned man's a monster," etc.

306. *Discolour'd*. "The folio has "discoloured."

309. *Display'd*. Suggested by the *banners* (see 320 below), though referring in a way to the *French*.

314. *Malicious*. Malignant, destructive.

316. *Gilt*. Stained. See *Mach.* p. 192, note on *I'll gild*, etc.

321. *Like a jolly troop of huntsmen*, etc. Hunters used to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a badge of their success. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 204:

"Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,  
Here didst thou fall: and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

323. *Dying*. There is an obvious play upon the word. The pun was a common one. Halliwell quotes Heywood, *Epigrams*, 1562: "Dyers be ever dying, but never dead;" and Davies, *Scourge of Folly*, 1611:

"Turbine the dyer stalkes before his dore,  
Like Cæsar, that by dying oft did thrive;  
And though the beggar be as proud as pore,  
Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to live."

325. *Might*. Could. Gr. 312. The folios give the speeches of this *Citizen* to "*Hub*." (Hubert), a mistake probably due to the fact that both parts were taken by the same actor.

326. *Retire*. Retreat. See on 253 above.

328. *Censured*. Judged, determined. See *Much Ado*, p. 139; and for the noun = judgment, *Mach.* p. 251 or *Ham.* p. 190.

The *cannot* is not strictly consistent with the context. The meaning clearly is that the *equality* of the two armies is evident, or *both are alike*; the best judges cannot see any *variation* from the *equality*.

335. *Run*. The 1st folio has "rome," changed in the 2d to "runne." W. prefers "roam," as agreeing better with the *peaceful progress*. He believes that S. had in mind the same stream that suggested the beautiful description in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 25-32. Here, however, *roam* does not seem to fit the comparison so well as *run*. "The king would rather describe his right as *running on* in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied in the word *roam*" (Steevens). Cf. also the very similar passage in v. 4. 53-57, where we have

"*calmly run on* in obedience  
Even to our ocean, to our great King John."

336 *Vex'd*. Disturbed. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 4. 2: "the vex'd sea." See also *Temp.* i. 2. 229 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 198.

339. *Water*. The Coll. MS. has "waters," which W. adopts, on the ground that S. does not use the singular of water as a body, but only as a fluid.

340. *Ocean*. A trisyllable; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 32. Cf. Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 66: "Whispering new joys to the mild ocean."

344. *Climate*. Here apparently=sky, heavens. For its use=country, region, see *Rich. II.* p. 203.

354. *Mousing*. Tearing, as a cat does a mouse. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 274: "Well moused, lion!" Malone cites Dekker, *Wonderful Year*, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mousing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." Pope changed the word to "mouthing."

355. *Differences*. Quarrels, dissensions.

356. *Fronts*. Brows, faces. See *Ham.* p. 236, note on *The front of Jove*.

357. *Cry havoc!* The signal that no quarter was to be given. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 275:

"Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant."

See also *J. C.* iii. 1. 273, *Ham.* v. 2. 375, etc.

358. *Potents*. Potentates, powers; the only instance of the noun in *S.* The Coll. MS. has "potent."

367. *Lord of our presence*. "Master of our own identity or individuality" (Clarke). See on i. 1. 137 above.

368. *A greater power than we*. Theo. (following Warb.) changed *we* to "ye." The reference may be to "the Lord of hosts, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted the people of Angiers will not open their gates" (Tollet). If this be not the meaning, the *power* must be *our fears*. All the folios assign this speech to the French king.

371. *King'd of*. Ruled by (Gr. 170). The folio has "Kings of our feare;" corrected by Tyrwhitt. *Resolv'd*=set at rest. Cf. its use=dis-solved, in v. 4. 25 below.

373. *Scroyles*. Scabby fellows (Fr. *escrouelles*); a term of great contempt. Taylor the Water-Poet speaks of a "hungry sawcy scroyle." Cf. B. J., *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 1. "hang 'em, scroyles!" and *Poetaster*, iv. 3: "I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle, wast thou?"

376. *Industrious*. Capell conjectured "illustrious;" but, as Steevens remarks, the expression is="your laborious *industry* of war."

378. *Mutines*. Mutineers, rebels. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 6: "the mutines in the bilboes." *Mutiner* occurs in *Cor.* i. 1. 254. Malone cites a *History of the Jews*, written in Hebrew by Joseph Ben Gorion, and translated into English by Peter Morwyn, 1575, which tells how three factions in Jerusalem, which had been engaged in "most cruel battailes" with one another, made peace, "intending to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines, confirming and ratifying the same atonement and purpose by swearing one to another," etc. *S.* had probably read this book, as the allusion is not in the old play.

383. *Soul-fearing*. Soul-affrighting. For *fear*=cause to fear, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9:

"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant;"

and see note in our ed. p. 137. Cf. *fearful* in iv. 2. 106 below.

385. *Jades*. The word meant originally a worthless or vicious horse. See *Hen. V.* p. 170 and *Much Ado*, p. 121. For the masculine use of *jade* as applied to persons, cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 202.

387. *Vulgar*. General, common to all.

392. *Minion*. Darling, favourite (Fr. *mignon*). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 98: "Mars's hot minion;" and see our ed. p. 136.

396. *The policy*. "That which you call policy" (Schmidt); or "the politic art, the art of Machiavel" (Fl.).

398. *Knit*. Join, unite; as in iii. 1. 226 below.

400. *Fight who shall*. Fight to decide who shall. As Abbott (Gr. 382) remarks, "the Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context." *After* = afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10, etc. Gr. 26.

401. *Mettle*. The early eds. make no distinction between *mettle* and *metal*, using either for the literal or the metaphorical meaning. Thus, in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 23, the quartos have "mettall" or "mettal," the folios "mettle."

402. *Peevish*. Foolish; perhaps the only sense in S. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

404. *Saucy*. Impudent, insolent; used by S. in a stronger sense than the modern one. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 12: "the world, too saucy with the gods," etc. See also *Mach.* p. 214.

406. *Pell-mell*. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 312: "let's to't pell-mell," etc.

411. *Thunder*. W. adopts Capell's conjecture of "thunders;" but the word may be used collectively = cannon.

418. *You*. For you.

421. *Persever*. The regular spelling and accent in S. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, where it rhymes with *ever*. Gr. 492.

424. *Niece*. The folios have "neere" or "near." The emendation is from the Coll. MS. K. and Clarke retain and defend "near" as = nearly related.

425. *Dauphin*. It is "Dolphin" in the folios, as elsewhere; and W. retains that spelling, which indicates the pronunciation of the time. Cf. *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 107, where there is a play on the word and the name of the fish.

426. *Lusty*. "Full of animal life and spirits" (Schmidt); as in 255 above and 461 below.

428. *Zealous*. Explained by Johnson and Schmidt as = pious, religious; which is favoured by the antithesis.

431. *Bound*. Confine, enclose; as in 442 below.

434. *Complete of*. "That is, full of those qualities" (Schmidt); complete thereof, or therein. Theo. gave "complete of,—say;" and Hanmer, "complete, oh! say."

438. *A she*. The folios have "as she;" but the analogy of other passages in S. favours Thirlby's emendation, which has been generally adopted. See *A. Y. L.* p. 170, or Gr. 224.

For the idea that woman was completed or perfected by marriage, see *T. N.* p. 121 (note on *Are fill'd*, etc.) and p. 140 (note on *Perfection*).

446. *Battery*. Battering, assault.

447. *Match*. Johnson is "loath to think" that there is a play on the word.
448. *Spleen*. See on 68 above; and cf. iv. 3. 97 and v. 7. 50 below.
455. *Stay*. A word that has been a stumbling-block to the commentators. See a page and a half of discussion in the Var. of 1821. Probably Schmidt is right in explaining it as "the imperative of the verb used substantively." The Citizen has begun (416) by saying "vouchsafe awhile to *stay*." Some make *stay*=support, prop; and Clarke thinks there may be an indirect reference to that sense of the word. "That a *restraint* and a *support* should be personified sufficiently to be supposed capable of shaking 'the rotten carcass of old Death' is not beyond the license of poetry in figurative language." "Flaw," "say," "story," "storm," etc. have been suggested, but no change is necessary.
462. *He speaks plain cannon fire*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier." See also *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 255, 343, *Ham.* iii. 2. 414, etc. *Bounce*=*"bang"* (Schmidt).
465. *Buffets*. Boxes; as in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 146: "if I might buffet for my love," etc.
466. *Zounds*. Like *'s wounds* (see *Ham.* p. 214), contracted from "God's wounds!"
468. *Conjunction*. Connection, union; as in iii. 1. 227 below. Capell marks 468-479 as "*Aside to John*."
471. *Unsur'd*. "Unsure" (iii. 1. 283 below), unassured.
476. *Capable*. Susceptible. Cf. iii. 1. 12 below.
477. *Lest zeal*, etc. Steevens thought that *zeal* is compared to "*metal* in a state of fusion," not to dissolving ice, as Johnson had explained it. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Lest the now *zealous* and to you well-affected *heart* of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has *newly* been *melted and softened*, should by the breath of supplications of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again *become congealed* and frozen." Cf. iii. 4. 149 below:
- "This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal."
- W. makes *pity and remorse* the subject of *cool and congeal*.
481. *Treaty*. Here=proposal tending to a *treaty* or agreement; as in *Cor.* ii. 2. 59 and *A. and C.* iii. 11. 62.
485. *This book of beauty*. For the metaphor, cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 87: "This precious book of love, this unbound lover;" and see *Id.* iii. 2. 83, *Oth.* iv. 2. 71, etc. Malone compares *Mach.* i. 5. 63.
487. *Anjou*. The folios have "Angiers," as in 152 above; corrected by Theo.
492. *Promotions*. A quadrisyllable. See on 266 above.
494. *Holds hand with*. Goes hand in hand with, equals.
498. *Shadow*. Reflection; as in *V. and A.* 162:

"Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook."

See also *Id.* 1099, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 293 (where there is a play upon *shadow*, as here), and *J. C.* i. 2. 58.

502. *Infix'd*. Imprinted. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 47: "Where the impression of mine eye infixing," etc.

503. *Table*. Tablet, or that on which a picture is drawn or painted. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 2 :

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;"

and *A. W.* i. 1. 106 :

"to sit and draw  
His arch'd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table."

In the speech that follows, there is an allusion to the punishment of "drawing, hanging, and quartering." For similar quibbles, see *Much Ado*, p. 143, note on *Hang it first, and draw it afterwards*.

513. *Translate it to my will*. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 54 : "He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English." See also *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 19.

527. *Volquessen*. The old name of a part of Normandy (the Latin *Pagus Velocassinus*) more recently known as *Le Vexin*. Cf. the old play :

"John. First, Philip knows her dowry out of Spaine,  
To be so great as to content a king:  
But more to mend and amplify the same,  
I give in money thirty thousand marks.  
For land I leave it to thine own demand.  
"Phil. Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,  
Poitiers, and Aniou, these five provinces,  
Which thou, as King of England, hold'st in France."

530. *Marks*. The mark was worth 13 shillings 4 pence.

532. *Join hands*. That is, for the formal betrothal. See *T. N.* p. 160 (note on *Plight me*, etc.) and p. 166 (note on *Contracted*).

533. *Likes*. Pleases. See *Ham.* pp. 202, 274. The folio points the line thus : "It likes vs well young Princes : close your hands ;" corrected by Rowe.

534. *And your lips too*. This was also a part of the ceremony of betrothal. See *T. N.* v. 1. 159 :

"A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings." etc.

535. *Assur'd*. Affianced. Walker conjectures "affied," but the repetition with a play on the word is quite in the poet's manner. Cf. 247, 248, and 498-500 above.

538. *Saint Mary's chapel*. This is said to be the so-called Church of Ronceray, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin in 1028 and re-dedicated in 1119 by Pope Calixtus II. It is now used as a chapel for the students of the School of Arts.

544. *Passionate*. Full of *passion* or sorrow. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124 : "Poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus." *Passion* often = sorrow ; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118 : "passion's solemn tears," etc.

550. *Vantage*. Advantage ; as in *Sonn.* 88. 12, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 218, etc.

558. *Exclamation*. Outcry, vociferous opposition. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 88 : "What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?" See also *R. of L.* 705, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 153, etc.

563. *Departed with*. Parted with. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 147 : "Which

we much rather had depart withal," etc. See also B. J., *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 7: "Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money;" B. and F., *Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 1: "I may depart with little while I live," etc. *Depart* was also often = part, separate; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 43: "life and death's departing." In the English Marriage Service "till death us do part" was originally "till death us depart;" as in an old play quoted by Nares: "Aye, till death us depart, love." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 10. 14: "Which Severne now from Logris doth depart."

566. *Rounded.* Whispered; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 217: "whispering, rounding," etc. See also *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note.

568. *Broker.* Go-between. See *Ham.* p. 191. There is a play on the word in *breaks*.

573. *Commodity.* Self-interest. *Tickling*=flattering, cajoling.

574. *Bias.* An allusion to the game of bowls. See *Ham.* p. 200 (note on *Assays of bias*) and *Rich. II.* p. 197 (note on *Rubs*). Henderson quotes *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"Oh, the world is like a byas bowle, and it runs  
All on the rich men's sides."

The *eye* (583) was the hole in which the weight was put to give the bowl its *bias*.

575. *Peized.* Poised, balanced. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 22: "to peize the time" (that is, to retard it by hanging weights on it). In *Rich. III.* v. 3. 105, "peize me down"=weigh me down. For *who*=which, see Gr. 264.

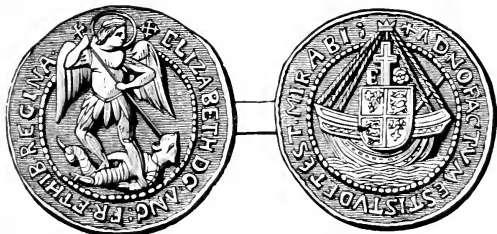
579. *Take head from.* Take its own course away from. *Indifferency*=straightforwardness, impartiality. Schmidt makes it="moderate measure;" as in the only other instance of the word in S. (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 23).

584. *Aid.* Coll. adopts Mason's conjecture of "aim;" but *determined aid* may be=the aid that he had determined to give.

587. *Rail on.* S. uses *on* or *upon* with *rail* much oftener than *at* or *against*.

588. *But for because.* Only because. For *for* (=because) and *for because*, see Gr. 151. Cf. 591 just below.

590. *Angels.* The gold coin so called. Its value was about ten shillings. On one side was a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. The device is said to have been suggested by Pope Gregory's pun on *Angli*



GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

and *Angeli*. For the quibble here, cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 60, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 187.

591. *Unattempted*. Not tempted. So *attempt*=tempt; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421: "I must attempt you further," etc.

593. *Whiles*. See on 87 above.

597. *Upon commodity*. That is, when it is for their interest.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—5. *Be well advis'd*. Consider well what you say. Cf. *advised*=considerate, in iv. 2. 214 below.

12. *Capable of*. Susceptible of. Cf. ii. 1. 476 above.

14. *Subject*. Fl. takes this to be the participle, like *wuft* in ii. 1. 73 above.

17. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic; as often. Gr. 463. *Take a truce with*=make a truce with, pacify, or quiet; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 162, etc.

19. *Shaking of*. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 38: "saving of thy life," etc. Gr. 178.

22. *Rheum*. Moisture; often, as here, applied to tears. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 85, *Rich. II.* i. 4. 8, *Cor.* v. 6. 46, *Ham.* iii. 2. 529, etc. See also iv. 1. 33 and iv. 3. 108 below.

23. *Peering o'er*. "Overpeering" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 12, *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, etc.), rising above.

27. "The way in which Salisbury's character is drawn, refined in speech, gentle in manner, has fitness as well as beauty; he was son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford, surnamed 'Fair Rosamond'" (Clarke).

33. *Which*. Who (Gr. 265); or we may say that the relative refers in a way to both *fury* and *men*.

41. *As*. Cf. 296 below: "So heavy as thou shalt not," etc. Gr. 109.

42. *Be content*. Be calm; as in *Rich. II.* v. 2. 82, etc.

Clarke remarks here: "The boy's artless appeals to his mother amidst her vehement indignation and passionate lamentation, a compound of maternal ambition and maternal love, should have sufficed to teach her heart the lesson so subtly inculcated by the poet, that ambitious projects indulged for the sake of a being beloved, until they merge affection in violence and absorbing purpose, gradually undermine love in the bosom of the one beloved. It is curious to observe how little of tenderness there is in Arthur towards his mother, as response to all the passionate (but vehemently and even violently passionate) love she lavishes upon him. Thus acutely and truly does Shakespeare indicate his moral lessons" (Clarke).

45. *Sightless*. Unsightly. It means invisible in *Mach.* i. 5. 50 and i. 7.

23. On *blots*, cf. *R. of L.* 537: "birth-hour's blot."

46. *Swart*. Swarthy, dark; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 104 and 1 *Hen. VI.* i.

2. 84. Cf. *swart-complexioned* in *Sonn.* 28. 11.

*Prodigious*. Monstrous, unnatural. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 22:



"If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view," etc.

See also *M. N. D.* p. 190; and cf. *prodigiously* in 91 below.

56. *Adulterates*. Commits adultery; the only instance of the verb in *S.* Cf. the adjective in *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

65. *Underbear*. Bear, endure; as in *Rich. II.* i. 4. 29: "And patient underbearing of his fortune."

69. *Stoop*. That is, stoop to grief (Malone). "Feeling herself bowed down by grief, sinking beneath the load of her sorrows and injuries, she may well say that she will teach them to be proud, to resist the pride of *grief* which makes her *stoop* to its overpowering weight. She feels herself physically giving way under the load of the burden laid upon her; and with her rich imagination converts the earth to which she is compelled to *stoop* into a *supporter* and *throne*" (Clarke). Some editors adopt Hammer's "stout" for *stoop*.

73. *Sorrows*. Changed by Pope to "sorrow." Jackson would take the poetry out of the passage by reading "in sorrow."

78. *Plays the alchemist*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 1:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen,  
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Steevens remarks that Milton has borrowed the image in *P. L.* iii. 609: "The arch-chemic sun," etc.

86. *High tides*. Great days, "high festivals" (*1 Hen. VI.* i. 6. 26). For *tide*=time, see *R. and J.* p. 150, note on *Lammas-tide*.

87. *Nay, rather*, etc. Alluding to *Job*, iii. 3 and v. 6 (Upton).

92. *But*. Except. For *wrack* (the only spelling in the early eds.), see *T. N.* p. 162. This instance of the word is wrongly referred to *Macb.* iii. 1 in Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance*.

99. *Counterfeit*. The word meant a portrait (see *M. of V.* iii. 2. 115: "Fair Portia's counterfeit," etc.) as well as a false coin; and perhaps, as Malone and Clarke suggest, the two senses are blended here.

100. *Touch'd and tried*. Alluding to the use of the *touchstone* in testing counterfeit coin.

105. *Painted*. The Coll. MS. has "faint in." Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "The contentious vigour of appearance and threatening warlike visage with which you came here on our behalf is turned into a lifelike pretence of amity and simulated peace."

107. *Arm, arm*, etc. "This grandly wild appeal of an outraged mother has its sublime parallel in that of the outraged father, Lear; where he invokes the heavens to make his cause their own, because themselves are old. Shakespeare never repeats himself; but he has some few of these exceptional similitudes, where Nature herself has them, in the rareness of extreme crises of passion" (Clarke).

110. *Sunset*. Perhaps Fl. is right in reading "sun set," on the ground that *S.* accents *sunset* on the first syllable. In *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 116, it is

*sunsét*, but that is "counted out" as not by S. The only other passages in which the noun occurs are *Sonn.* 73. 6 and *R. and J.* iii. 5. 127.

114. *O Lymoges! O Austria!* S. follows the old play in making one personage out of two enemies of Cœur-de-lion. "Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199], belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon" (Steevens).

119. *Humorous*. Capricious. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

121. *Sooth'st up*. Flatterest. Cf. *Cor.* i. 9. 44: "Made all of false-fac'd soothing," etc.

122. *Ram'ing*. Rampant. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 153: "a ramping cat;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 13: "a ramping lion."

123. *Party*. See on i. 1. 34 above.

127. *Fall over*. Go over, desert.

129. *A calf's skin*. The folio has "Calues skin," and "Calues-skin" in 131 and 133 below. It is said that the domestic fools used to wear calf-skin, but here the meaning probably is that a *calf-skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a *lion's* (Ritson).

130. *Should*. Changed by Pope to "would," to which it is here equivalent. Cf. *Gr.* 326.

138. *Of fair Milan cardinal*. Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance* has the curious misprint "fair Milan cathedral" in the reference to this passage under *Milan*.

141. *Against*. The only instance of *spurn against* in S. Schmidt compares *Acts*, ix. 5: "kick against the pricks." We find *spurn at* in *V. and A.* 311. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 136, and *Ham.* iv. 5. 6; and *spurn upon* in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 42.

142. *Force perforce*. An emphatic form of *perforce* = by force or violence; used also in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 116 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 258. In 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 46, it is = of necessity.

145. *Foresaid*. Not "foresaid," as often printed.

147. *Earthy*. The folio has "earthie," which is probably a misprint for "earthlie," as Pope and most of the modern editors consider it. The folio has "earthy" in the same sense in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 69, but the quartos have "earthly." The Camb. ed. and Fl. retain "earthy" here.

*Interrogatories*. Questions asked on oath; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 298, 300, and *A. W.* iv. 3. 207. S. uses the word only in these passages and *Cymb.* v. 5. 392. The folio has "intergatories" in all but the last, and most of the modern eds. give "intergatories" there.

148. *Task*. Misprinted "tast" in the 1st and 2d folios (the later ones have "taste"); corrected by Theo.

151. *The pope*. That is, the pope's, or that of the pope. See *Gr.* 384.

154. *Toll*. Take toll, levy a tax. In *A. W.* v. 3. 149, it means to pay toll.

169. *Revenue*. For the accent, see *M. N. D.* p. 125 or *Gr.* 490.

173. *Excommunicate*. For the form, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72: "These things indeed you have articulate," etc. *Gr.* 342.

177. *Canonized*. The accent on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. iii. 4. 52 below; and see *Ham.* p. 194.

180. *Room with Rome.* This shows that *Rome* was pronounced like *room*. Cf. *J. C. i. 2. 156*: "Now is it Rome indeed and room enough," etc. In *R. of L. 715*, it rhymes to *doom*, and in *Id. 1644* to *groom*. But it would seem to have had sometimes the modern pronunciation. Cf. *1 Hen. VI. iii. 1. 51*:

"Winchester. Rome shall remedy this.  
Warwick.

Roam thither, then."

201. *Your breeches*, etc. Steevens remarks: "Perhaps there is something proverbial in this sarcasm. Cf. the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

"Well I have a payre of slops for the nonce,  
Will hold all your mocks."

For *slops* = breeches, see *Much Ado*, p. 143.

204. *Bethink you.* Consider, reflect; as in *M. for M. ii. 2. 87, 144*, etc.

209. *Untrimmed.* The reading of the folio, which Schmidt makes = "divested of her wedding-gown." Perhaps W. is right in explaining it as "in deshabelle; and in some such condition was Blanch on account of her unexpected nuptials and the haste in which they were performed." D. suggested "uptrimmed," comparing *R. and J. iv. 4. 24*: "Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;" but in this case, as W. remarks, "there was no time to trim Blanch up." He adds: "The obvious allusion, too, to the temptation of Saint Anthony makes it clear that the old text is correct. It is of course not intimated that Blanch was then and there in a condition approaching that in which the temptress of Saint Anthony is generally supposed to have won the victory for the Devil. Constance's epithet has at once a slight taint of womanish spite and a forward look for Lewis." Some see in *untrimmed* an allusion to the fact that brides used to go to church with their hair dishevelled. Cf. Spenser, *Prothalamion*, 22:

"locks, all loose untidy,  
As each had bene a Bryde;"

and Webster, *White Devil*:

"Let them dangle loose  
As a bride's hair."

Fl. cites *Tancred and Gismunda*, v. 2:

"So let thy tresses, flaring in the wind,  
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck;"

and *Id. v. 3*: "O let me dress up those untrimmed locks." Theo. gave "new and trimmed;" and Richardson conjectures "entrimmed."

212. *Faith.* "Your pledged faith to me" (Fl.).

222. *Bestow yourself.* Behave yourself, conduct yourself, act. Cf. *T. G. of V. iii. 1. 87*:

"How and which way I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye."

See also *A. Y. L. iv. 3. 87*.

233. *But new before.* Only just before it.

235. *To clap this royal bargain up.* Cf. *T. of S. ii. 1. 327*: "Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?" The allusion is to *clapping hands*, or joining hands, in token of mutual pledge of faith. Cf. *Hen. V. v. 2. 133*:

"And so clap hands, and a bargain." See also *W. T.* p. 152, note on *Clap thyself my love*.

238. *Difference*. See on ii. i. 355 above.

240. *In both*. That is, in both their bloody hostility and their new love.

241. *Regreet*. Greeting, salutation; as in *M. of I.* ii. 9. 89: "sensible regrets." For the verb. see *Rich. II.* p. 162.

242. *Fast and loose*. A cheating game of gypsies and other vagrants. It is thus described by Sir J. Hawkins: "A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to represent the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away." Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 12. 28:

"Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss."

See also *L. L. L.* i. 2. 162 and iii. i. 104; and Drayton, *Mooncalf*:

"He like a gypsy oftentimes would go;  
All kinds of gibberish he hath learn'd to know,  
And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,  
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose."

243. *Unconstant*. Inconstant, fickle; as in *T. of S.* iv. 2. 14 and *Lear*, i. 1. 304. S. more commonly uses *inconstant*; as in *R. and J.* i. 4. 100, ii. 2. 109, iv. 1. 119, etc. See on *infortunate*, ii. i. 178 above. Gr. 442.

254. *Opposite*. Opposed, antagonistic. See *Oth.* p. 160 or *T. N.* p. 145.

259. *Chafed*. Theobald's correction of the "cased" of the folios. Pope has "chased" and Coll. "caged." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 206: "the chafed lion;" *T. of S.* i. 2. 203: "an angry boar chafed with sweat," etc. Fl., who retains "cased" (= "concealed"), says that these passages are not in point, as S. did not write them.

271. *Is not amiss*, etc. "Most," "yet," "but," "done," etc., have been conjectured for *not*; but the passage was probably intended as a piece of Jesuitical sophistry. *Truly done* is explained by the following *not done*: what you have sworn to do amiss is not amiss if *truly* done; but the right doing of what is wrong is *not* to do it. Fl. explains it thus: "to do amiss (incompletely) that which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss when it (your course of proceeding) is truly (honestly) done."

276. *Indirection*. See on *indirectly*, ii. i. 49 above.

280. *But thou hast sworn*, etc. The passage is pointed thus in the folio:

"It is religion that doth make vows kept,  
But thou hast sworn against religion;  
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,  
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnure  
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne.  
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?"

This is evidently corrupt, at least in the pointing; but of many attempts to mend it none is quite satisfactory. In 281 we adopt (as Capell, D., and W. do) Johnson's conjecture of *which* for "what." Hanmer's

"that" is nearer to the original, and gives the same meaning, but the relative seems better on the whole. Clarke retains "what," explaining the line as including "the double interpretation of 'by swearing to that which is contrary to that which you have sworn,' and 'in swearing by religion against religion.'" *The truth thou art unsure to swear*, etc., is more perplexing. K. explains it thus: "the truth—that is, the *troth*, for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven—this *troth*, which it was unsure to swear—which you violate your surety in swearing—has only been sworn—swears only—not to be forsworn; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion—to the principle upon which all oaths are made." Clarke makes *thou art unsure to swear* = "thou art hesitating to abide by." He adds: "The difficulty and obscurity in this speech chiefly arise from the expressions *swear* and *swear'st* being equally used for what has been sworn at different times; or, in other words, 'thy later vows' and 'thy first:' but the very confusion thus produced in the line of argument has characteristic effect." Sr. follows Rowe in changing *swears* in 284 to "swear" (imperative). Schmidt defines *unsure* as "not assured, not certainly knowing." Perhaps the meaning is: the oath you thus swear with no good assurance that you ought to do it. He has just charged the king with giving a pledge inconsistent with his former pledge to the Church; and this, he implies, could only have been done from imperfect or confused notions as to his duty. *Swears only not to be forsworn* = is sworn only as a matter of form.

Fl. points the passage as follows:

"But thou hast sworn against religion,  
By what thou swear'st against, the thing thou swear'st;  
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth,  
Against an oath, the truth; thou art unsure,  
To swear swears only not to be forsworn;" etc.

He explains it thus: "But thou hast sworn the thing thou swear'st against religion (thy vow to be the Church's champion) by the religion thou swearest against, and so thou givest, as pledge of thy truth, thy last oath in opposition to thy first one, which was in its own nature truth itself. Thou art untrustworthy, unsafe. Swearing is used only that oaths may be kept." On *unsure*, he compares ii. i. 471 above: "unsur'd assurance." He also quotes *Edward I.* ii. 1:

"Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself.  
When he hath sworn me by the name of God  
To break a vow made in the name of God;  
What if I swear by this right hand of mine  
To cut this right hand off? The better way  
Were to profane the idol than confound it."

289. *Is*. The subject *vows* is plural, but the verb may be said to agree with the predicate nominative *rebellion*. *To* = towards, against. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. i. 244: "a quarrel to you," etc. Gr. 187.

294. *Vouchsafe them*. Condescend to accept them. Cf. *J. C.* ii. i. 313: "Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue." See also *T. of A.* i. i. 152 and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 43.

295. *Light*. The plural is to be explained by the intervening *curse*s.  
Gr. 412.

296. *As*. That. Gr. 109.

303. *Churlish drums*. Cf. ii. 1. 76 above, and *V. and A.* 107: "his churlish drum."

304. *Measures*. Marching music. Fl. explains it as "solemn dances" (see *A. Y. L.* p. 197). Cf. the old play:

"*Bianch*. And will your grace upon your wedding-day  
Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?

Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.

"*Lewis*. Sweetheart, content thee, and we shall agree.

"*Philip*. Follow me, lords; Lord Cardinal, lead the way,  
Drums shall be music to this wedding-day."

312. *Forethought*. Ordained, decreed. Elsewhere (in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 38 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 171) the word is = foresee, anticipate.

317. *Muse*. Wonder; as often in *S.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 7:

"I muse my mother  
Does not approve me further," etc.

See also *Mach.* p. 219.

318. *Respects*. Considerations, motives; as in *v.* 2. 44 and *v.* 4. 41 below.

320. *Fall from*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 209: "He's very likely now to fall from him," etc.

337. *Lady, with me, with me*, etc. This is the pointing of the folio. Most of the modern eds. follow Capell in giving "Lady, with me; [that is, go with me] with me," etc. Capell also changed *lies* to "lives." Fl. (who prints "l'es" for *lives* in the next line) says: "*Lives* was often pronounced *lees*, as here; so that *lie* and *live* had the same sound. The letter *v* could be omitted between any two vowels. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, iii. chor., *lo'e* (love) rhymes to *overthrow*, and in *Edward III.* *gî'e* (give) rhymes to *buy*; in *London Prodigal*, ii. 1 *mo'e* (move) rhymes to *too*. Chapman is distinguished from all other dramatists by his frequent adoption of this pronunciation."

339. *Puissance*. Armed force; as in *Hen. V.* prol. 25 and ii. 2. 190, etc. *S.* makes the word a dissyllable or trisyllable, as suits the measure.

341. *Condition*. Quality; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 74: "the hot condition of their blood," etc.

SCENE II. — 2. *Airy*. Theo. adopted Warburton's conjecture of "fiery;" but Percy cited in support of *airy* Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*: "Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples," etc. Henderson adds from Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*: "the spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants."

5. *Hubert*. Pope inserts "There" and Fl. "Good" before *Hubert*. Theo. changes *Philip* to "Richard."

*Make up.* Hurry on, go along. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 5: "I beseech your majesty, make up;" *Id.* v. 4. 58: "Make up to Clifton," etc.

SCENE III.—2. *Cousin.* Used familiarly for almost any kinsman or kinswoman. See *Ham.* p. 179 or *A. Y. L.* p. 147.

8. *Set at liberty*, etc. The folio reads:

"imprisoned angells  
Set at libertie;" etc.

The transposition was suggested by Walker, and is adopted by W. For *angels* see on ii. 1. 590 above.

10. *Now.* Changed by Theo. to "war," and by Hammer to "maw."

11. *His.* Changed by Rowe to "its," to which it is equivalent. See Gr. 228.

12. *Bell, book, and candle.* A popular phrase for excommunication, in the ceremonial of which a bell was tolled, a service read from a book, and three candles extinguished in succession. Fl. quotes Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*:

"Bell, book, and candle, candle, book, and bell,  
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell;"

and Bale's *Kynge Johan*:

"For as much as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,  
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle," etc.

26. *Time.* Pope's correction of the "tune" of the folios.

28. *What good respect*, etc. How great a regard I have for thee. Cf. iii. 1. 58 above.

29. *Bounden.* Used again in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 298: "I rest much bounden to you." Cf. Gr. 344.

36. *Gawds.* Gawdy or garish things. Cf. *M. A. D.* p. 126.

39. *Sound on*, etc. The folio reading. Theo. changed *on* to "one," and "reign," "ear," and "car" have been suggested for *race*. "Ear" is plausible, but no change is absolutely required. "With either reading, *drowsy*, logically, though not grammatically, belongs to *night*, by the usual Shakespearian inversion; and surely the clock striking twelve may be said to strike on into the course or current of the slow night" (Fl.). Sr. takes it to be a bell tolling at midnight to call recluses to their devotions.

42. *Surly.* Gloomy; as in *Sonn.* 71. 2: "the surly sullen bell." Cf. *sullen* in i. 1. 28 above.

43. *Heavy-thick.* Pope's emendation of the "heavy, thick" of the folios. Gr. 2.

44. *Tickling.* The Coll. MS. has "tingling;" but, as Clarke remarks, the change "deprives the passage of the connection between *tickling* and *laughter* which was evidently meant by the poet."

45. *Keep.* Hold, occupy (Schmidt). Clarke thinks it is also = close, or shut: "laughter dwelling in men's eyes, and causing them to close, or half shut."

48. *If that.* For *that* as a "conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287.

50. *Conceit.* Conception, thought. See *A. Y. L.* pp. 162 and 194.

52. *Brooded*. Brooding; that is, vigilant as a bird on its nest. Pope changed the word to "broad-eyed;" and the Coll. MS. has "the broad." For the active use of passive participles, see Gr. 374.

57. *Adjunct*. Cf. *R. of L.* 133: "Though death be adjunct," etc.

59. *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert*. "How the impression of murderous eagerness and urgency is horribly conveyed by the reiterated name, gasped forth with a mixture of stealth and vehemence—half mean dread, half bloodthirsty incitement!" (Clarke).

65. *Death*. See p. 33 above.

70. *Powers*. The word is used in both numbers to signify an army, as *force* still is. See *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Ave levying powers*.

SCENE IV. — 2. *Armado*. Fleet (the Spanish *armada*); as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks," etc. *Conquicted* = "defeated, overpowered" (Schmidt). "Collected," "convented," "connected," "convected," "consorted," and "combined" have been proposed as emendations.

8. *England*. That is, the king of England. See *Hen. V.* p. 159 or *Macb.* p. 239.

11. *Advice*. "Deliberate consideration" (Schmidt); as in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 68:

"And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy."

12. *So fierce a cause*. So impetuous a proceeding. For *cause* Warb., Hanmer, and some others read "course."

19. *Prison*. Malone compares 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 74: "Now my soul's palace is become a prison." See also iv. 3. 136 below.

23. *Defy*. Refuse, spurn. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 228: "All studies here I solemnly defy," etc.

29. *Detestable*. Regularly accented by S. on the first syllable. See *R. and J.* p. 208, or Gr. 492.

32. *This gap of breath*. This passage of my breath, or my mouth.

35. *Buss*. Changed by Pope to "kiss." The word had not become vulgar in the time of S. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 220: "Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds." The noun occurs in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 291: "Thou dost give me flattering busses." Steevens quotes Drayton, *Bavons' Wars*: "And we by signs sent many a secret buss." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 10. 46:

"But every Satyre first did give a busse  
To Hellenore; so busses did abound!"

40. *That fell anatomy*. That cruel skeleton, Death. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 238: "A mere anatomy." See also *T. N.* p. 149.

42. *Modern*. Commonplace, trite. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170:

"Where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy," etc.

See also *R. and J.* p. 188 or *A. J. L.* p. 167. The Coll. MS. gives "widow's" here, and K. adopts Heath's conjecture of "mother's."

44. *Not*. Omitted in the first three folios, but supplied in the 4th. Delius and St. read "unholy."



45. *I am not mad*, etc. See p. 27 above.

52. *Canoniz'd*. Accented on the second syllable, as in iii. i. 177 above. See Gr. 491.

58. *A babe of clouts*. A rag-baby.

64. *Friends*. The folios have "fiends;" corrected by Rowe.

65. *Sociable*. A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

66. *Loves*. Lovers. Cf. 35 above. The Coll. MS. has "lovers" here.

68. *To England, if you will*. Malone supposes this to be addressed to the absent John, and = "Take my son to England." St. takes it to be an apostrophe to her hair Fl. explains it: "Say this fine speech about faithful love, etc., to England, that is, to John." Perhaps Clarke is right in considering it an answer to what Philip has said in 20 above—"one of those incoherent, but wandringly-connected speeches which persons in Constance's condition of mind (and even people who are only absent of mind) will frequently make." He adds: "It appears to us that this interpretation of her speech adds another point of characteristic delineation to the many admirable touches with which the poet has drawn a mind bordering on frenzy in this powerfully affecting scene."

73. *Envy at*. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 112:

"whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at."

We find *envy* against in *Cor.* iii. 3. 95.

76. *And, father cardinal*, etc. See p. 25 above.

80. *Suspire*. Begin to breathe. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 33:

"By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move."

81. *Gracious*. Full of grace, lovely; as in 96 below. Cf. *T. V.* i. 5. 281: "A gracious person," etc.

82. *Canker-sorrow*. Sorrow, like a canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150, note on *Cankers*.

90. *You hold too heinous a respect*, etc. You sin in thinking too much of your grief. Cf. *M. of V.* i. i. 74: "You have too much respect upon the world."

91. *He talks*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 216: "He has no children."

96. *Remembers me*. Reminds me. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

99. *Had you such loss*, etc. "This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness" (Johnson).

101. *This form*. Her head-dress.

106. *Outrage*. Outbreak of rage or madness. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 64: "frantic outrage," etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 217.

110. *World's*. Pope's correction of the "words" of the folios. Fl. thinks that "word's" may refer to "the tedious tale of life."

111. *That*. So that; as often. Cf. 151 below. Gr. 283.

115. *Show*. Seem, appear; as in *V. and A.* 1157: "where it shows most toward," etc.

125. *Youthful*. Cf. 145 below: "How green you are," etc.  
 128. *Rub*. Obstacle; a metaphor taken from the game of bowls. See *Rich. II.* p. 197.  
 132. *Whiles*. Used by S. interchangeably with *while*. Gr. 137.  
 133. *Misplac'd*. That is, usurping; wearing a "crown so foul misplac'd" (*Rich. III.* iii. 2. 44).  
 135. *Unruly*. Unlawful.  
 136. *Boisterously*. Violently. See on iv. 1. 95 below.  
 146. *Lays you plots*. Lays plots for you; the "dativus ethicus." Gr. 220.  
 147. *True blood*. "The blood of him that has the *just* claim" (Johnson).  
 149. *Ezilly*. Used again in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 467. For *born* the 1st and 2d folios have "borne," which Clarke thinks may possibly be right (= conducted).  
 153. *Exhalation*. Meteor. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 352: "My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?" See also *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 226 and *J. C.* ii. 1. 44.  
 154. *Scope*. Free play, operation. Pope changed the word to "scape" — "preposterously," according to Schmidt, who explains *no scope of nature* as "no effect produced within the regular limits of nature." K., the Camb. ed., Clarke, Fl., and others retain *scope*; D., W., and H. adopt "scape." The latter is obviously wrong, as it could refer only to a prodigy or something out of the ordinary course of nature; while the context enumerates only *common* and *customed* phenomena, which the people imagine to be *prodigies* and *signs*.  
 155. *Customed*. Not "'customed," as sometimes printed. The word occurs again in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 188: "customed right."  
 158. *Abortives*. Monstrosities; the only instance of the noun in S.  
 161. *In his prisonment*. In keeping him in prison.  
 166. *Unacquainted*. Cf. v. 2. 32 below: "unacquainted colours."  
 167. *Strong matter of*. Good cause of, powerful reasons for.  
 169. *Hurly*. Tumult, commotion. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 206: "amid this hurly," etc.  
 174. *Call*. That is, a *bird-call*, the reed or pipe used in catching birds.  
 176. *As a little snow*, etc. "Bacon, in his *Hist. of Hen. VII.*, speaking of Simnel's march, observes that 'their snow-ball did not gather as it went'" (Johnson).  
 179, 180. The folios put commas at the end of both lines. Fl. follows Rowe in putting a period after *discontent*, and a comma after *offence*.  
 182. *Strong actions*. The reading of the later folios; the 1st folio has "strange actions," which may be what S. wrote.

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#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—On the locality of the scene, see on i. 1. 1 above. According to history, Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he died or was murdered.

2. *Within the arras.* That is, between the tapestry hangings and the wall; a common place of concealment. See *M. W.* iii. 3. 97, *Much Ado*, i. 3. 63, *Ham.* ii. 2. 163, iii. 3. 28, iv. 1. 9, etc.

7. *Uncleanly.* Unbecoming.

8. *To say with.* To speak with.

15. *As 'sad as night*, etc. An allusion to one of the affectations of the day. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Midas*, 1592: "Melancholy! is melancholy a word for a barber's mouth? Thou shouldst say heavy, dull, and doltish; melancholy is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is melancholy;" and *The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"My nobility is wonderful melancholy.—

Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?"

16. *Christendom.* "Christianity" (Schmidt); "christening or baptism" (Clarke). In *A. W.* i. 1. 188, it is = Christian name, or baptismal name. Halliwell quotes Taylor, *Workes*, 1630:

"A halfe piece, or a crowne, or such a summe,

Hath forc'd them falsifie their Christendome."

19. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear; as in iv. 2. 102 and v. 6. 44 below. See also *Ham.* pp. 187. 202.

20. *Practises.* Plots. See *A. Y. L.* p. 140. Cf. the noun in iv. 3. 63 below.

25. *Prate.* Prattle.

33. *Rheum.* Tears. See on iii. 1. 22 above.

34. *Dispiteous.* Pitiless; used by S. only here.

38. *Effect.* Import, meaning. Malone conjectured "a fact."

42. *Handkercher.* The spelling of the folios, as in most other places. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

47. *Still and anon.* Ever and anon. For *still* = ever, see Gr. 69.

49. *Love.* Act of love, kindness; as in *Per.* ii. 4. 49: "But if I cannot win you to this love," etc.

50. *Lien.* The folio has "lyen." In *Ham.* v. 1. 190, the quartos have "lien," the folios "lain."

52. *At your sick service.* To attend you when sick.

61. *Heat.* Elsewhere in S. the participle is *heated*. Cf. *waft* in ii. 1. 73 above. Gr. 342. *Heat* is found in *Dan.* iii. 19, in the ed. of 1611.

63. *His.* Capell's emendation of the "this" of the folios. The latter, which Clarke and Fl. retain, may be right after all.

70. The folio reads: "I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*." Pope gave "believ'd a tongue but Hubert's." K. adopts Steevens's conjecture: "believ'd him: no tongue but Hubert's—" (the sentence being left imperfect). Steevens afterwards suggested "I would not have believ'd no tongue but Hubert's;" which is on the whole the best emendation, if any is needed.

78. *Heaven sake.* Cf. *T. A.* iii. 4. 326: "oath sake;" see our ed. p. 155.

82. *Angerly.* The word occurs also in *T. G. of F.* i. 2. 62 and *Macb.* iii. 5. 1. S. does not use *angerly*.

92. *Mote.* The folios have "moth," which was pronounced *mote*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 179, note on *Goats*; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 136, note on *Nothing*.

95. *Boisterous*. The word (formerly = intractable, violent) has come to be restricted to "loud weather" (*W. T.* iii. 3. 11) and like noisy demonstrations. We can no longer use it as in *V. and A.* 326: "his boisterous and unruly beast" (horse); or as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 3. 32: "a base and boisterous sword," etc.

106. *The fire is dead, etc.* "*The fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved*" (Johnson). On *extremes*. cf. v. 7. 13 below: "fierce extremes."

117. *Tarre him on*. Set him on, urge him on. See *Ham.* p. 207.

121. *Of note*. Notorious, distinguished.

122. *Eye*. The folio reading; changed by Steevens to "eyes."

123. *Owes*. Owns. See on ii. 1. 109 above.

125. *This same very iron*. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 49: "this same very day," etc.

130. *Doubtless and secure*. Free from fear and confident. Cf. *I Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 20: "I am doubtless I can purge Myself," etc. On *secure*, cf. *Ham.* p. 196.

133. *Closely*. Secretly; as in *Ham.* iii. 1. 29, *R. and J.* v. 3. 255, etc. Cf. *close* in iv. 2. 72 below.

SCENE II.—I. *Once again crown'd*. This was the *fourth* time that John was crowned. The second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned again at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in the way (Malone).

4. *Once superfluous*. That is, once too many.

10. *Guard*. Ornament, as with trimmings. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 164:

"Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows'; see it done;'

*Hen. VIII.* prol. 16: "In a long motley coat guarded with yellow," etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 124.

18. *An ancient tale new-told*. Cf. iii. 4. 108 above: "as tedious as a twice-told tale."

21. *Antique*. The regular accent in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152 or *Macb.* p. 234.

24. *To fetch about*. To "come about," as the nautical term now is; to veer round.

29. *Covetousness*. Eagerness. *Confound*=destroy, ruin; as in v. 7. 58 below.

38. *Since all, etc.* That is, since we make our preferences yield in all cases to your will.

41. *Possess'd you with*. Informed you of. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 65, iv. 1. 35, *Cor.* ii. 1. 145, etc.

42. *When lesser, etc.* The folio has "then lesser," etc. *When* is Tyrwhitt's conjecture, and is adopted by D., K., St., Clarke, Fl., and others. Pope has "the lesser," and W. "than lesser." The Coll. MS. gives "thus lessening my fear." For *more, more strong*, cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 63 and *Lear*, v. 3. 202.

43. *Indue*. Supply, furnish.

48. *To sound*. To give *sound* or utterance to. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 74 : "How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?"

50. *Myself and them*. The grammatical error is probably due in part to the occurrence of the same combination in the preceding line, and in part to the more frequent association of *them* than *they* with *myself*.

55. *In rest*. Either=in possession, as Clarke explains it; or in repose, in peace, as Schmidt and Fl. give it. Possibly both ideas are combined.

56. *Why then*, etc. Pope transposed *then* and *should*, to give the question the ordinary direct form; but the question may be considered as indirect, or perhaps as a confusion of the two constructions.

57. *Mew up*. Shut up. See *M. A. D.* p. 126.

64. *Goods*. Abstract nouns are often thus used in the plural. See *Macb.* p. 209 (note on *Loves*). *Rich. II.* p. 206 (on *Sights*), or *W. T.* p. 167 (on *Peaces*).

69. *Should do*. Who was to do. For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244; and for *should*=was to, Gr. 324.

72. *Close aspect*. Reserved, secretive look. For the accent of *aspect*, see on ii. i. 250 above.

77. *Between his purpose*. That is, showing a conflict in his mind between his *purpose* of killing Arthur and his *conscience*. Cf. 247 below.

78. *Set*. Appointed, posted (Schmidt). Theo. changed the word to "sent." Mr. Arrowsmith would refer *set* to *battles*, but that is hardly admissible.

"It is worthy of notice how in this speech, and in the beautiful one commencing with 9 above, Salisbury maintains that characteristic refinement and poetry of diction which distinguish him in contrast with Pembroke" (Clarke).

89. *Here or hence*. See on v. 4. 29 below.

93. *Foul play*. Fl. joins the words with a hyphen, on account of the accent; so "fair-play" in v. i. 67 and v. 2. 118 below. *Apparent*=evident, obvious; as often. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 144 :

"Duke. It is now apparent?

"Provost. Most manifest, and not denied by himself."

See also *Rich. II.* p. 150.

99. *Owed*. Was the right owner of. See on ii. i. 109 above, and cf. iv. i. 123.

100. *Foot*. For the plural, cf. *pound* in i. i. 69 above.

*Bad world the while!* A bad world nowadays! Cf. i *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 146: "God help the while! a bad world, I say;" and *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 10: "Here 's a good world the while!"

102. *Doubt*. Suspect, fear; as in iv. i. 19 above.

106. *Fearful*. Full of fear; as in 191 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 175. On the passage, cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 11, 14.

110. *From France to England*. "The king asks *how all goes in France*; the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers that *whatever is in France goes now into England*" (Johnson).

116. *O, where*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 35 :

"Was the hope drunk

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?"

117. *Care*. In the 1st folio the first letter of the word is broken, and may be either an *e* or a *c*; the later folios have "care." Some editors read "ear" on account of the *ear* in the answer; but, as Clarke remarks, that word is sufficiently suggested by the king's "hear of it," and *care* accords better with the preceding *intelligence*.

118. *Drawn*. Drawn together, levied; as in v. 2. 113 below.

120. Constance died in 1201 at Nantes (see p. 21 above); Elinor in 1204 (Mrs. Jameson and some other authorities say 1203) at Fontevreaux.

124. *Idly*. Incidentally, casually; explained by the context.

125. *Occasion*. Fortune; as in *Ham.* i. 3. 54: "Occasion smiles upon a second leave," etc. The word is a quadrisyllable here; a metrical license very common in this play. Cf. *preparation* in 111 above, and see 173, 184, 191, and 218 below.

128. *Walks*. Goes. As Schmidt remarks, the verb is "much oftener used in S. than in modern language = to go, move, and even = come."

135. *Afear'd*. Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*. See *M. A. D.* p. 156 or *Macb.* p. 163.

137. *Amaz'd*. Confused, bewildered; as in ii. 1. 356 above.

139. *Aloft*. The only instance of the prepositional use in S.

141. *Sped*. Fared, succeeded. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 278, iii. 5. 137.

144. *Strangely fantasied*. Filled with strange fancies; the only instance of *fantasied* in S.

148. *Pomfret*. A town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. See *Rich.* II. p. 208.

In the old play there is a scene between the prophet and the people, and another of the Bastard plundering the abbey, both of them poor and coarse, and judiciously omitted by S. See pp. 11 and 12 above.

158. *Safety*. Safe keeping, custody; as in *R. and J.* v. 3. 183: "Hold him in safety."

This *prophet*, "Peter of Pomfret," although his prediction was fulfilled (see v. i. 25 below), did not escape the penalty pronounced by the king, but after being dragged through the streets by horses was hanged upon a gibbet (Douce).

165. *Whom*. For the "confusion of construction" (Gr. 410), cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 92: "Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd;" *Cor.* iv. 2. 2: "The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided," etc.

177. *Sprightful*. Full of spirit. It is used by S. only here, but we have *sprightfully* in a similar sense in *Rich.* II. i. 3. 3.

182. *Five moons*. This phenomenon is mentioned by some of the chroniclers and also in the old play, where the five moons appear visibly and the Bastard says:

"See, my lord, strange apparitions.

Glauncing mine eye to see the diadem

Plac'd by the bishops on your highness head,

Forth from a gloomy cloud, which, curtain-like,

Display'd itself, I suddenly espied

Five moons reflecting, as you see them now," etc.

*To-night* = last night; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 155.

185. *Beldams*. Old women, hags; a curious corruption (or ironical use?) of the Fr. *belle dame*, fair lady. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 5. 2: "beldams as you are," etc. Spenser uses the word in its original sense; as in *F. Q.* iii. 2. 43: "Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease," etc.

198. *Contrary feet*. The mutations of fashion are well illustrated by the fact that this passage perplexed the commentators of the last century. Johnson says: "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot." Farmer, Steevens, and Malone fill a page of the Var. of 1821 to show that in earlier times shoes were made "rights and lefts." Thus Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, says: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrongside outwards, or his left shoe on his right foot," etc. Boswell remarks: "What has called forth the antiquarian knowledge of so many learned commentators is again become the common practice at this day." Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 16: "this left shoe."

*Contrary* is commonly accented by S. on the first syllable; but on the second, as here, in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 221. Cf. *W. T.* p. 208.

199. *A many*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 79: "you bear a many superfluously;" and see our ed. p. 170.

200. *Embattled*. Embattled; the spelling of the early eds., to be preserved here, as the word is a quadrisyllable. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. ii. 14: "The English are embattled, you French peers," etc.

207. *No had*. Changed by Rowe to "Had none," and by K. to "None had;" but the idiom is found elsewhere. Arrowsmith (*N. and Q.* i. 7. p. 521) cites Dekker, *Fortunatus*: "No does?" Foxe, *Martyrs*: "No did?" etc. Fl. adds Lodge, *Marius and Sylla*, iv. 1: "No relent?" and St. gives an example of *No had* from a letter of Sir Thomas More.

214. *More upon humour*, etc. More on account of mere caprice than from deliberate consideration. For *upon* cf. ii. 1. 597 above: "upon commodity;" and see Gr. 191. For *advised*, see *M. of V.* p. 130 or *Rich. II.* p. 165; and for *respect*, on iii. 4. 90 above.

220. *Make deeds ill done*. Capell transposed *deeds* and *ill*, and is followed by K., Clarke, and some other editors. Theo. changed *make* to "makes;" but the plural is to be explained by the proximity of *deeds*. Cf. iii. 1. 295 above. Gr. 412.

*Hadst* is apparently a dissyllable here. Capell prints "Hadeſt;" Pope has "for hadst."

222. *Quoted*. Noted, set down; as in *A. W.* v. 3. 205; "He's quoted for a most perfidious slave," etc.

224. *Aspect*. For the accent, see on 72 above.

226. *Liabie*. Suitable, fit; as in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 97: "The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liabie, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled," etc.

227. *Broke with thee*. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 311: "I will break with her" (see also 328); *Id.* i. 2. 16: "break with you of it," etc. In *Id.* ii. 1. 162 and iii. 2. 76, we find "break with him *about*," etc.

229. *Made it no conscience.* Had no scruples. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 67:

"That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs."

231. *Hadst thou*, etc. Johnson observes: "There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says that to *have bid him tell his tale in express words* would have *struck him dumb*; nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."

234. *As bid.* That is, as if to bid or prompt. Pope changed *As* to "Or," and Malone to "And." Cf. Gr. 107.

245. *Fleshly.* Corporeal; used by S. only here. On the passage, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 68:

"the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection:"

and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 118, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 185, and *Macb.* i. 3. 140.

255. *Motion.* Impulse; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 64:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion," etc.

See also i. 1. 212 above.

264. *Feature.* For the singular, cf. ii. 1. 126 above.

265. *Foul imaginary eyes of blood.* "The sanguinary eyes of my imagination" (Schmidt).

268. *Expedient.* Expeditious, swift; as in ii. 1. 60, 223 above.

269. *Conjure.* S. accents the word on either syllable without regard to the meaning. See *M. A. D.* p. 164.

The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which ends with the king's sending Hubert on this errand; the second begins with "*Enter Arthur*," etc., as in the next scene.

SCENE III.—3. *There's.* Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters," etc. Gr. 335.

10. *Heaven take my soul*, etc. S. here follows the old play. The fate of Arthur is not certainly known. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evamuit* (he disappeared); and the business was doubtless managed with great secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat at night to the castle of Rouen, where Arthur was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, fastened a stone to the dead body and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some



colour to the report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape by a window, fell into the river and was drowned (Malone).

11. *Saint Edmundsbury*. See on v. 4. 18 below.

16. *Private with me*. That is, private or personal communication to me. For *with me* the Coll. MS. gives "missive," and Spedding conjectures "witness."

20. *Or ere*. A reduplication, the *or* being=before. Cf. v. 6. 44 below, and see *Temp.* p. 112.

21. *Distemper'd*. Disaffected. See *Ham.* p. 229.

24. *Thin*. The Coll. MS. gives "sin;" but, as Clarke remarks, *thin* "exactly agrees with the metaphor implied in *line*."

29. *Griefs*. Grievances; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 118, iv. 2. 42, etc. *Reason*=speak; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc.

34. *What is he lies here?* That is, *who* is he *that* lies here? For *what*=who, cf. ii. 1. 134 above; and for the ellipsis, Gr. 244.

41. *Have you*, etc. The 1st and 2d folios have "You have," which Fl. retains.

44. *That*. Changed by Pope to "What."

48. *Savagery*. Atrocity. In *Hen. V.* v. 2. 47 ("deracinate such savagery") it is=wild growth.

49. *Wall-eyed*. "Fierce-eyed" (Schmidt); perhaps simply=with perverted or unnatural vision. See Wb. s. v.

50. *Remorse*. Pity; as in 110 below and ii. 1. 478 above.

54. *Sin of times*. That is, of the times, of the age. Some editors adopt Pope's "sins of time."

56. *Exempl'd by*. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 132:

"so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace," etc.

63. *Practice*. Plotting. See on iv. 1. 20 above, or *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

64. *Whose*. Of whom; the "objective genitive."

71. *Head*. Farmer's emendation of the "hand" of the folios. Fl. retains "hand," because in the early Christian iconography a hand was sometimes surrounded by a nimbus. Clarke thinks that "the vow to dedicate his own *hand* to the service of winning *glory* by attaining vengeance, and giving it the honour or *worship* of having fulfilled a so-esteemed sacred duty, is perfectly consistent with one of the practices of chivalrous times;" but this explanation seems a little forced.

*Giving it the worship of revenge*= "ennobling it by revenge" (Schmidt).

79. *Your sword is bright*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 59: "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them." Here, as there, the expression is contemptuous.

84. *True*. Rightful, just.

87. *Dunghill*. For the personal use, cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 249: "Out, dunghill!"

91. *Yet*. As yet, up to this time. For its use before a negative, see *R. and J.* p. 165, or Gr. 76.

94. *Stand by.* Stand back; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 143, etc.

95. *Thou wert better.* It were better for thee. So "you were best;" as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 33, etc. See Gr. 352.

97. *Spleen.* See on ii. 1. 68 above.

99. *Toasting-iron.* Contemptuous for sword. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9: "I will wink and hold out mine iron: . . . it will toast cheese," etc. Steevens cites Fletcher, *Woman's Prize*: "dart ladles, toasting-irons," etc.

104. *Hour.* A dissyllable, as often. Gr. 480.

108. *Rheum.* See on iii. 1. 22 above.

109. *Traded.* "Professional" (Schmidt). *Traded in it*=expert in it, as if it were his *trade*. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 64: "Two traded pilots," etc.

110. *Remorse.* See on 50 above.

116. *Here's a good world!* Ironical=*bad world the while!* in iv. 2. 100 above.

121. *Damn'd as black.* St. remarks: "S. had here probably in his mind the old religious plays of Coventry, some of which in his boyhood he might have seen, wherein the damned souls had their faces blackened." Sharp, in his account of these performances, says that there were uniformly three *white* and three *black* souls. He quotes the following ancient bill in this connection:

" Itm payd to iij whyte sollys	vs
Itm payd to iij blake sollys	vs
Itm for makyng and mendynge of the blakke soules hose	vjd
p'd for blakyng the sollys fassys	—

126. *Do but despair.* Do nothing but despair, only despair.

133. *Up.* Used intensively, as often by S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 155.

137. *Embounded.* Bounded, enclosed; used by S. only here. For the prefix *en-*, see Gr. 440.

140. *Amaz'd.* See on iv. 2. 137 above.

142. *Easy.* Easily; as very often. Cf. *Sonn.* 109. 3, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 22, *Mach.* ii. 3. 143, v. 8. 9, etc.

146. *Scamble.* Scramble, struggle. See *Hen. V.* p. 144 or *Much Ado*, p. 164.

147. *Unowed.* Unowned, or without rightful owner. Cf. *owe* in ii. 1. 109 above. "In this hour of ripened moral perception, the speaker suffers himself to confess that the only rightful possessor of England is gone, and that John is but possessor by tenure of usurpation and wrong; nevertheless, Philip's sense of fidelity and personal gratitude to the present occupier of the throne will not let him abandon him or his cause, especially now that they are in jeopardy and peril" (Clarke).

151. *From home.* Away from home, abroad.

152. *Waits.* Clarke says that the *on* of the next line is "understood" with *waits*; but this is not absolutely necessary. The verb may be transitive (as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 63, etc.), and the *on* may be inserted for the measure or on account of the omission of the verb.

On the passage, cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 85 fol.

154. *Wrested.* Wrested from its rightful owner, usurped. Schmidt

thinks it may be a misprint for "wretched;" and the Camb. ed. gives the anonymous conjecture "wasted."

155. *Cincture*. Girdle; Pope's correction of the "center" of the folios. Clarke suggests that the latter may have been in familiar use as a corruption of the Fr. *ceinture*.

158. *Businesses*. S. uses the plural no less than six times. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 220, iii. 7. 5; iv. 3. 98, *W. T.* iv. 2. 15, and *Lear*, ii. 1. 129.

*Are brief in hand* = "must be speedily dispatched" (Schmidt).

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—2. *Circle*. Diadem; as in *A. and C.* iii. 12. 18: "The circle of the Ptolemies." Cf. *round* in *Macb.* i. 2. 59 and iv. 1. 88.

*Take again*. Take it again. Some make *greatness and authority* the object, inserting a comma after *pope*.

6. *And from his holiness*, etc. And use all your power from his holiness. Cf. Gr. 419a.

7. *Inflam'd*. Burned up, destroyed.

8. *Counties*. Some take the word to be = counts, nobles (see *Much Ado*, p. 131); but it may have its ordinary sense, as Schmidt explains it.

12. *Mistemper'd*. Distempered (see on iv. 3. 21 above), disaffected. See *R. and J.* p. 142.

13. *Qualified*. Moderated, abated; as in *R. of L.* 424, *Ham.* iv. 7. 114, etc.

14. *The present time 's so sick*, etc. For the metaphor, cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 27. See also v. 2. 20 below.

19. *Convertite*. Convert or penitent; as in *R. of L.* 743 and *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 190.

25. *Is this Ascension-day?* See on p. 34 above.

27. *Give off*. Give up; the only instance of the expression in S.

31. *Dover Castle*. Hubert de Burgh with a hundred and forty soldiers defended it for four months (French).

35. *Amazement*. Confusion, bewilderment. Cf. the verb in iv. 2. 137 and iv. 3. 140 above.

54. *Glisten*. Glisten (not used by S.). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 65: "All that glisters is not gold," etc.

55. *Become*. Adorn; as in ii. 1. 141 above.

59. *Forage*. Go forth in search of prey. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 110.

"Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility."

See also the noun in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 93: "And he [the lion] from forage will incline to play." Fl. quotes *Edward III.* ii. 1 (Shakespeare's part):

"The lion doth become his bloody jaws,  
And grace his foragement by being wild,  
When vassals fear his trembling at their feet;"

and Chapman, *Bussy's Revenge*: "Lions foraging for prey."

60. *Displeasure*. Often used by S. in a stronger sense than now; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 68, ii. 2. 6, *Cor.* iv. 5. 78, *Leav.*, i. 1. 202, iii. 3. 5, etc.

66. *Upon the footing of our land*. Standing upon our own land.

67. *Orders*. Sr. adopts the "offers" of the Coll. MS. But *orders*, from meaning orderings, arrangements, may come to be = stipulations, conditions. Cf. v. 2. 4 below.

69. *Invasive*. Invading; used by S. only here.

70. *Cocker'd*. Pampered; used by S. nowhere else. For the masculine use of *wanton*, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 10 and *Ham.* v. 2. 310.

71. *Flesh his spirit*. "Taste blood for the first time" (Fl.). Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* v. 4. 133:

"Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword;"

*1 Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 36: "Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood," etc. See also *Hen. V.* p. 160 (note on *Hath been flesh'd*) or *T. A.* p. 157 (note on *Well fleshed*).

72. *Mocking the air*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 49:

"Where the Norway banners flout the sky,  
And fan our people cold."

Malone remarks: "From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated Ode:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!  
Confusion on thy banners wait!  
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state."

SCENE II.—2. *Remembrance*. A quadrisyllable; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance be to you both." Gr. 477.

3. *Precedent*. Original copy, first draught; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 7: "The precedent was full as long a-doing."

4. *Order*. Arrangement, agreement. See on v. 1. 67 above.

6. *Sacrament*. Oath; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 328, v. 2. 97, etc.

13. *Plaster*. For the metaphor, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 139:

"you rub the sore  
When you should bring the plaster."

16. *Metal*. See on ii. 1. 401 above.

26. *Were*. The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "Was."

27. *Stranger march*. The folios have "Stranger, march," which Clarke retains. Theo. made the correction. For *stranger* = foreign, cf. v. 1. 11 above.

30. *Spot*. The Coll. MS. has "thought," which W. adopts. "Spur" and "spite" have also been suggested. *Spot* = stain, disgrace (Schmidt); as in v. 7. 107 below. *Upon* = on account of; as in iv. 2. 214 and v. 1. 18 above. *Enforced* = involuntary; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 240, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 264, etc.

34. *Clippeth*. Embraceth. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 44: "clipp'd in with the sea," etc. See also *Oth.* p. 192.

36. *Grapple*. Pope's correction of the "cripple" of the folios. Fl. adopts Steevens's conjecture of "gripple," which means the same.

39. *To spend.* Clarke and Fl. adopt Steevens's conjecture of "to-spend," in which the *to* is intensive; but it seems to be merely an instance of the insertion of *to* with a second infinitive after its omission with the first. Cf. i. 1. 134 above: "hadst thou rather be . . . and to enjoy." See Gr. 350. There is no clear example of this archaic intensive *to* in S.

42. *Doth.* Changed by Hammer to "Do;" but it may be the old 3d person plural in *-th*. See *R. and J.* p. 140, and cf. Gr. 334.

44. "*Compulsion* is here used in reference to what Salisbury has just before called *this enforced cause*: that is, the cause to which he felt himself compelled by *the infection of the time*. *Brave respect* is used for *noble consideration, patriotic regard*" (Clarke). Cf. iii. 1. 58 above.

45. *Dew.* For the application to tears, cf. *R. of L.* 1829, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 29, *W. T.* ii. 1. 109, and *Rich. II.* v. 1. 9.

46. *Silverly.* Silver-like; used by S. only here. The same is true of the verb *progress*.

50. *This shower*, etc. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1788:

"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain.  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more."

59. *Full of warm blood.* The folios have "Full warm of blood," which may be right, though it does not suit the rest of the line so well as the transposition in the text. The latter is due to Heath, and is adopted by D. and the Camb. editors.

64. *An angel spake.* Fl. says: "This phrase was proverbial, and usually involved a quibble; as in *Two Angry Women of Abington*:

"*Coomes.* There speaks an angel. Is it good?"

"*Mrs. Gourney.* Ay.

"*Coomes.* Then I can't do amiss; the good angel goes with me;"

and in *Eastward Ho*, ii. 1:

"*Quicksilver.* Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.

"*Petronel.* There spake an angel."

Here there may be a similar play upon the expression, referring to the *purse* just mentioned and to the *holy legate* whom he sees approaching. For the coin called an *angel*, cf. ii. 1. 590 and iii. 3. 8 above.

79. *Propertied.* Made a property of, treated as a mere tool or instrument. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 2. 99: "they have here propertied me." Note also the use of the noun in *J. C.* iv. 1. 40:

"do not talk of him

But as a property."

89. *Interest to.* Claim to, interest in; as in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 93:

"He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession."

99. *Underprop.* Support, uphold. Cf. *R. of L.* 53: "Which of them both should underprop her fame;" and *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 82: "Here am I left to underprop his land," etc.

100. *Charge.* Expense; as in i. 1. 49 above.

101. *Liabie.* Allied, associated. Cf. its use=subject, in ii. 1. 490 above.

104. *Bank'd.* The most natural meaning would be "thrown up in-

trenchments before" (Steevens), but the corresponding passage in the old play favours the interpretation "sailed along the banks of." Schmidt thinks the word is probably = the Fr. *aborder*, to land on the banks of. St. suggests that it is a term in card-playing = put into a bank or rest, won.

105. *Cards*. S. here anticipates the invention of playing-cards by about a century and a half. See on i. i. 24 above.

107. *Set*. Game, match; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 29, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 262, etc.

113. *Drew this gallant head*. Levied this gallant army. For *drew*, see on iv. 2. 118 above; and on *head* cf. i *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "To save our heads by raising of a head;" *Id.* iv. 4. 25: "a head Of gallant warriors," etc.

115. *Outlook*. Outface (cf. v. 1. 49 above); the only instance of the word in S.

124. *Wilful-opposite*. Obstinate contrary; not hyphenated in the early eds. Cf. iii. 1. 254 above.

125. *Temporize*. Come to terms; as in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 6, *Cor.* iv. 6. 17, etc.

130. *And reason, etc.* And there is reason, etc. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 417:

"reason my son  
Should choose himself a wife," etc.

132. *Unadvised*. Inconsiderate, rash. Cf. ii. 1. 45, 191 above. *Harness'd* = wearing *harness*, or armour; as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 8.

133. *Unhair'd*. The folios have "vn-heard" or "unheard;" corrected by Theo. *Unhaired* = beardless. Cf. v. 1. 69 above. *Hair* was often spelt *hear* or *heare*. Schmidt prefers *unheard* (=unprecedented); and the Coll. MS. has "unheard sauciness of."

138. *Take the hatch*. Leap over the hatch. See on i. 1. 170 above.

139. *Concealed wells*. That is, wells in out-of-the-way places. The expression has troubled certain of the commentators.

144. *The crying of your nation's crow*. "The sound of your nation's crow;" alluding to the crowing of the cock, which is the national bird of France, and to the boastful crowing natural to Frenchmen, to which S. has another allusion in *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 160 (Clarke). Schmidt takes *crow* to be a contemptuous name for the French cock. Rowe changed *your* to "our;" and the Coll. MS. has "cock" for *crow*.

145. *His*. The folios have "this;" corrected by Rowe.

146. *Feebled*. The verb occurs again in *Cor.* i. 1. 199.

149. *Aery*. Brood. See *Ham.* p. 207. *Tower* was a term in falconry for the spiral upward flight of the bird; as *souse* was for its pouncing upon its prey. Cf. ii. 1. 350 above; and see *Much.* p. 203.

151. *Ingrate*. "Ingrateful" (v. 7. 43 below), or ungrateful; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 116, *Cor.* v. 2. 92, etc. *Revolts* = deserters; as in v. 4. 7 below, and in *Cymb.* iv. 4. 6.

154. *Pale-visag'd*. Cf. "maid-pale" in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 98.

157. *Needles*. The 1st and 2d folios have "Needl's," indicating the metrical contraction of the word. Some editors give "neelds;" as in *R.* of *L.* 319, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204, and *Per.* iv. prol. 23. See *M. N. D.* p. 165.

159. *Brave*. Bravado. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?"

162. *Brabber*. Brawler. It is the name of a dog in *T. and C.* v. 1. 99. Cf. *brabble*=brawl, in *T. A.* v. 1. 68, and see our ed. p. 162.  
 176. *And in his forehead sits*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 160:

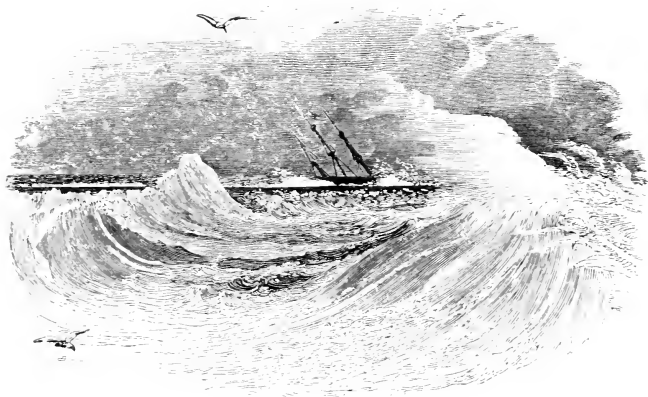
"for within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits," etc.

SCENE III.—8. *Swinstead*. Halliwell reads "Swineshead," which is unquestionably correct; but S. copied the mistake from the old play. Swineshead is in Lincolnshire, about seven miles southwest of Boston. It is now a rural town, but was then a seaport. The abbey, about half a mile east of the town, was founded by Robert de Greslei in 1134. It was a large and magnificent structure, but nothing is now left of it. The mansion known as Swineshead Abbey stands near the site, and was built with materials from the ancient abbey (Timbs).

9. *Supply*. Reinforcements; as in v. 5. 12 below. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 3, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 28, etc.

11. *Arc*. Changed by Capell to "Was;" but *supply* is used as a collective noun (cf. v. 5. 12). The relative in the intervening line takes a singular verb, but this is not uncommon. See Gr. 247. For *wrack'd* (=wrecked; the only spelling in the early eds.), see *T. A.* p. 162.

The *Goodwin Sands* or "the Goodwins" (*M. of V.* iii. 1. 4) are dangerous shoals off the eastern coast of Kent, not far from the mouth of the Thames. Tradition says that they were once an island belonging to Earl Godwin, which was swallowed up by the sea about A.D. 1100.



THE GOODWIN SANDS, DURING A STORM.

12. *Richard*. The messenger here uses the Christian name given to the knight, though he has just called him *Faulconbridge*. "It is as if the

poet wished to show that the renownedly brave man was known familiarly by both titles" (Clarke).

13. *Retire themselves*. Retreat. For the reflexive use, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 310, *W. T.* iv. 4. 663, *Oth.* ii. 3. 386, etc.

SCENE IV.—I. *Stor'd with*. Well supplied with. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 31: "To new store France with bastard warriors," etc.

5. *In spite of spite*. "Come the worst that may" (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 5: "And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile."

7. *Revolts*. See on v. 2. 151 above.

10. *Bought and sold*. Betrayed. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 72: "It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold." See also *Rich. III.* v. 3. 305, *T. and C.* ii. 1. 51, etc.

11. *Unthread the rude eye*. Changed by Theo. to "Untread the rude way," and in the Coll. MS. to "Untread the road-way." Johnson says that "the metaphor is certainly harsh," but he does not think the passage corrupted. Malone compares *Lear*, ii. 1. 121: "threading dark-eyed night;" and *Cor.* iii. 1. 127: "They would not thread the gates." See also *Rich. II.* v. 5. 17:

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel,  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

Clarke says: "The metaphor has the more propriety because to thread the eye of a needle is a process of some difficulty [cf. the paraphrase from the Bible in the passage just quoted], while to unthread a needle's eye is, on the contrary, one of the most easy of tasks: therefore the proposal to *unthread the rude eye of rebellion* appropriately metaphorizes the intricate course they have taken in forsaking the English side and revolting to the French, and also the facile one they would take in withdrawing themselves from it and returning to their natural allegiance." Schmidt under *Eye* suggests that the word here may be a misprint for "tye" (*tie*); but under *Unthread* he says: "The constant combination of the words *thread* and *eye* in all these passages [the present one and those quoted above from *Rich. II.* and *Lear*] is sufficient to refute the different emendations proposed by the commentators, not excepting that attempted in this lexicon sub *Eye*." For the homely character of the metaphor, Halliwell compares iv. 3. 148 above: "the bare-pick'd bone of majesty," etc.

14. *Lords*. The Camb. editors conjecture "lord," which is favoured by the *he* in the next line. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 80: "The French might have a good prey of us if *he* knew of it;" and 30 below: "I say *again*, if Lewis do win the day," where *Lewis* must be *the French* of the present passage.

*This loud day*. "By the one little monosyllable *loud* here, how finely does the poet set before our imagination the uproar of battle—the drums, and trappings, and trumpetings, and shoutings, and groanings of an engagement!" (Clarke).

17. *Moe*. More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

18. *Saint Edmundsbury*. The ancient town of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, about 60 miles northeast of London. Portions of the abbey, in which this famous meeting of the nobles took place, still remain. The illustration of the altar on p. 111 (from Knight's *Pictorial Shakspeare*) is



copied from Lydgate's *Life of St. Edmund* (Harl. MS. 2278); the manner of taking the oath, from an illumination in the *Metrical Hist. of Rich. II.* (Harl. MS. 1319), representing the Earl of Northumberland at Conway Castle, swearing on the gospels to secure safe conduct to Richard on his journey to London; and the costumes, from the effigies of Salisbury (in Salisbury Cathedral), Pembroke (in the Temple Church, London), and other contemporary monuments.

23. *Quantity*. A small portion; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 112: "Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;" 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70: "If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves," etc.

25. *Resolveth*. Dissolveth; as in *Ham.* i. 2. 130: "Thaw and resolve itself into a dew," etc.

27. *Use*. Utility, advantage.

29. *Hence*. In another world; antithetical to *here*=this world, as in iv. 2. 89 above. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 232: "Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife," etc.

37. *Rated*. Appraised. "It were easy to change *rated* to *hated*, for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay" (Johnson).

41. *Respect*. Consideration. Cf. iii. 1. 318 above.

42. *For that*. Because that. Gr. 151 and 287. The line is taken from the old play.

44. *In lieu whereof*. In return for which; the only meaning of the phrase in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 157.

45. *Rumour*. Confused sounds; as in *J. C.* ii. 4. 18: "I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray."

49. *Beshrew*. A mild form of imprecation. Cf. v. 5. 14 below.

50. *Favour*. Aspect, look. Cf. *Sonn.* 125. 5: "dwellers on form and favour," etc.

52. *Untread*. Retrace. Cf. *I. and A.* 908: "She treads the path that she untreads again." See also *M. of V.* ii. 6. 10.

53. *Bated and retired*. Abating and receding. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 72: "And bid the main flood bate his usual height." On *retired*, cf. Gr. 374.

54. *Rankness*. Exuberance, excess, overflowing.

55. *O'erlook'd*. Schmidt make this=slighted, despised; but it may be =risen so high as to look over. Cf. *overpeering* in *Ham.* iv. 5. 99: "The ocean overpeering of his list." See also iii. i. 23 above: "Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds."

60. *Right*. "In a manner deserving the name" (Schmidt); as in iii. 1. 183 above. Hammer changed the word to "pight" (placed) and Capell to "fight." The Coll. MS. has "bright."

61. *Happy newness*, etc. "Happy innovation that purposes the restoration of the ancient rightful government" (Johnson).

SCENE V.—3. *English measure*. The folio reading, changed to "th' English measur'd" by Pope and some modern editors. As Fl. remarks, "the meaning is general, at *English measuring*, not specific."

4. *Retire*. See on ii. 1. 326 above.

7. *Tottering*. "Waving" (Fl.). Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"A man hanging and tottering and tottering,  
As you know the wind will wave a man."

Schmidt makes it=hanging in rags, tattered. Cf. *tottered*=tattered, in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 37 (1st folio): "a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls." The 1st and 2d quartos have "tottered" in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 52: "this castle's totter'd battlements" ("tatter'd" in folios). If *tottering*=*tottered* here, it is an instance of the active participle used for the passive. See Gr. 372. The Coll. MS. has "totter'd."

*Clearly* is either=quite, completely (cf. iii. 4. 122 above), as Fl. explains it; or=stainlessly, as Schmidt gives it. The Coll. MS. has "closely," and the Camb. editors conjecture "cleanly."

13. *Ave*. See on v. 3. 11 above.

14. *Shrewd*. Bad, evil. See *J. C.* p. 145 or *Hen. VIII.* p. 202.

18. *The stumbling night*. That is, in which one is liable to stumble. Cf. v. 6. 12 below: "eyeless night" (that is, in which one cannot see).

20. *Keep good quarter*. "Keep your posts or watches in good order" (Fl.). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 63: "Had all your quarters been as safely kept."

22. *Adventure*. Hazard, chance. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 218: "At all adventures" (=at all hazards), etc.

SCENE VI.—6. *Perfect*. Right, correct; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 88: "a perfect guess," etc.

12. *Eyeless*. See on v. 5. 18 above. Fl. thinks it is=starless, "the stars being the night's eyes, as the sun is the day's." The 1st folio has "endles," the later folios "endlesse" or "endless;" corrected by Theo. Schmidt explains "endless" as "infinite, excessive, that is, extremely dark."

15. *Scape*. Not "'scape," as usually printed. See *Ham.* p. 188 or *Wb.* s. v.

16. *Sans*. Without. See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

17. *Brow of night*. "As we say, in the face of day" (Fl.).

22. *Swoon*. Spelt "swoond" in the first three folios. Cf. *R. of L.* : 56, where it rhymes with *wounds*. Elsewhere in the early eds. we find "swoond," "swoon," "swoun," "swown," and "sound."

24. *Broke out*. Forced my way (Schmidt).

26. *The better arm you*, etc. "The better prepare yourself to encounter the sudden change that will take place in affairs after the king's death" (Clarke).

27. *At leisure*. That is, less promptly, or at other people's leisure.

28. *Taste*. It was the custom for kings to have their food tasted before it was served, as a precaution against poison. See *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first*. Halliwell quotes Deloney, *Strange Histories*, 1607:

"For why, the monke the taste before him tooke,  
Nor saw the king how ill it made him looke;  
And therefore he a hearty draught did take,  
Which of his royal life dispatch did make."

29. *Resolved.* Resolute, determined. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 340: "How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?"

Malone remarks: "Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it, in his *Chronicle*, as a report."

32. *Who.* For whom, as often. Gr. 274.

39. *Power.* Force. See on iii. 3. 70 above.

40. *Taken by the tide.* On the 14th of October, 1216, as the king was attempting to ford the Wash at low water, and had already got across himself, with the greater part of his army, the return of the tide suddenly swept away the carriages and horses that conveyed all his baggage and treasures; and the spot is still known as "King's Corner." It was on the same night that the king arrived at the Cistercian monastery at Swineshead, and was taken with the fever of which he died.

44. *Doubt.* Fear. See on iv. 1. 19 above; and for *or ere*, on iv. 3. 20.

SCENE VII.—I. *Prince Henry.* The prince was only nine years old when his father died.

2. *Corruptibly.* So as to be corrupted; used by S. only here. For *pure* W. reads "poor," but the folio has "pure," not "pore" as he assumes. Halliwell cites Deloney's account of John's death in his *Strange Histories*: "Distempering then the pure unspotted braine."

10. *Orchard.* Garden. See *J. C.* p. 142.

John did not die at Swineshead (or *Swinstead*), as here represented. On the day after he arrived there (see on v. 6. 40 above), though very ill, he was conveyed in a litter to the Castle of Sleaford, and thence on the 16th of October to the Castle of Newark, where he expired on the 18th, in the 49th year of his age and the 17th of his reign.

16. *Insensible.* The folio has "inuisible," which is retained by K., the Camb. editors, and Fl. K. explains it as "unlooked-at, disregarded." Fl. puts a comma before it, and says that death "is visibly acting while preying on the body, but invisible when he attacks the mind." Neither of these interpretations seems to us satisfactory, and we have little hesitation in adopting Hanmer's emendation, as do D., St., Sr., W., H., and Clarke. Steevens suggested "invincible," and the Coll. MS. has "unvisited."

22. *Who chants*, etc. For the allusion to the poetic idea of the dying song of the swan, see *R. of L.* 1611:

"And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;"

*Phoenix and Turtle*, 15: "the death-divining swan;" *Oth.* v. 2. 247:

"I will play the swan,  
And die in music;"

and *M. of V.* iii. 2. 44:

"Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music."

26. *Indigest*. Indigested or shapeless mass, chaos; the only instance of the noun in S. The adjective (=chaotic, formless) occurs in *Sonn.* 114. 5: "monsters and things indigest." Ovid (*Met.* i.) describes Chaos as "rudis indigestaque moles."

32. *I am a scribbled form*, etc. See p. 35 above.

35. *Five*. Metrically a dissyllable (Gr. 480). Fl. reads "ill-faring," and Daniel suggests "ill-fated."

37. *To thrust his icy fingers*, etc. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome;" and *The Great Frost*, etc., 1608: "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." The corresponding passage in the old play reads thus:

"Philip, some drink. O, for the frozen Alps  
To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,  
That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot."

42. *Cold comfort*. There is a play upon the phrase, which was ironically used, as it still is, in the sense of small comfort. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 33: "or shall I complain of thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?" For the quibbling on a death-bed, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 73 fol., and see our ed. p. 172.

*Strait*. Niggardly, parsimonious.

43. *Ingrateful*. Used by S. interchangeably with *ungrateful*. So *incertain* and *uncertain*, *infortunate* (ii. 1. 178 above) and *unfortunate*, etc.

50. *Spleen*. Eagerness, impetuosity. See on ii. 1. 68 above.

51. *Set*. That is, close.

52. *Tackle*. For the metaphor, cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 67:

"Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel."

58. *Module*. The spelling of the folio here and in *A. W.* iv. 3. 114: "this counterfeit module." Elsewhere it is *model*, which Hammer and others substitute here. The word is = image; as in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 28:

"In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life;"

*Hen. V.* iii. iv. 2. 132: "The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter," etc.

*Confounded* = ruined; the most common meaning in S. See *Mach.* p. 189, and cf. iv. 2. 29 above.

59. *Preparing hitherward*. For the ellipsis, cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 37: "prepare thee hence for France;" and *Cor.* iv. 5. 140: "Who am prepar'd against your territories."

60. *Heaven*. Walker conjectures "God." Very likely that was the original word, changed by the editors of the folio on account of the statute of James against the use of the divine name on the stage. Cf. iii. 1. 156 above; and see *Oth.* p. 11.

62. *Upon*. On account of, for the sake of. Cf. ii. 1. 597, iv. 2. 214, and v. 1. 18 above. Gr. 191.

63. *Were in the Washes*, etc. This accident really happened to John himself. See on v. 6. 40 above.

66. *But now a king, now thus*. V. remarks: "The tragic poet has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay (*Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*), that here is a long interval leaped over at once in which 'foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta*.' The plain answer to this is, that the poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half-fictitious Faulconbridge afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta*, and the political rights of Englishmen acquired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning-point of interest in his drama—and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action—it would have required all the poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that—

'The charter of our liberties receiv'd  
The royal signature at five o'clock,  
When messengers were instantly dispatch'd  
To cardinal Pandulph, and their Majesties.  
After partaking of a cold collation,  
Return'd to Windsor.'

"Mr. Knight's remarks on this point are exceedingly just and eloquent:—'The interval of fourteen years, between the death of Arthur and the death of John, is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur, and the events which marked the last days of John, were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps. It is said that a man who was on the point of drowning saw, in an instant, all the events of his life in connection with his approaching end. So sees the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and the ends of events into that real union and dependence, which even the philosophical historian may overlook, in tracing their course. It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arthur of

Brittany has fallen. In Shakespeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged. The heart-broken mother and her boy are not the only sufferers from double courses. The spirit of Constance is appeased by the fall of John. The Niobe of a Gothic age, who vainly sought to shield her child from as stern a destiny as that with which Apollo and Artemis pursued the daughter of Tantalus, may rest in peace!"

74. *Now, now, you stars*, etc. Addressed to the revolted nobles who had returned to their allegiance.

86. *Presently to leave*. Immediately to give up. For *presently*, cf. ii. 1. 538 above.

99. *At Worcester*. John died at Newark (see on 10 above), commending his body and soul to God and to St. Wulstan, the last great English saint who had been canonized. His body, arrayed in royal apparel, was accordingly conveyed to Worcester, where it was interred in the Cathedral, the great church begun by Wulstan in 1084 and dedicated to his honour in 1218.\* The tomb on which the king's effigy rests (see cut on p. 131 above) is a work of the 16th century, but the effigy itself is said to be the original cover of the stone coffin in which the remains of John were discovered under the pavement of the choir in 1797. It is the earliest sculptured representation of an English monarch that remains in the country.

108. *Give you thanks*. Rowe's correction of the "give thanks" of the folios. The Camb. editors conjecture "fain give thanks."

110. *O, let us pay*, etc. "As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow" (Steevens). Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Let us pay but the due amount of lamentation to that woe which is past; since time now promises to put a period to our griefs by better unity among ourselves."

116. *Come the three corners*, etc. That is, let the rest of the world come against us, and we shall withstand them. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 491: "all corners else o' the earth;" and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 39: "All corners of the world."

118. *If England to itself do rest but true*. Cf. the ending of the old play:

"Let England live but true within itself.  
And all the world can never wrong her state.

\* \* \* \* \*

If England's peers and people join in one,  
Nor pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

See also 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 40:

"Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?"

Steevens cites Churchyard, *Discourse of Rebellion*, 1570:

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\* In 1207 John visited Worcester, and after praying at the tomb of Wulstan gave three hundred marks for the repair of the Cathedral.

According to Holinshed, the king was buried at Croxton Abbey in Staffordshire; but Matthew Paris states that it was at Worcester. He says: "Et his ita gestis, sciscitatus est ab eo Abbas de Croestuna si ipsum mori contingeret, ubi vellet eligere sepulturam. Cui Rex respondens dixit, Deo et Sancto Wistano corpus et animam meam commendo. Qui postea in nocte quae diem Sancti Lucae Evangelistae proxime sequuta est, ex hac vita migravit. Cujus corpus regio schemate ornatum ad Wigorniam delatum est; et in ecclesia Cathedrali ab Episcopo loci honorifice tumulatum."

"O Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire:  
If that you sticke together as you ought  
This lyttle yle may set the world at nought."

Reed traces the sentiment back to Andrew Borde (who died in 1549), *Introd. of Knowledge*: "for if they [the English] were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them."

## ADDENDA.

MRS. SIDDONS ON CONSTANCE.—Mrs. Siddons left behind her in manuscript her own analysis of the character of Constance, and we extract from Campbell's *Life of Siddons* this commentary of a great actress on the poet:

"My idea of Constance is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, at the commencement of the second act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition and of a grateful heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The ideas one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heart-rending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot it is to personate this great character should be richly endowed by nature for its various requirements; yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much, remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of Constance great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur while she herself is absent from the stage; so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of Constance shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third act, when, stunned with terrible surprise, she exclaims—

'Gone to be married—gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood join'd—gone to be friends!'—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait.

"The quality of abstraction has always appeared to me so necessary in the art of acting that I shall probably, in the course of these remarks, be thought too frequently and pertinaciously to advert to it. I am now, however, going to give a proof of its usefulness in the character under our consideration; and I wish my opinion were of sufficient weight to impress the importance of this power on the minds of all candidates for dramatic fame. Here, then, is one example among many others which I could adduce. Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of Constance, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with Arthur in my hand, to hear the march, when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch; because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection, to gush into my eyes. In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted to the passing scenes. Thus did I avail myself of every possible assistance, for there was need of all in this most arduous effort; and I have no doubt that the observance of such circumstances, however irrelevant they may appear upon a cursory view, was powerfully aidant in the representations of those expressions of passion in the remainder of this scene, which have been only in part considered, and to the conclusion of which I now proceed.

"Goaded and stung by the treachery of her faithless friends, and almost maddened by the injuries they have heaped upon her, she becomes desperate and ferocious as a hunted tigress in defence of her young, and it seems that existence itself must nearly issue forth with the utterance of that frantic and appalling exclamation—

'A wicked day, and not a holy day.  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,' etc.

"When King Philip says to her—

'By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?'—

what countenance, what voice, what gesture, shall realize the scorn and indignation of her reply to the heartless King of France? And then the awful, trembling solemnity, the utter helplessness of that soul-subduing, scriptural, and prophetic invocation—



'Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!  
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace: but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings.'

"If it ever were, or ever shall be, portrayed with its appropriate and solemn energy, it must be then, and then only, when the power I have so much insisted on, co-operating also with a high degree of enthusiasm, shall have transfused the mind of the actress into the person and situation of the august and afflicted Constance. The difficulty, too, of representing, with tempered rage and dignified contempt, the biting sarcasm of the speeches to Austria (iii. 1) may be more easily imagined than explained.

"But, in truth, to beget, in these whirlwinds of the soul, such temperance as, according to the lesson of our inspired master, shall give them smoothness, is a difficulty which those only can appreciate who have made the effort.

"I cannot, indeed, conceive, in the whole range of dramatic character, greater difficulty than that of representing this grand creature. Brought before the audience in the plenitude of her afflictions; oppression and falsehood having effected their destructive mark; the full storm of adversity, in short, having fallen upon her in the interval of their absence from her sight, the effort of pouring properly forth so much passion as past events have excited in her, without any visible previous progress towards her climax of desperation, seems almost to exceed the power of imitation. Hers is an affliction of so 'sudden, floodgate, and o'erbearing nature' that art despairs of realizing it, and the effort is almost life-exhausting. Therefore, whether the majestic, the passionate, the tender Constance has ever yet been, or ever will be, personated to the entire satisfaction of sound judgment and fine taste, I believe to be doubtful; for I believe it to be nearly impossible.

"I now come to the concluding scene; and I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert that, though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene (iii. 4), I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character.

"Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations."

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 263) as follows:

"Time of this play seven days; with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.

*Interval.* Return of French Ambassador, and arrival of John in France.

" 2. Act II. sc. i., Act III. sc. i. to iii.

*Interval.\**

" 3. Act III. sc. iv.

*Interval.†*

" 4. Act IV. sc. i. to iii.

*Interval.‡*

" 5. Act V. sc. i.

*Interval.§*

" 6. Act V. sc. ii. to v.

" 7. Act V. sc. vi. and vii.

Historical time: A.D. 1199-1216; the whole of King John's reign."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Most of these are from Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare*, and are meant to be "illustrations" in the strict sense of the term. The figures of historical characters are from their monumental effigies and other contemporaneous representations. For the cut on page 111, which will give a general idea of the military and priestly costume of the period, see p. 176, note on *Saint Edmundsbury*. The "Room of State" on p. 41 is an ideal sketch, but is in keeping with the architecture of John's time. The view of Angiers (p. 51) is from an old print.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

*King John*: i. 1(48); ii. 1(104); iii. 1(34), 2(3), 3(64); iv. 2(119); v. 1(27), 3(8), 7(28). Whole no. 435.

*Prince Henry*: v. 7(29). Whole no. 29.

*Arthur*: ii. 1(9); iii. 1(1), 3(1); iv. 1(99), 3(10). Whole no. 120.

*Pembroke*: iv. 2(56), 3(13); v. 4(4), 7(6). Whole no. 79.

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\* "Some little time must be supposed to have elapsed since the battle: for the French know that John has fortified the places he has won, and has returned to England; from whence also they have intelligence that the Bastard is ransacking the Church."

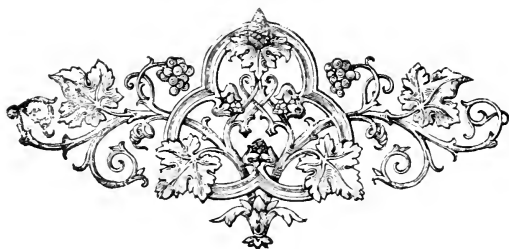
† "During this interval, the deaths of Constance and Elinor (28th March and 1st April) must take place (see Act IV. sc. ii.)."

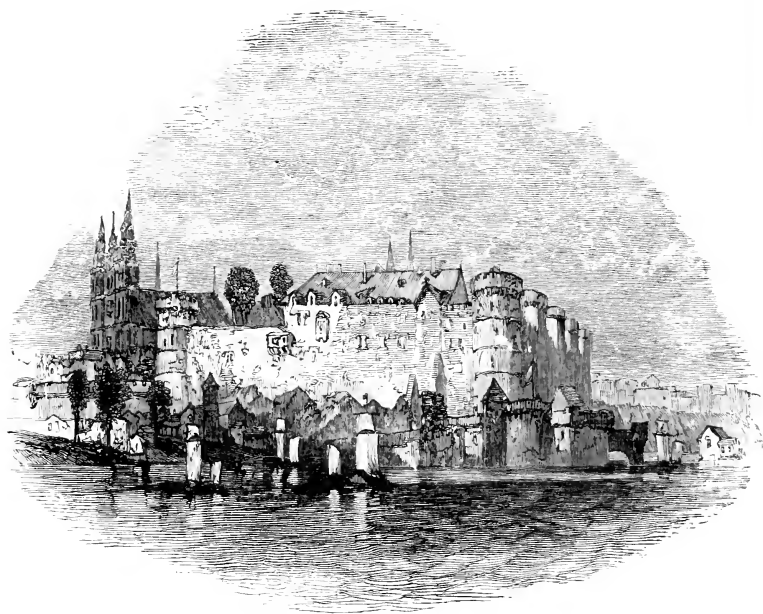
‡ "The arrival of Ascension Day, the presence of Pandulph, the news of the Dauphin's successes, imperatively demand an interval between this scene and the preceding Act; on the other hand, we find that the Bastard has only now returned from his mission to the nobles, and that the King now hears for the first time of Arthur's actual death: these facts are incompatible with any interval; they connect this scene with the scenes of Act IV., as part of Day 4. The main plot, however, is impossible without a supposed interval, and we must force the play to allow it."

§ "Including at least Pandulph's return journey to the Dauphin, the Bastard's preparation for defence, and his and King John's journey with their army to Edmundsbury."

- Essex*: i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.  
*Salisbury*: iii. 1(6); iv. 2(28), 3(53); v. 2(32), 4(19), 7(20). Whole no. 158.  
*Bigot*: iv. 3(9). Whole no. 9.  
*Hubert*: ii. 3(8); iv. 1(43), 2(35), 3(25); v. 3(1), 6(28). Whole no. 140.  
*Robert Faulconbridge*: i. 1(22). Whole no. 22.  
*Bastard*: i. 1(143); ii. 1(123); iii. 1(9), 2(8), 3(5); iv. 2(22), 3(57); v. 1(43), 2(53), 6(20), 7(39). Whole no. 522.  
*Gurney*: i. 1(1). Whole no. 1.  
*Peter*: iv. 2(1). Whole no. 1.  
*King Philip*: ii. 1(119); iii. 1(48), 4(26). Whole no. 193.  
*Lewis*: ii. 1(28); iii. 1(8), 4(18), v. 2(83), 5(17). Whole no. 154.  
*Austria*: ii. 1(27); iii. 1(8). Whole no. 35.  
*Pandolph*: iii. 1(72), 4(67); v. 1(11), 2(15). Whole no. 165.  
*Melum*: v. 4(39). Whole no. 39.  
*Chatillon*: i. 1(16); ii. 1(25). Whole no. 41.  
*1st Citizen*: ii. 1(64). Whole no. 64.  
*1st Executioner*: iv. 1(2). Whole no. 2.  
*French Herald*: ii. 1(12). Whole no. 12.  
*English Herald*: ii. 1(13). Whole no. 13.  
*Messenger*: iv. 2(14); v. 3(8), 5(6). Whole no. 28.  
*Elinor*: i. 1(29); ii. 1(21); iii. 1(2), 3(3). Whole no. 55.  
*Constance*: ii. 1(48); iii. 1(141), 4(74). Whole no. 263.  
*Blanch*: ii. 1(15); iii. 1(27). Whole no. 42.  
*Lady Faulconbridge*: i. 1(15). Whole no. 15.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(276); ii. 1(598); iii. 1(347), 2(10), 3(73), 4(183); iv. 1(134), 2(269), 3(159); v. 1(79), 2(180), 3(17), 4(61), 5(22), 6(44), 7(118). Whole no. in the play, 2570.





ANGIERS.

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Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room (v. 7. 28).









SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY  
OF  
KING RICHARD II.





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BEFORE FLINT CASTLE (iii. 3/.



RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTION  
TO  
RICHARD THE SECOND.

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I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

*Richard the Second* was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company, in 1597, as follows:

"29 Aug. 1597  
"Andrew Wise.] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde."

It was first published in quarto, the same year, with the following title-page:

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. *As it hath beene publikey acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants.* LONDON Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597."

A second edition in quarto, with the addition of the author's name—"By William Shake-speare"—on the title-page, was published by Wise in 1598.

In 1608 a third quarto edition appeared, the title-page of which reads as follows:

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. *By William Shake-speare.* At London, Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608."

This edition was reprinted in 1615, with the same title-page.

In the folio of 1623 *Richard II.* occupies pages 23-45 inclusive, in the division of "Histories."

A fifth quarto edition, "printed by Iohn Norton," apparently from the text of the second folio, was issued in 1634.

The "new additions" in the third quarto, which appear also in the succeeding editions, occur in act iv., scene 1, lines 154-318 inclusive. Though not printed during the life of Elizabeth, there can be little doubt that they formed part of the play as originally written; for they agree with the act in style and rhythm, and are the natural introduction to the Abbot's speech (line 321): "A woeful pageant have we here beheld." Their suppression in the earlier editions was probably for fear of offending Elizabeth, who was very sensitive upon the subject of the deposition of an English sovereign.



It had been often attempted in her own case, and she did not like to be reminded that it had been accomplished in Richard's. It is said that once when Lambarde, the keeper of the records in the Tower, in showing her a portion of the rolls he had prepared, came to the reign of Richard II., she exclaimed, "I am Richard the Second ; know ye not that?" In 1599, Sir John Haywarde was severely censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, for his "History of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.," which contained an account of the deposition of Richard.

The date of the composition of *Richard II.* is uncertain. Malone assigns it to the year 1593, but does not tell us why. Knight, from some similarities of expression in this play and in the story of Richard as given by Daniel\* in the portion of his *Civil Warres* published in 1595, argues that either Daniel drew from Shakespeare or Shakespeare from Daniel, and that the latter is the more probable supposition. White, from a close comparison of the second edition of Daniel's poem (also published in 1595) with the first, comes to the conclusion that certain changes in the former were suggested by Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, which had been brought out after Daniel published his first edition. This would place the composition of the play "in the latter part of the year 1594 or the beginning of 1595." The editors of the Clarendon Press edition consider that the coincidences between Daniel and Shakespeare pointed out by White "are too indecisive to found any positive conclusions upon." From internal evidence, however, we should fix the date of the play at about this time, when, as White remarks, "Shakespeare had not yet attained the fulness of his powers either as a dramatist or a poet, and yet was rapidly approaching that rich middle period

\* Staunton, in his edition of Shakespeare (vol. i. p. 502), referring to these criticisms of Knight's, inadvertently gives Drayton's name several times in place of Daniel's.

of his productive life which gave us the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Hamlet*, and *Troilus and Cressida*."

For the text of *Richard II.*, the quarto of 1597 and the folio of 1623 are the best authorities. In the latter the play appears to have been printed from a copy of the quarto of 1615, corrected with much care, and possibly (as White suggests) the stage copy of the Globe Theatre; but, like the rest of the folio, it is marred by many errors of the type, and also by sundry omissions, amounting to about forty-five lines in all. Some of these may have been made intentionally in revising the quarto for the printers of the folio; but there can be no question that some are accidental, and perhaps all of them are. For supplying these deficiencies, and for the correction of typographical and other errors, the quarto is invaluable. On the other hand, in the "new additions" first printed in the quarto of 1608, the imperfect text of that edition appears to have been corrected for the folio from the author's manuscript. For this part of the play, therefore, we must depend on the folio, as well as for the corrections of the 1615 quarto already mentioned. There are but few difficulties in the text that are not removed by a careful collation of the two authorities.

## II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

There was another play, and not improbably two other plays, on the same subject, extant in Shakespeare's time, but now lost. On the afternoon of the day preceding the insurrection of the Earl of Essex in 1601, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of his friends, had a play acted before a company of his fellow-conspirators, the subject of which was "deposing Richard II." It could scarcely have been Shakespeare's, for it is described as an "obsolete tragedy," and the players are said to have complained "that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it."

Merrick accordingly gave them forty shillings to make up the expected deficiency.\*

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is a manuscript diary by Dr. Simon Forman, in which allusion is made to a play of Richard II. acted at the Globe Theatre, April 30, 1611. This play, however, began with Wat Tyler's rebellion, and seems to have differed in other respects from Shake-

\* In Attorney-General Bacon's speech at the trial of the conspirators (*State Trials*, p. 1445, ed. of 1809) the following passage occurs :

"And the story of Henry the Fourth being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of a king upon the stage, the Friday before, Sir Gilly and some others of the Earl's train having the humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of 'Henry the Fourth.' The players told them that was stale, they should get nothing by playing of that ; but no play else would serve, and Sir Gilly gives forty shillings to Phillipps the player to play this, besides whatever he could get."

Here, it will be noticed, the play is called "Henry the Fourth," but in Bacon's "Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her Kingdoms," we are told that "it was given in evidence . . . that the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them *the play of deposing King Richard the Second*. Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick."

And again, in the "Examination of Augustine Philipps, servant to the Lord Chamberlain and one of his Players, before Lord Chief Justice Popham and Edward Fenner" (printed in the *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1598-1601, p. 578), we read :

"On Thursday or Friday sevensnight Sir Charles Percy, Sir Josceline Percy, Lord Monteagle, and several others spoke to some of our players to play the deposing and killing of Richard II., and promised to give them forty shillings more than their ordinary to do so. Examine and his fellows had determined to play some other play, holding that of King Richard as being so old and so long out of use that they should have a small company of it ; but at this request they were content to play it."

As we can hardly doubt that this Philipps was the Augustine Philipps of the Globe Theatre, one of Shakespeare's "fellows," Mr. J. W. Hales (*The Academy*, Nov. 20, 1875) argues that the play was Shakespeare's, notwithstanding it was called an old play and one that it would not pay to act ; but the weight of probabilities seems to us to be on the other side.

speare's. Collier and Staunton think it may have been the same as the "obsolete tragedy" just mentioned; Knight, the Cambridge editors, and White believe it was a different play, and this on the whole seems more probable. However that may have been, we have no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was indebted to any earlier play or plays on the same subject. His principal authority for the historical facts he has used was Holinshed's "Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Ireland," the first edition of which was published in 1577. The poet used the second edition (1586-87), as the withering of the bay-trees (ii. 4. 8) is not found in the first. The extracts from Holinshed in our notes will show how closely Shakespeare followed him, sometimes borrowing his very words.

### III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Coleridge's "*Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*."\*]

I have stated that the transitional link between the epic poem and the drama is the historic drama; that in the epic poem a pre-announced fate gradually adjusts and employs the will and the events as its instruments, whilst the drama, on the other hand, places fate and will in opposition to each other, and is then most perfect, when the victory of fate is obtained in consequence of imperfections in the opposing will, so as to leave a final impression that the fate itself is but a higher and a more intelligent will.

From the length of the speeches, and the circumstance that, with one exception, the events are all historical, and presented in their results, not produced by acts seen by, or taking place before, the audience, this tragedy is ill suited to our present large theatres. But in itself, and for the closet, I feel no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays. For the two parts of Henry IV. form a species for themselves, which

\* Coleridge's Works (Harper's edition), vol. iv. p. 119 foll.



BOLINGBROKE.

may be named the mixed drama. The distinction does not depend on the mere quality of historical events in the play compared with the fictions—for there is as much history in Macbeth as in Richard—but in the relation of the history to the plot. In the purely historical plays, the history forms the plot; in the mixed, it directs it; in the rest, as Macbeth, Hamlet, Cymbeline, Lear, it subserves it. But, however unsuited to the stage this drama may be, God forbid that even there it should fall dead on the hearts of jacobinized Englishmen! Then, indeed, we might say—*præterit gloria mundi!* For the spirit of patriotic reminiscence is the all-permeating

soul of this noble work. It is, perhaps, the most purely historical of Shakespeare's dramas. There are not in it, as in the others, characters introduced merely for the purpose of giving a greater individuality and realness, as in the comic parts of *Henry IV.*, by presenting, as it were, our very selves. Shakespeare avails himself of every opportunity to effect the great object of the historic drama, that, namely, of familiarizing the people to the great names of their country, and thereby of exciting a steady patriotism, a love of just liberty, and a respect for all those fundamental institutions of social life which bind men together :

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a home,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth," etc.

Add the famous passage in *King John* :

"This England never did, nor ever shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them : nought shall make us ru  
 If England to itself do rest but true."

And it certainly seems that Shakespeare's historic dramas produced a very deep effect on the minds of the English people, and in earlier times they were familiar even to the least informed of all ranks, according to the relation of Bishop Corbett. Marlborough, we know, was not ashamed to con-

fess that his principal acquaintance with English history was derived from them ; and I believe that a large part of the information as to our old names and achievements even now abroad is due, directly or indirectly, to Shakespeare.

Admirable is the judgment with which Shakespeare always in the first scene prepares, yet how naturally, and with what concealment of art, for the catastrophe. Observe how he here presents the germ of all the after-events in Richard's insincerity, partiality, arbitrariness, and favoritism, and in the proud, tempestuous temperament of his barons. In the very beginning, also, is displayed that feature in Richard's character which is never forgotten throughout the play—his attention to decorum and high feeling of the kingly dignity. These anticipations show with what judgment Shakespeare wrote, and illustrate his care to connect the past and future, and unify them with the present by forecast and reminiscence. . . .

In the closing scene of act i. a new light is thrown on Richard's character. Until now he has appeared in all the beauty of royalty ; but here, as soon as he is left to himself, the inherent weakness of his character is immediately shown. It is a weakness, however, of a peculiar kind, not arising from want of personal courage, or any specific defect of faculty, but rather an intellectual feminineness, which feels a necessity of ever leaning on the breasts of others, and of reclining on those who are all the while known to be inferiors. To this must be attributed as its consequences all Richard's vices, his tendency to concealment, and his cunning, the whole operation of which is directed to the getting rid of present difficulties. Richard is not meant to be a debauchee ; but we see in him that sophistry which is common to man, by which we can deceive our own hearts, and at one and the same time apologize for and yet commit the error. Shakespeare has represented this character in a very peculiar manner. He has not made him amiable with counterbalancing faults ; but

has openly and broadly drawn those faults without reserve, relying on Richard's disproportionate sufferings and gradually emergent good qualities for our sympathy; and this was possible, because his faults are not positive vice, but spring entirely from defect of character. . . .

The amiable part of Richard's character is brought full upon us by his queen's few words—

. . . "so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard;"

and Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of the audience. Yet even in this love there is something feminine and personal:

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand, . . .  
As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands."

With this is combined a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of that energy which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces. The consequence is moral exhaustion, and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope—every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident. And yet when Richard's inward weakness appears to seek refuge in his despair, and his exhaustion counterfeits repose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatterers from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in him a sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray more clearly his internal impotence.

[From Ulrici's "*Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*."\*]

*Richard the Second* may for many reasons be regarded as  
\* Morrison's trans., London, 1846, p. 365 foll. Some errors are corrected.



the companion of *King John*. While John employs every evil means to maintain his usurped dignity, Richard forfeits his just right by a weak use of it. The vitality of history endures no abstract, dead notion. The fixed formula of an outward, legal, and conventional right is as nothing in the sight of history, for which nothing is right but what is truly so, as having its foundation in *morality*. This Richard has forfeited before the eyes of men by treading it himself under foot. The highest earthly power is not exempt from the eternal laws of the universe ; the majesty which is by the *grace of God* loses its title as soon as it abandons its only foundation in the grace of God, whose justice acknowledges no jurisprudence, no rights of family and inheritance, as against the immutable rights of truth and reason. Richard urges in vain his legal title and the sacred name of majesty ; to no purpose does he invoke the angels of Him who set him on the throne ; the rights and title of a king avail not to move a straw, because they are devoid of the mighty force of inward rectitude ; God will send no angel to protect him who has rejected his grace. The people, too, in turn abandon him who had first abandoned them. The injustice of rebellion prevails. The truly noble but spoiled and corrupted nature of Richard wanes before the prudence and moderation of Bolingbroke. However little of true moral power Henry the Fourth subsequently exhibits, nevertheless, as contrasted with the unworthy and most unkingly conduct of Richard, he looks a model of virtue, and designed by nature for a throne. In the doubtful scale a grain of sand turns the balance.

Under such an unkingly sovereign the people are of necessity plunged in dissension and misery. At the very opening of the piece we behold the nobility divided by party feuds, the people in Ireland in revolt against their lords, and the royal family itself distracted with hatred and dissension. The Duchess of Gloster bewails her husband's unjust fate, while Richard's arbitrary termination of the quarrel between

Norfolk and Bolingbroke throws the aged Gaunt upon his death-bed with sorrow for his banished son. In vain does he warn the king ; truth dies away on the ear which flattery has stopped. Caprice follows upon caprice, accumulating infamy upon infamy. Richard farms out his kingdom, and rapaciously confiscates the property of the House of Lancaster to furnish the money necessary for putting down the rebellion in Ireland. While he trusts to his hereditary claims and to the divine right of kings, he nevertheless violates all the right of family and inheritance ; and, by putting his divine office out to hire, he becomes, with suicidal inconsistency, the first rebel, and with his own hands sows the seed of the revolution which eventually robs him of his life and crown. By disregarding in his own person the rights of the historical past—which is the true meaning of the so-called principle of stability—he places himself on an unsubstantial future. None but the more aged of his subjects—those who live on in a better past, who still see in him his heroic and noble-minded father, such as the old York with his son, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Salisbury—remain faithful to him ; all the vigour of youth and manhood, on the other hand, that from its very nature is engrossed by the present and future—which, undermined by Richard, wavers and threatens to fall—likewise wavers, and at last goes over to the rebel Bolingbroke. Here, too, the guiding hand of God is discernible. Had Richard returned *one* day sooner from Ireland, he would have found an army ready equipped for battle ; but deceived by the accidental delay, and a rumour of the death of the king, it had dispersed or gone over to Henry. His resources being thus cut off, lost to himself and powerless, he yields himself into the hands of his enemy ; his spirit, like a rotten stem, is broken by the storm which he himself had raised. His creatures, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and Wiltshire—the wicked instruments of a wicked master, who did but confirm him in his injustice—had previously

fallen like the branches before the stem. His queen—even in prosperity oppressed with a nameless pang, and looking into the future with a foreboding fear and assured feeling that nothing but misfortune could be the issue of Richard's unrighteous deeds, but who yet could be the partner of her husband's unkingly dissipation, and who at the death-bed of the old Gaunt could listen *in silence* to his fruitless exhortations, and hear without remonstrance the insults of Richard, and his unjust order for the spoliation of the House of Lancaster—she naturally, and with justice, shares her consort's fate. Both, however, alike make misfortune great; the way in which they meet their fate reconciles them both to God and man, and the close of the tragedy is at once truly tragic and profoundly poetical.

A single idea, it is plain, runs through the whole piece and its several parts. The poet has here laboured to illustrate the high historical significance of the kingly dignity in the light that it appears to the Christian view of things, as the most exalted, but at the same time the most responsible vocation that heaven imposes upon man. Absolutely speaking, every man has no doubt his vocation from God; but whereas the duties and office of every individual member of the state are more or less modified by the governing power, the dignity of the sovereign stands in an immediate relation to God and his all-ruling grace. It pre-eminently is "by the grace of God." And, both on this account, and because, as Shakespeare shows, the happiness of the whole people depends on the sovereign, he ought to be only the more mindful of divine grace, and the greater is his guilt, whenever, forgetting his true dignity, he acts unkingly, and contrary to justice and to grace. When he contradicts his high vocation, he will call in vain upon its divinity to protect him. In being called to it, he was *called* to do justice; and it is only by obeying its call that he can maintain his own right. While, then, the poet has thus attempted to elucidate the true rela-

tion both of man to his own historical position, and of his vocation in life to God, and while he thus places the essence of the kingly dignity in its observance of its relation to God and the world, he has successfully illustrated modern political history under one of its most essential aspects, and in one of its principal ideas. This is the ground idea of the whole drama.

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."*\*]

Richard II. was the son of the Black Prince, Edward III.'s brave eldest son. According to historical tradition, he was most beautiful, and Shakespeare also, in contrasting him with Richard III., who is urged by his deformity to avenge himself on nature, has not without intention invested him with the beautiful form, which, according to Bacon, renders "him generally light-minded, whom it adorns and whom it moves;" he calls him in the lips of Percy "a sweet lovely rose." He gives him the outward features of his father, and allows us occasionally to perceive a mental likeness also; the mild nature of the lamb and the violence of the lion, which the poet speaks of as combined in the Black Prince, are both exhibited in him. The first is scarcely to be mistaken; it becomes visible even at the last moment in the many tokens of attachment which he receives at a time when it is dangerous to manifest it, and after his death in the longing for him which is aroused in the adversaries who had conspired against him. The other quality is more hidden in single scattered traits. He appears throughout like a "young hot colt," easily provoked, like a violent flame consuming itself quickly; he compares himself to the brilliant Phaeton, who, incapable and daring, would manage his refractory steeds; in the moment of misfortune the defiance of an innate nobility is aroused in the midst of his sorrow, and in his death he appears as "full of valour as of royal blood." But this fine

\* Bunnett's translation, 1863, vol. i. p. 391 foll.

disposition is wholly obliterated ; in the early season of his life and rule he has lost his reputation ; he is surrounded by a troop of creatures and favourites, parasites and men who preyed on the kingdom, who stop his ear with flatteries, and poison it with wanton imaginations, who make him tyrannical and imperious, incapable of hearing a word of blame and admonition, even from the lips of his dying uncle ; men who made him shallow with Italian fashions, surrounded him with every low vanity, and enticed him into ostentation and extravagance. . . . Impoverished by his companions, Richard sees his coffers empty ; he has recourse to forced loans, to extortion of taxes and fines, and at last lets the English kingdom as a tenure to his parasites, no longer a king, only a landlord of England. A traitor to this unsubdued land, he has by his contracts resigned the conquests of his father. At length he lays hands on private property, and seizes the possessions of the late old Lancaster and of his banished son, thus depriving himself of the hearts of the people and of the nobles. The ruin of the impoverished land, the subversion of right, the danger of property, a revolt in Ireland, the arming of the nobles in self-defence—all these indications allow us to observe in the first two acts the growing seed of revolution which the misled king had scattered. The prognostication of the fall of Richard II. is read by the voice of the people in the common signs of all revolutionary periods (act ii. sc. 4):

“Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war.”

Besides the scattered touches and the insinuations which denote the inability of the king, and his wavering between unseasonable power and weakness, the poet has chosen only one event for a closer dramatic prominence to which the catastrophe of Richard's fate is united—the knightly quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk, with which the piece

begins. Coleridge said of this scene that it appears introduced in order beforehand to depict the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke ; and Courtenay was even bold enough to think it was just introduced because Shakespeare found it in the chronicle. But this was not the method of Shakespeare's writing. Later in Henry IV. (II. act iv. sc. 1) he has abundantly said in the plainest language that he began with this scene because it was just the beginning of all the sufferings which fell upon King Richard and afterwards upon his dethroners. Norfolk's son there says :

“ O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His *own* life hung upon the staff he threw ;  
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives  
That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.”

The scene then, however necessary in itself, certainly serves essentially to place in opposition to each other, in their first decisive collision, the two main characters, Richard and Bolingbroke, the declining king yet in his power and glory, and the rising one in his misfortune and banishment. In his accusation of Norfolk, Bolingbroke besets the king remotely with hostile designs. The guilt of Gloster's death rests in the public opinion upon the king and his associates ; subsequently Aumerle emerges as the immediate instrument ; the guilt of having known it and concealed it falls upon Norfolk alone, a guilt of which he accuses himself ; but the popular hatred turns upon him as upon the king. Bolingbroke, as we learn expressly in the second part of Henry IV. (act iv. sc. 1), uses this circumstance to nourish the hatred and to draw upon himself the favour of the people, while he exhibits the Lancastrians honourably solicitous about a sacred family matter. He knows that Norfolk is not guilty of the death of Gloster ; but, just as brave as he is politic, he freely ventures to propose the judgment of God, for he removes in him the single powerful support of the king, and at the same

time the enemy of his own family. The survivors of the murdered Gloster spur on the Lancastrians to revenge, their own security being concerned ; the old Gaunt indeed commits vengeance to God, but his son Bolingbroke believes it more certain if it is in his own human hand. The venerable old man, whom Shakespeare invests with riper years than history does, has transmitted to his son the elements out of which his deeply concealed character is blended. The hoary hero has borne in his heart the welfare of his fatherland, and his patriotic feelings obtain so much in his dying hour over his fidelity as a subject, that in words of the greatest enthusiasm for his glorious country he cuttingly reproaches the sinful Richard with what he has done with this "demi-Paradise." Sorrow for the country and sorrow for his banished son hurried him to the grave. With his patriotic feeling is mingled, we see, family-feeling and self-love ; both are also strong in the son. The son's far-stretching domestic policy accompanies and determines his whole life ; his patriotic feeling breaks forth in the touching lament on his banishment, which justly has been called not only very beautiful, but very English. To both these traits is joined that diplomatic cunning which lies in the very recesses of his nature, and is, therefore, concealed without difficulty. This too the son appears to have inherited from his father ; for a shrewd design cannot be more delicately coupled with generosity than in the old Gaunt, when in the council of state he gives his vote for the banishment of his son, which subsequently breaks his heart, in the idea of moving the rest by his too severe sentence to a milder judgment. With just such a deeply concealed policy Shakespeare has drawn the son, who in one touch alone, in Richard II., appears without a mask, but in all others, throughout the three pieces, remains a riddle even to the attentive reader, until at length the last hour of life elicits a confession to his son. In this same mysterious obscurity even the opening scene between Bolingbroke and Norfolk is maintained.

The designs and motives which actuate the former we have just intimated, but we have gathered them from subsequent disclosures ; in the moment of action it is not clear at what he aims, and Norfolk's bearing increases the obscurity. The voice of innocence and honour speaks in him, mostly in his voluntary confessions, and no less so in his strong appeal to his fidelity towards the king. It goes so far that he raises not the veil from the misdeed of which he is accused, not even after the king's sentence of a dateless banishment has fallen on him "all unlooked for," when he hoped for other reward than this disgrace. The king too condemns him, we likewise learn at the end of Henry IV. (II. act iv. sc. 1), against his will, because the general anger discharged itself on him ; but the enthusiasm of popular favour was already directed to Bolingbroke, who at his departure behaves to the multitude like a condescending prince. The weak Richard, who Norfolk predicts will rue this deed, ignobly banishes for a lifetime the man whom he loves and who would have been his most faithful support, and for a few years the other whom he hates, whose ambitious thoughts he fears, and whose banishment he has in his heart faithlessly resolved as limitless. He disturbs the combat between the two, whose peace he fears still more : he strikes his enemy and provokes him, without making him harmless : the helplessness of a man of a troubled conscience, who knows not the right occasion for mildness or severity, is displayed in this one case. The chronicle sums up the faults of his government in these words : He showed too great kindness to his friends, too great favour to his enemies. Both are just. But in this case he shows in his severity towards his friend that he is inconsistent moreover, and allows himself to be influenced by the power of opinion in an unessential point, when he neglected to attend to it in an essential one.

Quite in the sense of the sentence quoted from the chronicle, Shakespeare draws the political moral from Richard's



is here also that two-sided one of entire impartiality and candour, to which we unweariedly point, as to the greatest characteristic of his extraordinary mental superiority. He places his opinion chiefly in the mouth of the Bishop of Carlisle, the grand type of genuine loyalty, who stands faithfully by the side of the lawful king, without concealing from him the stern voice of truth ; who defies the unlawful usurper in the public assembly, but still elicits even from the latter true honour, favour, and esteem. Absorbed in his meditations upon show and reality, over which we see Shakespeare brooding throughout this period of his life, he cannot regard the halo of divine right as the reality of royalty. No inviolability can protect the anointed head, if it render itself unworthy of the divine possession ; no legitimacy and no balm can absolve the ruler from his duties to the land of his care. Every vocation would appear to our poet of God, and with the vocation every duty. The fulfilment of duty is even the king's first condition of stability ; by his neglect of it he forfeits possession and right, by this he loses himself, his inner dignity, his consecration, and his power. Thus Henry IV. says to his son in these plain words, that, unbridled and self-forgetful as he then was, he was only "the shadow of succession ;" the honourable Percy, though a rebel, deserved rather to be the heir. The dutiful illegality is compared with the duty-forgetting legitimacy ; it is placed before it by the man who had once elevated himself by it, and who would now secure his legality by the fulfilment of duty. It is full of information upon Shakespeare's true intention, if we carefully compare this piece with his *King John*. The usurper John maintains the crown by good and bad means, so long as he does not lose his power and confidence, so long as he abstains from wicked deeds and useless cruelty, and is thoroughly English-minded ; as soon as he descends from his royal duty and sells England, he loses himself and his crown. He, the usurper, differs not from the lawful Richard, who in the same

way let the land by lease, and giving up his duty, gave up himself also. It belongs essentially to this kingly duty that the prince, if he will secure his own right, must defend and protect the right of others. The peculiar right of the king is not esteemed by Shakespeare more sacred than any other; these views have taken deeper root in England from the times of Shakespeare and the Dutch Republic, until Milton, in his *Defensio pro Populo*, enforced them with marked emphasis. As soon as Richard had touched the inheritance of Lancaster, he had placed in his hands as it were the right of retaliation. The indolent York says immediately :

“Take Hereford’s rights away, and take from time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not *to-morrow*, then, ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?”

He tells him that he “plucks a thousand dangers on his head,” that he loses “a thousand well-disposed hearts,” and that he “pricks his tender patience to those thoughts which honour and allegiance cannot think.” To this kingly duty there belongs, moreover, not alone the absence of all those vices of a weak love of pleasure, by which Richard is ruined, but in their place the virtue of energy, which is the first honour even of the common man. Heaven alone helps us, says Carlisle to Richard, when we embrace his means. And Salisbury enforces upon Richard the great experience taken from the precipitation of revolutionary times :

“One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O’erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.”

Upon this warning he rises, when now even the rising is too late. Before, every claim from Aumerle and Carlisle upon his manliness, every reproach of his tardiness, was in vain; he was absorbed in himself, and revelled in his mis-

fortune as before in his prosperity. And so at last his wife must shame him when she finds him also deposed in intellect: she would see him like a lion, dying, that with rage "thrusteth forth his paw, and wounds the earth;" but he, pupil-like, takes his correction mildly, and teaches resignation to his wife, whose lips this lesson would have better suited. The weakness and guilt, which cause revolutions unexpectedly to prosper, are depicted by the poet in a masterly manner; and in this piece he draws up before us in succession the spectacle of the powers at work at such a period of revolution, a picture of a grandeur and depth scarcely to be fathomed. For no piece must be read so often as this, and in such close connection with the succeeding, that it may be thoroughly understood. Unadorned and without brilliancy of matter, it yet rewards patient industry all the more richly. To analyze the contents of the whole four pieces in a narrative, where the underlying motive should be seen entirely in Shakespeare's sense, would be a comprehensive work, and one of extraordinary fulness. Whoever has read them from the beginning of this Richard to the close of Henry V., with conscientious reflection upon every single point, appears to himself truly to have passed through an entire world.

The poet, who has not allowed us fully to know the young king in his prosperity, unfolds his character the more fascinatingly and minutely in his misfortune. As soon as with Bolingbroke's landing the turning-point in his fortune is arrived, just where we should have wished to see the powerful ruler, there stands conspicuously before us the kindly human nature, which was before obscured in prosperity and mirth, but even now is accompanied by weakness and want of stability, the distinguishing feature of his character. He has always needed props, and strong props he has not endured; he had sought them in climbing plants, which have pulled himself to the ground; Gaunt and Norfolk he had alienated. For this reason, at the first moment of misfortune he falls

past recovery. As soon as the first intelligence of the defection of his people arrives, he is pale and disheartened ; at the second message, which only threatens him with a new evil, he is submissive and ready for abdication and death. When Aumerle reminds him of his father York, he rouses himself once more, but as soon as he hears that even this last prop is broken, he curses his cousin for having led him forth " of that sweet way he was in to despair ;" he renounces every comfort, every act ; he orders his troops to be discharged ; capable of no further effort, he will be reminded of none, and himself removes every temptation to it. A highly poetic brilliancy is cast upon the scenes of the humiliation and ruin of the romantic youth, whose fancy rises in sorrow and misfortune to a height which allows us to infer the strength of the intoxication with which he had before plunged into pleasure. The power which at that time had carried him beyond himself turns now with fearful force within, and the pleasure-loving man now finds enjoyment in suffering and sorrow, and a sweetness in despair. He calls himself at first the slave of a "kingly woe;" subsequently, on the contrary, deprived of his throne, he will remain king of his griefs. The words and predictions of the basely injured Gaunt are now to be fulfilled upon the insulter of the dying man. That sentence finds its truth in Richard :

" Woe doth the heavier sit  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne."

True in him is the word :

" Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself."

Richard marvelled in Gaunt's dying scene (act ii. sc. 1) how the lips of the sick can play with words, but in the deathly sickness of his *own* misery he learns how to fall still deeper into this play of words and speculative thought. At the very first, in the beginning of his sufferings, he broods upon

thoughts of graves and death ; he wishes to let the fate of all fallen kings pass before his mind, and then (as if the words of the dying Gaunt were in his thoughts, when he said to him that a thousand flatterers sit within the small compass of his crown, wasting the land) he pictures to himself the image of the crown in sad contrast to his present position, as if within its hollow temples the antic death keeps his court, allowing the wearer of the crown “a breath, a little scene to monarchize.” When he afterwards appears before his enemies (act iii. sc. 3) a paroxysm of his kingly fancy exhibits him to the sneaking Northumberland with a show of power ; indeed this was now the moment for arresting with dignity and courage the yet undefined plot. But before Bolingbroke had declared any part, at a time when even in the presence of the weak York no one might omit the royal title before Richard’s name without apology, suddenly and without any cause his wings hang wearied, he speaks himself of the subjection of the king ; and as he sees Aumerle weep, his lively fancy at once runs away with him to the borders of insanity : his words remind us in these scenes of the passionate melancholy of Lear, which is the prelude to his madness. He asks whether they shall “play the wantons with their woes, and make some pretty match with shedding tears ? as thus ; —to drop them still upon one place, till they have fretted a pair of graves.” Even here, it seems, we look back shudderingly from the midst of wretchedness and misery to that vain intercourse and waste of time in which Richard formerly lived with his companions. The play on words and the conceits in these scenes have been censured as inappropriate, but nowhere are they placed with so deep and true a purpose ; those whose whole intercourse consisted formerly in raillery and quibbling, speculate most naturally in such a position in an immoderate manner, and delight in exhausting an idea brought about by the force of circumstances. Richard remembers that he is talking but idly, and remarks that

they mock at him ; the worst is that Northumberland has heard his foolish words, and designates him to Bolingbroke as a frantic man. That which the rebels would not have ventured, the childish man, whom the feeling of being forsaken has quite cast down, offers of himself to them ; he himself designates first the danger which surrounds him, when in his half-insane words he calls Northumberland prince and Bolingbroke king ; in the ears of all, he gives himself and his inheritance into Bolingbroke's hands, even before any one had demanded it. In the scene also of the deposition, which accords excellently with the nature of the king and crowns the characteristic touches, we hear him rapt in the beautiful poetic images upon his misfortune, we see him burying himself in his sorrow with a kind of pleasure. He pictures to himself as in a drama the scene over which another would have passed quickly. Only when it shames him to read his own indictment, his proud nature breaks out yet once again ; and he perceives too late how miserably he had become a traitor to himself. Later, too, when we see Richard on the way to prison and in prison, even in his resignation, he is ever employed in picturing his painful condition to himself as still more painful, revelling, as it were, in his sorrow, and emptying the cup to the very dregs. He peoples the little space of his prison with his wild fancy, he studies how he may compare it to the world. An air of music drives him to reflect how he has here "the daintiness of ear to near time broke in a disordered string," whilst "for the concord of his state and time he had no ear to hear his true time broke." He wasted time, which now wastes him ; and thus again in another melancholy simile he pictures himself as a clock, which time had made out of himself. It is wise of the poet that, out of the different stories of Richard's death, he chose that which exhibits him to us at the end in honourable strength, after he has allowed us also to perceive the attractive power of his amiability ; it is therefore

not without esteem that we take our leave of the cominiserated man. . . .

But in what does the poet exhibit that good use of the crown which we extol in Bolingbroke? The whole of Henry IV. must give an answer to this question ; but even in Richard II. the reply is found. His whole path to the kingdom is a royal path, and scarcely has he reached it than he shows by the most striking contrast the difference between the king by nature and the king by mere inheritance. Before, when, banished by Richard, he left the country, he left it like a king. After the death of his father and the plunder of his house, he returns unhesitatingly back from banishment, in defiance of his sentence, and lands poor and helpless on the forbidden shore. The discontented Percies, in league with him before his landing, hasten to him ; the steward of Worcester does so, not out of love for him, but for his outlawed brother. On the journey which Bolingbroke has to make with his friends, he flatters them with fair words and entertains them with sweet discourse, but not so as to sell himself to these helpers upon whom at the time he wholly depends, as Richard did to his favourites, who even wholly depended upon *him*. The possessionless man, who at the time has only thanks and promises for the future to give, is in earnest in his gratitude, without intending subsequently when he is king to concede to the helpers to the throne a position above the throne. The arrogance with which Northumberland, "the ladder wherewithal the mounting Bolingbroke ascended the throne," is on a future day to appear against him, is fully foretold in that with which he prepared the way for him to the throne. He and his followers, in their active eagerness, alertness, and officiousness, form a contrast to Richard's for the most part inactive faint-hearted flatterers : they are the willing myrmidons of the rebellion who urge Bolingbroke as quickly forward as the followers of Richard check his better nature. It is the now smooth and flexible, now rough and

unfeeling Northumberland, who first speaks of Richard with the omission of his title ; it is he who repeats more solemnly and forcibly the oath of Bolingbroke that " his coming is but for his own ;" it is he who in the scene of deposition maliciously torments King Richard with the reading of his accusation ; it is he who would arbitrarily arrest the noble Carlisle for high-treason after the outbreak of his feelings of right and his civic fidelity. But how noble throughout does Bolingbroke appear compared to this base instrument of his plans : he still humbly kneels to the poor Richard, and at least preserves the show of decorum, while Northumberland must be reminded of his bending knee by his excited king ; he forbids the malicious tormentor, in the deposition scene, any further urging ; he pardons the arrested Carlisle, whose invectives had been hurled in his very presence. He came before Richard prepared for a stormy scene, ready for a part of feigned humility ; but when Richard himself gives him the crown, it is perhaps only another kingly trait in his nature, it is certainly the act of a statesman, contrasting him far more advantageously than detrimentally with the tardy, self-forgetful king, that he lays hold of the occasion so readily. No less skilfully had he, it must be admitted, prepared for it. Even before it becomes a personal question between him and Richard, he had begun, according to Percy's account, in the *feeling of his greatness*, to step somewhat higher than his original vow. He began to reform edicts and decrees, to abolish abuses, to win men by good measures and actions ; he eradicated those hated favourites, he assumed to himself a protectorate, and accustomed the people to see kingly acts emanating from him before he was a king. In this manner, when wish and capacity, desire and endowments for ruling, were evidenced in him, the insurrection had already burst forth before it showed itself in its true aspect. Cold and considerate compared to the fanciful, a profound statesman compared to the romanticist and the poet, a quick horseman



spurring the heavy overburdened Richard, bearing the misfortune of banishment with manly composure, and easing his nature by immediate search for redress, whilst Richard at the mere approach of misfortune immediately sinks, this man appears throughout as too unequal an adversary to the other for the good right on the one side to stand its ground against his superior gifts. If, intoxicated by his first success, he had not so far lost himself as to tread the path of John and Richard III., and give the hints for the murder of the king (though only remote and indirect ones, which he endeavoured subsequently to atone for by earnest repentance), we should consider Bolingbroke's path to the throne not guiltless, but much justified. His first appearance on the throne, in any case, casts Richard's knightly endowments deeply into the shade. The poet has here made excellent use of the corresponding history. The opening scene, which essentially exhibits to us Richard's conduct as a ruler, has in the fourth act a counterpart, which Shakespeare uses to exemplify Bolingbroke's dissimilar conduct in a similar position. Aumerle is accused by four nobles of the murder of Gloster, as once Bolingbroke himself had accused Norfolk, whom he wishes now honourably to recall and to reinstate in his possessions. Only one takes the side of Aumerle, and this is the half-brother of King Richard, a suspicious security. Bolingbroke could have suffered Aumerle, the most avowed favourite of Richard, to fall by the sword of the four accusers, and could thus have removed an enemy, but he does it not. Yet more : a newly projected plot of Aumerle's is discovered to the king ; the father himself is the accuser of the son ; the father himself protests earnestly against his pardon ; but the yet unconfirmed, illegitimate ruler scorns to shed the blood of relatives, a deed which cost Richard nothing. He pardons him ; not out of weakness, for he punishes the other conspirators with death ; he pardons him from humane and familiar motives, and schools him into a hero and a patriot. He does

as that gardener would have had the lawful king do ; with wise discretion, he rules with mercy and justice, mildness and severity. And at the same time he behaves with that sure power and superiority which permits him to jest in that very scene, and to act with easy humour towards the zealous mother of York, when he has just discovered a conspiracy against his life.

The group of characters in *Richard II.* is arranged very simply in harmony with the suggestions given. In contrast to the incapable legitimate king and his helpless inactive followers stands the rising star of the thorough statesmanlike and royal usurper and his over-active adherents. In the struggle between right and merit stands Carlisle as the man of genuine loyalty, who knows no motive but fidelity and duty, who conceals not the truth from the lawful king, who ruins himself, and opposes unsparingly the shield of right to the usurper, who raises himself to power. Contrasted with him is the old York, whom Coleridge, in consequence of an incorrect apprehension of the character, has placed in a false opposition to Richard.\* The true picture of such an agitated age would be missed if this character were wanting in it. He is the type of all political faint-heartedness, of neutrality, in times when partisanship is a duty, of that cowardly loyalty which turns to the strong and powerful. When Richard is

\* This is what Coleridge says of York : " There is scarcely any thing in Shakespeare in its degree more admirably drawn than York's character : his religious loyalty struggling with a deep grief and indignation at the king's follies ; his adherence to his word and faith, once given in spite of all, even the most natural, feelings. You see in him the weakness of old age, and the overwhelmingness of circumstances, for a time surmounting his sense of duty—the junction of both exhibited in his boldness in words and feebleness in immediate act ; and then again his effort to retrieve himself in abstract loyalty, even at the heavy price of the loss of his son. This species of accidental and adventitious weakness is brought into parallel with Richard's continually increasing energy of thought and as constantly diminishing power of acting ; and thus it is Richard that breathes a harmony and a relation into all the characters of the play."

still in his full power, he considers he has gone too far when he extols to the young king the virtues of his father. When Richard seizes the Lancastrian lands, his natural sense of right and his anxiety respecting his own property urges him to utter impressive warnings, but when the king makes him, the inoffensive one, his governor in England, he allows himself to be appeased. Bolingbroke lands, and York sees through his project, and warns him not to take what he should not ; his integrity even here shows him the path which his weakness suffers him not to follow. He would like to serve the king and to discharge his duty to his lord, but he thinks also to have a duty of kinship and conscience respecting Bolingbroke's lawful claims to his inheritance. That he stood for the moment in the place of the king, he heeds not. Helpless what to do, he loses his head in unutterable perplexity, but not his character. He will remain neutral. He sees the finger of God in the desertion of the people, and lets it be ; for Richard he has tears, few words, and no deeds. With loyalty such as this countries go to ruin, while they prosper at usurpations such as Bolingbroke's. But that this weakness of the weak can amount to a degree in which it becomes the most natural obduracy, and in which the cruelty of the usurper is guiltless when compared with it, Shakespeare has displayed in a truly masterly manner, when he suffers York to accuse his own son of high-treason, and to urge his death with pertinacity. He goes so far as to wish that the king may ill thrive if he grant any grace. In this trait conscientiousness and fidelity intermingle undistinguishably with the fear of seeing himself exposed and suspected. Such is servile loyalty ; under the rule of the weak it is weak and but a frail support, under that of the strong it is strong and an efficient trustworthy power.



See, see, King Richard doth himself appear!  
(iii. 3. 62.)

King Richard II

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT,                    }  
Duke of Lancaster,                } Uncles to the  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY,               } King.  
Duke of York,

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke  
of Hereford, Son to JOHN OF GAUNT,  
afterwards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of  
York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY,                               }  
BAGOT,                                } Servants to KING RICHARD.  
GREEN,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his  
Son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marshal.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to KING RICHARD.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

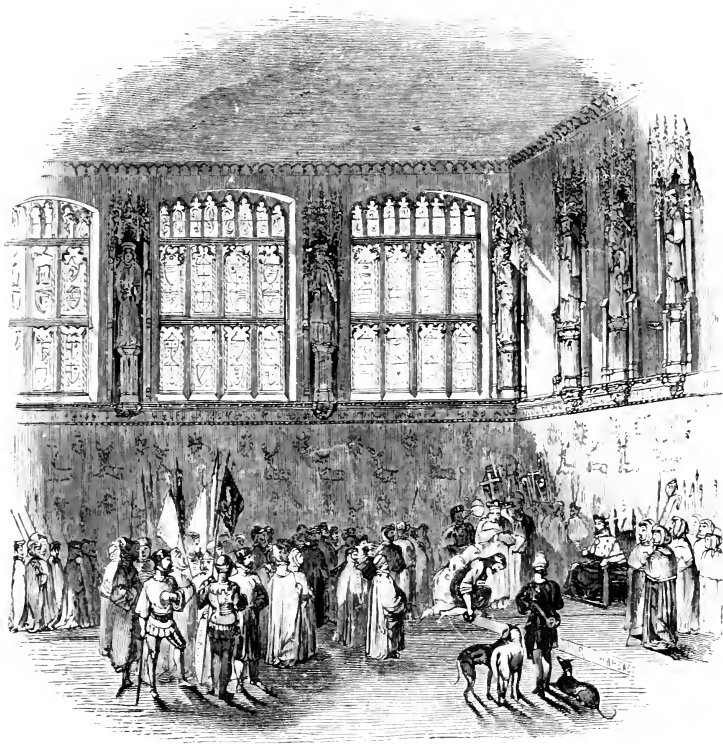
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords. Herald. Officers. Soldiers. Two  
Gardeners. Keeper. Messenger. Groom.  
and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in England and  
Wales.*





## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, *attended*, JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles.

*King Richard.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.

*King Richard.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should, 10  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him,  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

*King Richard.* Then call them to our presence: face to  
face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
The accuser and the accused freely speak.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.*

*Bolingbroke.* Many years of happy days befall 20  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

*Norfolk.* Each day still better other's happiness,  
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*King Richard.* We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Bolingbroke.* First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—  
In the devotion of a subject's love, 30  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appelland to this princely presence.—  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,



And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live, 40  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

*Norfolk.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain: 50  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him, 60  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable  
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty.—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

*Bolingbroke.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my  
gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,  
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.  
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength  
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :  
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

70

*Norfolk.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :  
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

80

*King Richard.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's  
 charge?

It must be great that can inherit us  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bolingbroke.* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it  
 true :—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles  
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
 Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,  
 Or here or elsewhere to the farthest verge  
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,  
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
 Complotted and contrived in this land  
 Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.  
 Further I say,—and further will maintain  
 Upon his bad life to make all this good,—  
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,  
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,

90

100

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood ;  
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
 To me for justice and rough chastisement ;  
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*King Richard.* How high a pitch his resolution soars !—  
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? 110

*Norfolk.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
 Till I have told this slander of his blood  
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*King Richard.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :  
 Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,  
 As he is but my father's brother's son,  
 Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120  
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;  
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Norfolk.* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !  
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
 Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers ;  
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
 Upon remainder of a dear account, 130  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :  
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,  
 I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace  
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
 The honourable father to my foe,  
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;  
 But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament  
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,  
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor ;  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

140

150

*King Richard.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.  
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :  
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;  
 Our doctors say this is no time to bleed.—  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age.— 160  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

*King Richard.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when ?  
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*King Richard.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there is no  
 boot.

*Norfolk.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :  
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,  
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,  
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,

170

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*King Richard.* Rage must be withstood.  
Give me his gage :—lions make leopards tame.

*Norfolk.* Yea, but not change his spots : take but my  
shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

180

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one :  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*King Richard.* Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you  
begin.

*Bolingbroke.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !  
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight ?  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this outdar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face !

190

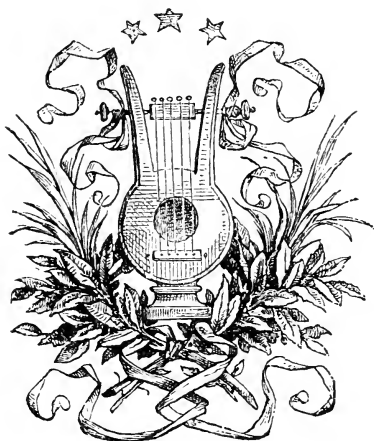
[*Exit Gaunt.*]

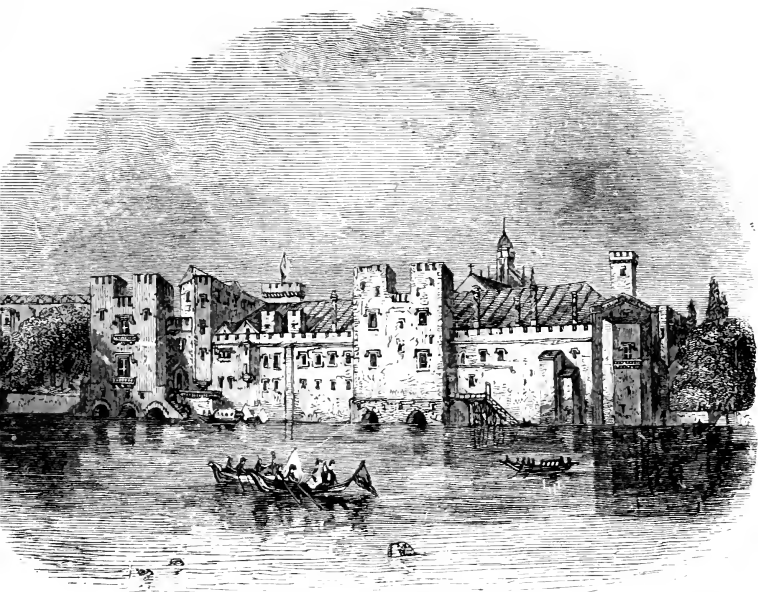
*King Richard.* We were not born to sue, but to command ;  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate :

200

Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[*Exeunt*





THE SAVOY, THE DUKE OF LANCASTER'S PALACE.

SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

*Gaunt.* Alas ! the part I had in Gloster's blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*Duchess.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root.  
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;  
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,  
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, 2c  
 By envy's hand and murther's bloody axe.  
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that womb,  
 That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,  
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent  
 In some large measure to thy father's death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life.  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, 3c  
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee.  
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
 Is pale cold cowardice in nobler breasts.  
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

*Gaunt.* God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in His sight,  
 Hath caus'd his death ; the which, if wrongfully,  
 Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift 4c  
 An angry arm against His minister.

*Duchess.* Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?

*Gaunt.* To God, the widow's champion and defence.

*Duchess.* Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.  
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold



Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.  
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !  
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !  
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

50

*Gaunt.* Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry.  
As much good stay with thee as go with me !

*Duchess.* Yet one word more. — Grief boundeth where it  
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :  
I take my leave before I have begun,  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo, this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;  
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack ! and what shall good old York there see  
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?  
And what hear there for welcome but my groans ?  
Therefore commend me ; let him not come there  
To seek our sorrow that dwells every where.  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die :  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

60

70

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

*Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, etc., attending. Enter the Lord Marshal and AUMERLE.*

*Marshal.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

*Aumerle.* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Marshal.* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

*Aumerle.* Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay  
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*King Richard.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms :  
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

*Marshal.* In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms ;  
Against what man thou com'st, and what 's thy quarrel.  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath ;  
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

*Norfolk.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk ;  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—  
Which God defend a knight should violate !—  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue, 20  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

*King Richard.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause. 30

*Marshal.* What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou  
hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what 's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

*Bolingbroke.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he 's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me : 40  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Marshal.* On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Bolingbroke.* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's  
hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty :  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Marshal.* The appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

*King Richard.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.—  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,  
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Bolingbroke.* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :

60

As confident as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet

The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet :

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To Gaunt.*

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

70

Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

80

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque

Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

*Bolingbroke.* Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive !

*Norfolk.* However God or fortune cast my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

90

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.—  
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :  
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest  
 Go I to fight ; truth hath a quiet breast.

*King Richard.* Farewell, my lord : securely I espy  
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—  
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

*Marshal.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 100  
 Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

*Bolingbroke.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

*Marshal.* Go bear this lance [*to an Officer*] to Thomas,  
 Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Herald.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Herald.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-  
 folk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 Both to defend himself, and to approve  
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
 To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal ;  
 Courageously, and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signal to begin.

*Marshal.* Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.  
 [*A charge sounded.*]

Stay ! the king hath thrown his warder down.

*King Richard.* Let them lay by their helmets and their  
 spears,  
 And both return back to their chairs again. 120  
 Withdraw with us ; and let the trumpets sound

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

Draw near, [*A long flourish.*  
*To the combatants.*]

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords,

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

130

With rival-hating envy, set on you

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—

Therefore, we banish you our territories.—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,

140

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Bolingbroke.* Your will be done : this must my comfort be,—

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;

And those his golden beams to you here lent

Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

*King Richard.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :

The fly-slow hours shall not determinate

150

The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—

The hopeless word of 'never to return'

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Norfolk.* A heavy sentence, my most gracious liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
 As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native English, now I must forego : 160  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;  
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
 Or, being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
 What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

*King Richard.* It boots thee not to be compassionate :  
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Norfolk.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

*King Richard.* Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;  
 Swear by the duty that you owe to God,— 180  
 Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—  
 To keep the oath that we administer :  
 You never shall—so help you truth and God !—  
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;  
 Nor ever look upon each other's face ;  
 Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile  
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;  
 Nor ever by advised purpose meet  
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill  
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 190

*Bolingbroke.* I swear.

*Norfolk.* And I, to keep all this.

*Bolingbroke.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy ;—  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

200'

*Norfolk.* No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—  
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray :  
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.

*King Richard.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away.—[To *Bolingbroke*] Six frozen winters  
spent,

210

Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Bolingbroke.* How long a time lies in one little word :  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile :  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

220



*King Richard.* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;

230

Thy word is current with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*King Richard.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :

Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower ?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather

You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :

240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas ! I look'd when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away ;

But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue

Against my will to do myself this wrong.

*King Richard.* Cousin, farewell ;—and, uncle, bid him so :

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King Richard and train.*

*Aumerle.* Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,

From where you do remain let paper show.

250

*Marshal.* My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride

As far as land will let me by your side.

*Gaunt.* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

*Bolingbroke.* I have too few to take my leave of you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

*Bolingbroke.* Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 260

*Bolingbroke.* To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

*Bolingbroke.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

*Bolingbroke.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

There is no virtue like necessity;

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king; woe doth the heavier sit 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:

Suppose the singing-birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290

Than a delightful measure or a dance;

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Bolingbroke.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 O, no! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

300

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:  
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

*Bolingbroke.* Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil,  
 adieu;  
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—  
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE  
*following.*

*King Richard.* We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,  
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aumerle.* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
 But to the next highway, and there I left him.

*King Richard.* And say, what store of parting tears were  
 shed?

*Aumerle.* Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,  
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
 Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*King Richard.* What said our cousin when you parted with  
 him?

10

*Aumerle.* 'Farewell:'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells ;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

*King Richard.* He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is doubt, <sup>20</sup>  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him. 30  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
{ With, ' Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends :'  
As were our England in reversion his.  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone : and with him go these thoughts.  
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland ;  
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means 40  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

*King Richard.* We will ourself in person to this war :  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants ;  
 For we will make for Ireland presently. —

*Enter BUSHY.*

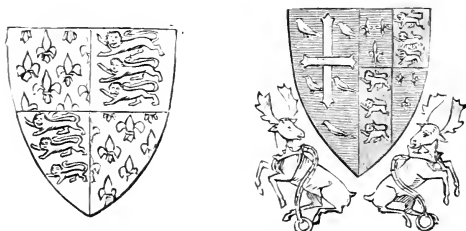
Bushy, what news ?

*Bushy.* Old John of Gaunt is very sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste  
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

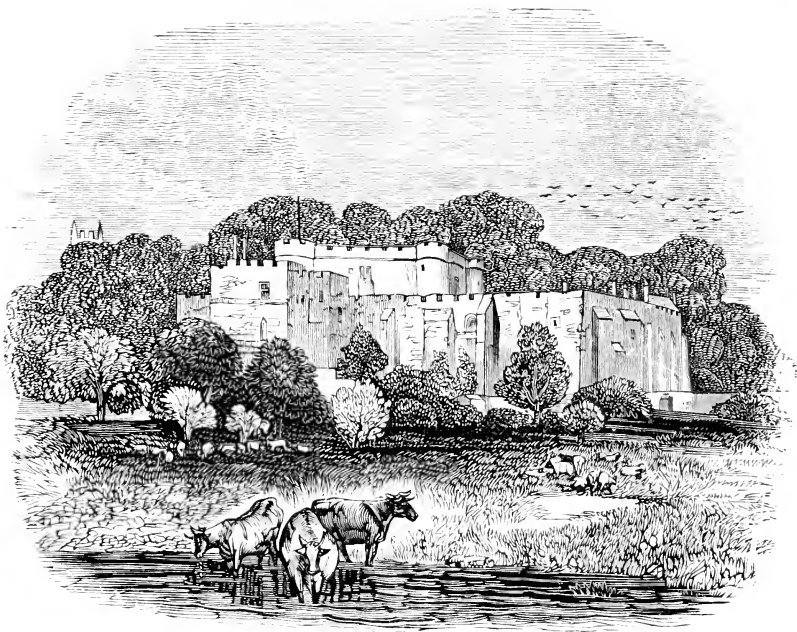
*King Richard.* Where lies he ?

*Bushy.* At Ely House.

*King Richard.* Now put it, God, in his physician's mind  
 To help him to his grave immediately !  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :  
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late ! [*Exeunt.*



ARMS OF RICHARD II.



BERKELEY CASTLE (SCENE III.)

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *London. A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT *on a couch*; the DUKE OF YORK and others standing by him.

*Gaunt.* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth?

*York.* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
He that no more must say is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze ; 10  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.  
The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As praises of his state ; then, there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen ; 20  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—  
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile—  
'That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.  
Direct not him whose way himself will choose :  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. 30

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, 40  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;

This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, 50  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—  
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm. 60  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life.  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter* KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN,  
 BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

*York.* The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more. 70

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*King Richard.* What comfort, man ? How is 't with aged  
 Gaunt ?

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !



Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?  
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :  
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
 Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks ;  
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.  
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

80

*King Richard.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

*Gaunt.* No, misery makes sport to mock itself :  
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

*King Richard.* Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

*Gaunt.* No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

*King Richard.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

90

*Gaunt.* O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

*King Richard.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill ;  
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.  
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land  
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;  
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
 Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure  
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee.  
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;  
 And yet, encaged in so small a verge,  
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

100

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.  
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
 It were a shame to let this land by lease ;  
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?  
 Landlord of England art thou, and not king :  
 Thy state of law is bondsman to the law ;  
 And——

110

*King Richard.* And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence.  
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

120

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.  
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul—  
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !—  
 May be a precedent and witness good  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood. J—\*  
 Join with the present sickness that I have,  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.  
 Live in thy shame. but die not shame with thee !  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :  
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

130

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

*King Richard.* And let them die that age and sullens have ;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140

*York.* I do beseech your majesty, impute his words  
To wayward sickliness and age in him :  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

*King Richard.* Right, you say true : as Hereford's love, so  
his ;  
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*Northumberland.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to  
your majesty.

*King Richard.* What says he ?

*Northumberland.* Nay, nothing ; all is said.  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;  
Words, life, and all. old Lancaster hath spent. 150

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*King Richard.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :  
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
But only they. have privilege to live.  
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160  
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

*York.* How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?  
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment.  
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :  
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;  
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends : his noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won :  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.  
 O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between.

170

180

*King Richard.* Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

*York.*

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.  
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?  
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?  
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters and his customary rights ;  
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day ;  
 Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession ?  
 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !—  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patents that he hath

190

200

By his attorneys general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*King Richard.* Think what you will: we seize into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands. 210

*York.* I'll not be by the while; my liege, farewell.  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
 But by bad courses may be understood  
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

*King Richard.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely House,  
 To see this business. To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England; 220  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—  
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy,  
 Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.]*

*Northumberland.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Ross.* And living too, for now his son is duke.

*Willoughby.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*Northumberland.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
 Ere 't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

*Northumberland.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er  
 speak more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

*Willoughby.* Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of  
 Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him ;  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*Northumberland.* Now, afore God, 't is shame such wrongs  
are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers ; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

240

*Ross.* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts ; the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willoughby.* And daily new exactions are devis'd ;  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what :  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

250

*Northumberland.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he  
hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows :  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

*Ross.* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

*Willoughby.* The king 's grown bankrupt, like a broken  
man.

*Northumberland.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over  
him.

*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

260

*Northumberland.* His noble kinsman : most degenerate  
king !

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;  
 We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
 And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Ross.* We see the very wrack that we must suffer ;  
 And unavoided is the danger now,  
 For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

*Northumberland.* Not so : even through the hollow eyes  
 of death 270

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say  
 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willoughby.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost  
 ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northumberland :  
 We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,  
 Thy words are but as thoughts : therefore, be bold.

*Northumberland.* Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc,  
 a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence  
 That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, 280  
 His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—  
 All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :  
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.  
 If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke, 290  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurge ;  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

*Ross.* To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.

*Willoughby.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.*

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much sad :  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the king, I did ; to please myself,  
I cannot do it : yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

10

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry  
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail ;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,

20





More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not  
seen ;

Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

*Queen.* It may be so ; but yet my inward soul

Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,  
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad, 30  
 As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—  
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'T is nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd  
 From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,  
 For nothing hath begot my something grief,  
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.  
 'T is in reversion that I do possess,  
 But what it is, that is not yet known ; what  
 I cannot name ; 't is nameless woe, I wot. 40

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* God save your majesty !—and well met, gentle-  
 men :—

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so ? 't is better hope he is ;  
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :  
 Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
 The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50  
 At Ravenspurg.

*Queen.* Now God in heaven forbid !

*Green.* O madam, 't is too true : and that is worse,  
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,  
 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

*Bushy.* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,  
 And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?

*Green.* We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke.

60

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir;  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

70

*Enter YORK.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of York.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck:  
O, full of careful business are his looks!—  
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:  
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

80

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* My lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—  
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;  
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.  
 Hold, take my ring.

90

*Servant.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
 To-day, as I came by, I called there;—  
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is 't, knave?

*Servant.* An hour before I came the duchess died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes.  
 Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!  
 I know not what to do.—I would to God—  
 So my untruth had not provok'd him to it—  
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's!—  
 What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—  
 How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray pardon me.—  
 Go, fellow [*to the Servant*], get thee home, provide some carts,  
 And bring away the armour that is there.—

100

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know  
 How or which way to order these affairs,  
 Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,  
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:  
 The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
 And duty bids defend; the other, again,  
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,  
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.  
 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll  
 Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,  
 And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.  
 I should to Plashy too;  
 But time will not permit:—all is uneven,  
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

110

120

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

*Bushy.* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy  
Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

*Bagot.* And that 's the wavering commons ; for their love  
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. 136

*Bushy.* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.

*Green.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle :  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

*Bushy.* Thither will I with you ; for little office  
The hateful commons will perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—  
Will you go along with us ?

*Bagot.* No ; I will to Ireland to his majesty. 140  
Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,  
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

*Bushy.* That 's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

*Green.* Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes  
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

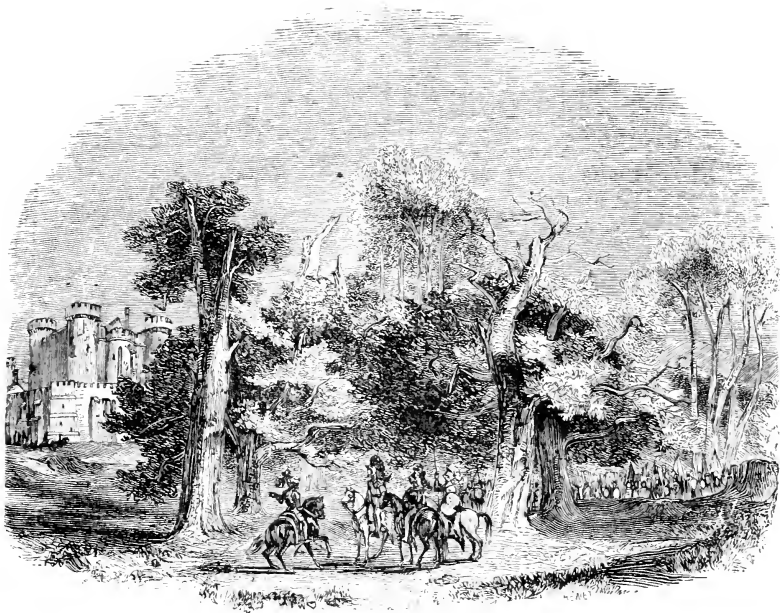
*Bagot.* Farewell at once.—for once, for all, and ever.

*Bushy.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt*





“There stands the castle.”

SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

*Bolingbroke.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

*Northumberland.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways  
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome ;  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way  
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :  
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
 The present benefit which I possess ;  
 And hope to joy is little less in joy  
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords  
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done  
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

*Bolingbroke.* Of much less value is my company  
 Than your good words. But who comes here?

20

*Enter HARRY PERCY.*

*Northumberland.* It is my son, young Harry Percy,  
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—  
 Harry, how fares your uncle ?

*Percy.* I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health  
 of you.

*Northumberland.* Why, is he not with the queen ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,  
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
 The household of the king.

*Northumberland.* What was his reason ?  
 He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

*Percy.* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. 30  
 But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,  
 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
 And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover  
 What power the Duke of York had levied there ;  
 Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

*Northumberland.* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford,  
 boy ?

*Percy.* No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot  
 Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,  
 I never in my life did look on him.

*Northumberland.* Then learn to know him now ; this is the  
 duke.

40

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Bolingbroke.* I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. 50

*Northumberland.* How far is it to Berkeley ; and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?

*Percy.* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour ;  
None else of name and noble estimate.

*Enter* ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

*Northumberland.* Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

*Bolingbroke.* Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor : all my treasury 60  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

*Ross.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

*Willoughby.* And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

*Bolingbroke.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here ?

*Enter* BERKELEY.

*Northumberland.* It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

*Berkeley.* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

*Bolingbroke.* My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ; 70



And I am come to seek that name in England ;  
 And I must find that title in your tongue,  
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

*Berkeley.* Mistake me not, my lord ; 't is not my meaning  
 To raze one title of your honour out.  
 To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
 From the most gracious regent of this land,  
 The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
 To take advantage of the absent time,  
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

86

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*Bolingbroke.* I shall not need transport my words by you .  
 Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

*York.* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, —  
 Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Bolingbroke.* My gracious uncle !—

*York.* Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :  
 I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word 'grace'  
 In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?  
 But, then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march  
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war  
 And ostentation of despised arms ?  
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence :  
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
 As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,  
 Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

90

100

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Bolingbroke.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Even in condition of the worst degree,  
In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

110

*Bolingbroke.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthriffs? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.

120

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.

130

What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

*Northumberland.* The noble duke hath been too much  
abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your grace upon to do him right.

*Willoughby.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell you this :

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs, 140

And labour'd all I could to do him right ;

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*Northumberland.* The noble duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own ; and for the right of that

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath ! 150

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,

Because my power is weak and all ill left ;

But if I could, by Him that gave me life,

I would attach you all, and make you stoop

Unto the sovereign mercy of the king :

But since I cannot, be it known to you

I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;

Unless you please to enter in the castle,

And there repose you for this night. 160

*Bolingbroke.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept :

But we must win your grace to go with us

To Bristol Castle, which they say is held

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you ;—but yet I'll pause ;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.

Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :

Things past redress are now with me past care. 170

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Camp in Wales.**Enter SALISBURY and a Captain.*

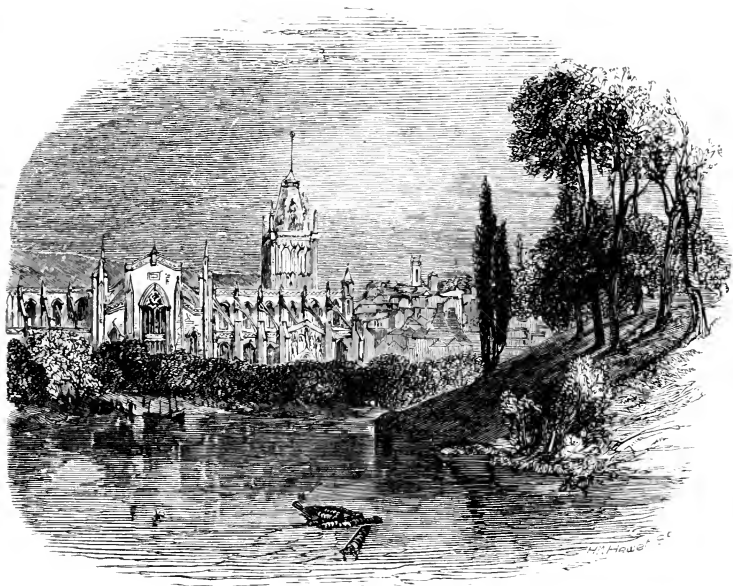
*Captain.* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

*Salisbury.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Captain.* 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth, 10  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

*Salisbury.* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*





BRISTOL.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS, with BUSHY and GREEN prisoners.*

*Bolingbroke.* Bring forth these men.—  
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—  
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—  
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
 For 't were no charity ; yet, to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, here in the view of men  
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
 By ycu unhappied and disfigur'd clean ;  
 You have in manner with your sinful hours  
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
 Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;  
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest-woods,  
 From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,  
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
 To show the world I am a gentleman.  
 This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over  
 To execution and the hand of death.

*Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
 Than Bolingbroke to England.

*Green.* My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,  
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

*Bolingbroke.* My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.—

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;  
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;  
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

*York.* A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd  
 With letters of your love to her at large.

*Bolingbroke.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices :  
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

*Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, the  
BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

*King Richard.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

*Aumerle.* Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*King Richard.* Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :

As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellious arms !

*Carlisle.* Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

30

*Aumerle.* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

*King Richard.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.

40

50

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak man must fall; for heaven still guards the right.—

60



*Enter* SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

*Salisbury.* Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men! 70  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;  
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

*Aumerle.* Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

*King Richard.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And till so much blood thither come again,  
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?  
All souls that will be safe fly from my side, 80  
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aumerle.* Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

*King Richard.* I had forgot myself: am I not king?  
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn.—But who comes  
here? 90

*Enter* SCROOP.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

*King Richard.* Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd ;  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care ;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,  
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so.  
Revolt our subjects? that **we** cannot mend ;  
They break their faith to **God** as well as us.  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

100

*Scroop.* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day,  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

110

120

*King Richard.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What has become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it ;  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

*King Richard.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

130

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

140

*Aumerle.* Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop.* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

*Aumerle.* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*King Richard.* No matter where: of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

150

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,

All murder'd: for within the hollow crown

160

That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king ! 470  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while :  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends :—subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

*Carlisle.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,  
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.  
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180  
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against yourself.  
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :  
 And fight and die is death destroying death,  
 Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

*Aumerle.* My father hath a power ; inquire of him,  
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

*King Richard.* Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke,  
 I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ; 190  
 An easy task it is to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?  
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ;  
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
 I play the torturer, by small and small  
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.  
 Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ; 20C  
 And all your northern castles yielded up,  
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
 Upon his faction.

*King Richard.* Thou hast said enough.—  
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle*.  
 Of that sweet way I was in to despair!  
 What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?  
 By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly  
 That bids me be of comfort any more.  
 Go to Flint Castle : there I 'll pine away ;  
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 21C  
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go  
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
 For I have none.—Let no man speak again  
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

*Aumerle.* My liege, one word.

*King Richard.* He does me double wrong  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.  
 Discharge my followers : let them hence away,  
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces ; YORK.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.*

*Bolingbroke.* So that by this intelligence we learn  
 The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury  
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

*Northumberland.* The news is very fair and good, my lord:

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

*York.* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say 'King Richard.'—Alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*Northumberland.* Your grace mistakes; only to be brief 10  
Left I his title out.

*York.* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

*Bolingbroke.* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

*York.* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.

*Bolingbroke.* I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself  
Against their will.—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY.*

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield? 20

*Percy.* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance.

*Bolingbroke.* Royally!  
Why, it contains no king?

*Percy.* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence,—who, I cannot learn.

*Northumberland.* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

*Bolingbroke.* Noble lord, [To *Northumberland*.]  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;  
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:—

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
 To his most royal person; hither come  
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
 Provided that my banishment repeal'd,  
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.  
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:  
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.  
 Go, signify as much, while here we march  
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

40

50

[*Northumberland advances to the Castle with a trumpet.*]

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
 That from the castle's tatter'd battlements  
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
 With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters,—on the earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

60

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.*  
*Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the BISHOP*  
*OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

*York.* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east,

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.  
Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, 70  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

*King Richard.* We are amaz'd; and thus long have we  
stood [To Northumberland.

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone 80  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends,  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown. 90  
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—  
That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace



To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100

*Northumberland.* The King of Heaven forbid our lord the  
king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,  
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;  
And by the honourable tomb he swears,  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods—  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head—  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope  
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty.  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

*King Richard.* Northumberland, say thus the king returns :  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;  
And all the number of his fair demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—  
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aumerle.  
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? 130

*Aumerle.* No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

*King Richard.* O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yond proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth! O that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
Or that I could forget what I have been!  
Or not remember what I must be now!

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, 140  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

*Aumerle.* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

*King Richard.* What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented. Must he lose  
The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood. 150

My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little little grave, an obscure grave;  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:

For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,  
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—

Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!— 160

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;  
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies  
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see

170

I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

*Northumberland.* My lord, in the base court he doth attend

To speak with you; may it please you to come down?

*King Richard.* Down, down I come; like glistening Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base, 180  
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!  
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

*Bolingbroke.* What says his majesty?

*Northumberland.* Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man;

Yet he is come.

*Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.*

*Bolingbroke.* Stand all apart,

And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*

*King Richard.* Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it: 190

Me rather had my heart might feel your love

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Bolingbroke.* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

*King Richard.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Bolingbroke.* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love.

*King Richard.* Well you deserve: they well deserve to  
have

200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

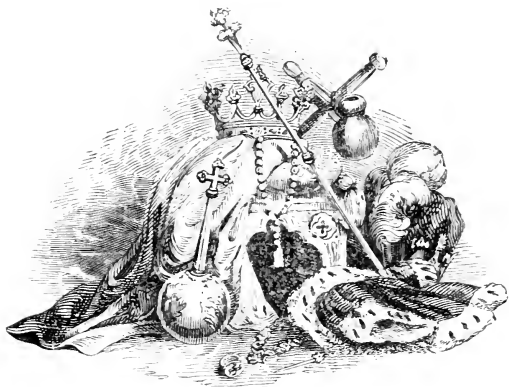
For do we must what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London:—cousin, is it so?

*Bolingbroke.* Yea, my good lord.

*King Richard.* Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt*]



I'll give my jewels for a set of beads.



LANGLEY.

SCENE IV. *Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*1 Lady.* Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'T will make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we 'll dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in delight.  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:  
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

*1 Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales.

*Queen.*

Of sorrow or of joy?

I *Lady*. Of either, madam.

*Queen*. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :  
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

I *Lady*. Madam, I 'll sing.

*Queen*. 'T is well that thou hast cause ;

But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep. 20

I *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

*Queen*. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,  
And never borrow any tear of thee.—  
But stay, here come the gardeners :  
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.  
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,  
They 'll talk of state ; for every one doth so  
Against a change : woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

*Gardener*. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire 30  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—  
Go thou, and like an executioner  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :  
All must be even in our government.—  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I *Servant*. Why should we, in the compass of a pale, 40  
Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,  
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
 Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
 Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
 Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
 Swarming with caterpillars ?

*Gardener.* Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :  
 The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter, 50  
 That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
 Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke,—  
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

*1. Servant.* What, are they dead ?

*Gardener.* They are ; and Bolingbroke  
 Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O, what pity is it  
 That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
 As we this garden ! We at time of year  
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,  
 With too much riches it confound itself : 60  
 Had he done so to great and growing men,  
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
 Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches  
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :  
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
 Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

*1. Servant.* What ! think you, then, the king shall be de-  
 pos'd ?

*Gardener.* Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd  
 'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night  
 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's 70  
 That tell black tidings.

*Queen.* O, I am press'd to death through want of speak-  
 ing !— [*Coming forward.*]

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing  
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

80

*Gardener.* Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

90

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe.—  
What! was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow!

100

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

*Gardener.* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no  
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—  
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place.

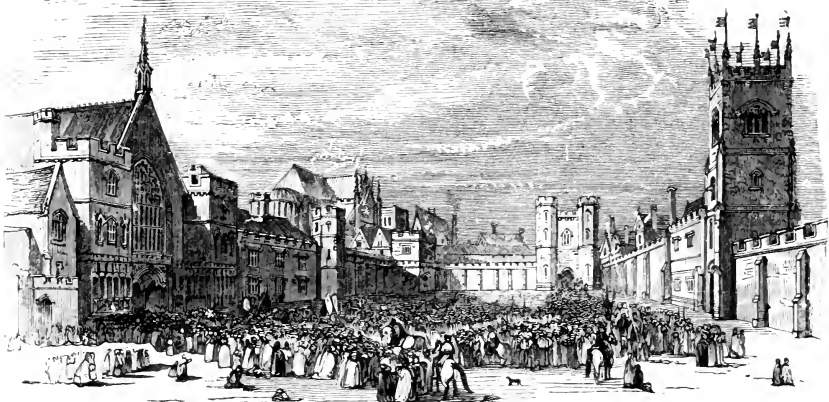


I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.



Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

(iii 2. 160.)



EXTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.*

*Bolingbroke.* Call forth Bagot.—  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind.  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

*Bolingbroke.* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man,

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted 10  
I heard you say,—‘Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English Court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?’  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.

*Aumerle.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man? 20  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*B. lingbroke.* Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up. 30

*Aumerle.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

*Fitzwater.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deni'st it twenty times, thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

*Aumerle.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

*Fitzwater.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

*Aumerle.* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Percy.* Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust ;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing : seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aumerle.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

*Lord.* I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle ;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn ;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Aumerle.* Who sets me else ? by heaven, I 'll throw at ail !  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Surrey.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

*Fitzwater.* My lord, 't is very true ; you were in presence  
then,

And you can witness with me this is true.

*Surrey.* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

*Fitzwater.* Surrey, thou liest.

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword  
That it shall render vengeance and revenge  
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie do lie  
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull :  
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn ; 70  
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitzwater.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse !  
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies.  
 And lies, and lies ; there is my bond of faith,  
 To tie thee to my strong correction.  
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :  
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say  
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
 To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

30

*Aumerle.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
 That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,  
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

*Bolingbroke.* These differences shall all rest under gage  
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,  
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
 To all his lands and signories. When he 's return'd,  
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

90

*Carlisle.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :  
 And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself  
 To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

100

*Bolingbroke.* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

*Carlisle.* As surely as I live, my lord.

*Bolingbroke.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the  
 bosom

Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage  
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

H

*Enter YORK, attended.*

*York.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand.

110

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

*Bolingbroke.* In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.

*Carlisle.* Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act:  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,

120

130

And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 O, if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the woofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
 Lest children's children cry against you woe !

140

*Northumberland.* Well have you argued, sir ; and, for your  
 pains,

150

Of capital treason we arrest you here.—  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—  
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

*Bolingbroke.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender ; so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [Exit.

*Bolingbroke.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—  
 Little are we beholding to your love, [To Carlisle. 160  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing  
 the crown, etc.*

*King Richard.* Alack ! why am I sent for to a king  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men : were they not mine ?  
 Did they not sometime cry, All hail ! to me ?

So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve, 170  
 Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
 God save the king !—Will no man say amen ?  
 Am I both priest and clerk ? Well then, amen.  
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—  
 To do what service am I sent for hither ?

*York.* To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer ;  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

*King Richard.* Give me the crown. —Here, cousin,  
 seize the crown ;  
 On this side my hand, and on that side thine.  
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
 That owes two buckets, filling one another ;  
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
 The other down, unseen, and full of water :  
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

*Bolingbroke.* I thought you had been willing to resign.

*King Richard.* My crown I am ; but still my griefs are  
 mine. 190

You may my glories and my state depose,  
 But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

*Bolingbroke.* Part of your cares you give me with your  
 crown.

*King Richard.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares  
 down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;  
 Your care is gain of care, by new care won :  
 The cares I give I have, though given away ;  
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

*Bolingbroke.* Are you contented to resign the crown ?

*King Richard.* Ay, no ;—no, ay ; for I must nothing  
 be ; 200



Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
 Now mark me, how I will undo myself.—  
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
 And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;  
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :  
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;  
 My manors, rents, revenues I forego ;  
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :  
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !  
 God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !  
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !  
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !  
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
 And send him many years of sunshine days !—  
 What more remains ?

210

220

*Northumberland.*

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper.*]

These accusations, and these grievous crimes  
 Committed by your person and your followers  
 Against the state and profit of this land ;  
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

*King Richard.* Must I do so ? and must I ravel out  
 My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
 If thy offences were upon record,  
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,  
 There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
 Containing the deposing of a king,

230

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,  
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—  
 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,  
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,  
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates  
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin. 240

*Northumberland.* Mylord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

*King Richard.* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;  
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.  
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
 I find myself a traitor with the rest;  
 For I have given here my soul's consent  
 To undeck the pompous body of a king,  
 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,  
 Proud majesty a servant, state a peasant. 250

*Northumberland.* My lord,—

*King Richard.* No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,  
 No, not that name was given me at the font,  
 But 't is usurped.—Alack the heavy day,  
 That I have worn so many winters out,  
 And know not now what name to call myself!  
 O that I were a mockery king of snow,  
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
 To melt myself away in water drops!— 260  
 Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—  
 And if my word be sterling yet in England,  
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
 That it may show me what a face I have,  
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

*Bolingbroke.* Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Northumberland.* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

*King Richard.* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

*Bolingbroke.* Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland. 270

*Northumberland.* The commons will not then be satisfied.

*King Richard.* They shall be satisfied; I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

*Re-enter Attendant with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—  
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?  
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,  
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
As brittle as the glass is the face;

280

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

290

*Bolingbroke.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*King Richard.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;  
 There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,  
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,  
 And then begone and trouble you no more.  
 Shall I obtain it?

300

*Bolingbroke.* Name it, fair cousin.

*King Richard.* Fair cousin ! I am greater than a king :  
 For when I was a king, my flatterers  
 Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,  
 I have a king here to my flatterer.  
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

*Bolingbroke.* Yet ask.

*King Richard.* And shall I have?

310

*Bolingbroke.* You shall.

*King Richard.* Then give me leave to go.

*Bolingbroke.* Whither?

*King Richard.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Bolingbroke.* Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*King Richard.* O, good ! Convey ?—conveyers are you all,  
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

*Bolingbroke.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
 Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot of Westminster,  
 the Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

*Abbot.* A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

320

*Carlisle.* The woe 's to come ; the children yet unborn  
 Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

*Aumerle.* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
 To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot.* My lord,  
 Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament  
To bury mine intents, but also to effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise.  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

330

[*Exeunt.*

GREAT SEAL OF RICHARD II.



ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

*Enter QUEEN and Ladies.*

*Queen.* This way the king will come ; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.—

*Enter KING RICHARD and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—  
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;  
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*King Richard.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

*Queen.* What! is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke  
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

*King Richard.* A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but  
beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:  
 Think I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,  
 As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
 Of woeful ages long ago betid ;  
 And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief  
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.  
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
 And in compassion weep the fire out ;  
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

40

50

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.*

*Northumberland.* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is  
 chang'd ;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—  
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;  
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

*King Richard.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
 The time shall not be many hours of age  
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
 Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
 It is too little, helping him to all ;  
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;  
 That fear to hate ; and hate turns one or both  
 To worthy danger and deserved death.

60



*Northumberland.* My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith. 70

*King Richard.* Doubly divorc'd !—Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.—  
Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;  
My wife to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. 80

*Queen.* And must we be divided ? must we part ?

*King Richard.* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  
from heart.

*Queen.* Banish us both, and send the king with me.

*Northumberland.* That were some love, but little policy.

*Queen.* Then whither he goes thither let me go.

*King Richard.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;  
Better far off than near be, ne'er the near.  
Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the longest moans. 90

*King Richard.* Twice for one step I 'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [ *They kiss.*

*Queen.* Give me mine own again ; 't were no good part  
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.—[ *They kiss again.*  
So, now I have mine own again, begone,  
'That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

*King Richard.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:  
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.



SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.*

*Duchess.* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off,  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

*York.* Where did I leave?

*Duchess.* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10  
While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke !'  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once,  
'Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !'  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—' I thank you, countrymen .' 20  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duchess.* Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the whilst?

*York.* As in a theatre the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on gentle Richard : no man cried, 'God save him !'  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head, 30

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off.—  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience,—  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*Duchess.* Here comes my son Aumerle.

*York.* Aumerle that was :  
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now  
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth  
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Enter AUMERLE.*

*Duchess.* Welcome, my son : who are the violets now  
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

*Aumerle.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :  
 God knows I had as lief be none as one.

*York.* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time, 59  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aumerle.* For aught I know, my lord, they do.

*York.* You will be there, I know.

*Aumerle.* If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

*York.* What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
 Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aumerle.* My lord, 't is nothing.

*York.* No matter, then, who sees it.  
 I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

*Aumerle.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me. 60  
 It is a matter of small consequence,  
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.  
I fear, I fear,—

*Duchess.* What should you fear?  
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into  
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.

*York.* Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aumerle.* I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say. 71

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

*Duchess.* What 's the matter, my lord ?

*York.* Ho ! who 's within there ?

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here !

*Duchess.* Why, what is 't, my lord ?

*York.* Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse.—  
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Duchess.* What 's the matter ?

*York.* Peace, foolish woman. 80

*Duchess.* I will not peace.—What is the matter, son ?

*Aumerle.* Good mother, be content ; it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer.

*Duchess.* Thy life answer !

*York.* Bring me my boots :—I will unto the king.

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

*Duchess.* Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art  
amaz'd.—

Hence, villain ! never more come in my sight.

[*To the Servant.*]

*York.* Give me my boots, I say.

*Duchess.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?  
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

90

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

*Duchess.* He shall be none ;  
We 'll keep him here : then what is that to him?

100

*York.* Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times my son  
I would appeach him.\*

*Duchess.* Hadst thou groan'd for him  
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :  
He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman ! [Exit. 110

*Duchess.* After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ;  
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I 'll not be long behind ; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York.  
And never will I rise up from the ground  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, begone !

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.**Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords.*

*Bolingbroke.* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?  
 'T is full three months since I did see him last:  
 If any plague hang over us, 't is he.  
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found.  
 Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,  
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
 With unrestrained loose companions,  
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,  
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;  
 While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,  
 Takes on the point of honour to support  
 So dissolute a crew.

10

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,  
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

*Bolingbroke.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto the stews,  
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
 And wear it as a favour; and with that  
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Bolingbroke.* As dissolute as desperate: yet through both  
 I see some sparks of better hope,  
 Which elder days may happily bring forth.—  
 But who comes here?

21

*Enter AUMERLE hastily.*

*Aumerle.* Where is the king?

*Bolingbroke.* What means  
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aumerle.* God save your grace! I do beseech your maj-  
 esty,  
 To have some conference with your grace alone.

*Bolingbroke.* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aumerle.* For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 30  
[*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.





*Bolingbroke.* Intended or committed was this fault?  
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after love I pardon thee.

*Aumerle.* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*Bolingbroke.* Have thy desire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*]

*York* [*within*]. My liege, beware! look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

*Bolingbroke.* Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*]

*Aumerle.* Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause  
to fear.

*York* [*within*]. Open the door, secure foolhardy king:  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?  
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door and locks it again.*]

*Enter YORK.*

*Bolingbroke.* What is the matter, uncle? speak;  
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it.

*York.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

*Aumerle.* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd.  
I do repent me; read not my name there:  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*York.* It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

*Bolingbroke.* O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—  
O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

*York.* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,  
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:  
 Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

*Duchess* [*within*]. What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let  
 me in. 70

*Bolingbroke.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duchess.* A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 't is I.  
 Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

*Bolingbroke.* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
 And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.— 80  
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:  
 I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[*Aumerle unlocks the door*]

*York.* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
 More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;  
 This let alone will all the rest confound.

*Enter DUCHESS.*

*Duchess.* O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!  
 Love, loving not itself, none other can.

*York.* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

*Duchess.* Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.  
[*Kneels.*]

*Bolingbroke.* Rise up, good aunt.

*Duchess.* Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,  
 And never see day that the happy sees  
 Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,  
 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aumerle.* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

*York.* Against them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

*Duchess.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayers ought to have. 110

*Bolingbroke.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duchess.* Nay, do not say 'stand up;'

But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say *pardonnez-moi*.

*Duchess.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 120

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sett'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak 'pardon' as 't is current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there ;  
 Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,  
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
 Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

*Bolingbroke.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duchess.* I do not sue to stand ;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

130

*Bolingbroke.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Duchess.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;  
 Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,  
 But makes one pardon strong.

*Bolingbroke.* With all my heart

I pardon him.

*Duchess.* A god on earth thou art.

*Bolingbroke.* But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the  
 abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—  
 Good uncle, help to order several powers  
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

140

They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
 But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and, cousin mine, adieu ;  
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

*Duchess.* Come, my old son :—I pray God make thee new.  
 [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. *The Same.*

*Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON and a Servant.*

*Ex on.* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he  
 spake?—

'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'  
 Was it not so ?

*Servant.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,  
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

*Servant.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart;  
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

10

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

*King Richard.* I have been studying how I may com-  
pare

This prison where I live unto the world  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word:

10

As thus,—'Come, little ones;' and then again,—  
'It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;

20

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
 That many have, and others must sit there ;  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
 And none contented : sometimes am I king ;  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am : then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
 Then am I king'd again : and by and by  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear ?  
 Ha, ha ! keep time.—How sour sweet music is  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !  
 So is it in the music of men's lives :  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To hear time broke in a disorder'd string,  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me ;  
 For now hath Time made me his numbering clock :  
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, for the sounds that tell what hour it is,  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

30

40

[*Music.*

50

Which is the bell : so sighs, and tears, and groans  
 Show minutes, times, and hours ; but my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
 This music mads me : let it sound no more ;  
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
 For 't is a sign of love, and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

60

*Enter Groom.*

*Groom.* Hail, royal prince !

*King Richard.* Thanks, noble peer ;  
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
 What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither,  
 Where no man ever comes but that sad dog  
 That brings me food to make misfortune live?

70

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,  
 With much ado at length have gotten leave  
 To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.  
 O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld  
 In London streets that coronation day,  
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,  
 That horse that thou so often hast bestrid.  
 That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

80

*King Richard.* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle  
 friend,  
 How went he under him ?

*Groom.* So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.

*King Richard.* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !  
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,--



Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be awed by man,



Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
 Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper with a dish.*

*Keeper.* Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

*[To the Groom.]*

*King Richard.* If thou love me, 't is time thou wert away.

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
 say. *[Exit.]*

*Keeper.* My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

*King Richard.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keeper.* My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who 100  
 lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*King Richard.* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and  
 thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. *[Beats the Keeper.]*

*Keeper.* Help, help, help!

*Enter EXTON and Servants armed.*

*King Richard.* How now! what means death in this rude  
 assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.—

*[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

*[He kills another; then Exton strikes him down.]*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land. 110

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *[Dies.]*

*Exton.* As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt;—O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—  
 Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. {*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

*Flourish.* Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, YORK, Lords, and Attendants.

*Bolingbroke.* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
 Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
 Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
 But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

*Northumberland.* First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent  
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:  
 The manner of their taking may appear  
 At large discoursed in this paper here. 15

[*Presenting a paper.*

*Bolingbroke.* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,  
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

*Enter FITZWATER.*

*Fitzwater.* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
 The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,  
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*Bolingbroke.* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot:  
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter PERCY, with the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.*

*Percy.* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
 With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, 20

Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;  
 But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

*Bolingbroke.* Carlisle, this is your doom :—  
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;  
 So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :  
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter* EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I present 30  
 Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies  
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
 Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

*Bolingbroke.* Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought  
 A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
 Upon my head and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

*Bolingbroke.* They love not poison that do poison need,  
 Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,  
 I hate the murtherer, love him murdered. 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
 But neither my good word nor princely favour :  
 With Cain go wander through the shades of night,  
 And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe.  
 That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :  
 Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
 And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.— 50  
 March sadly after ; grace my mournings here.  
 In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*



You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

(iv. 1. 323.)

## NOTES.

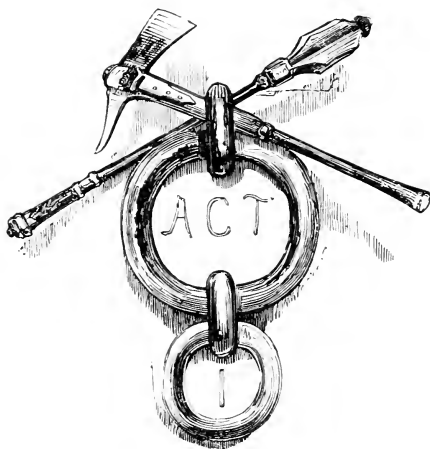
## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).  
 Adv. of L., Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.  
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.  
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.  
 B. J., Ben Jonson.  
 C., Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).  
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright  
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.  
 Coll., Collier.  
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.  
 C. P. ed., "Clarendon Press" edition of *Richard II.*  
 D., Dyce.  
 F., Fowler's *English Language* (8vo edition).  
 F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene*.  
 Foll., following.  
 H., Hudson.  
 Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII.*  
 Id. (*idem*), the same.  
 Ind., Induction.  
 J., Johnson.  
 J. C. (followed by reference to *fare*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar*.  
 K., Knight.  
 Mätzner, *English Grammar*. trans. by Grece (London, 1874).  
 Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*.  
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859)  
 P. L., Milton's *Paradise Lost*.  
 Prol., Prologue.  
 S., Shakespeare.  
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).  
 Shep. Kal., Spenser's *Shepherd's Kalendar*.  
 Sr., Singer.  
 St., Staunton.  
 Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest*.  
 Theo., Theobald.  
 V., Verplanck.  
 Var. ed. the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare (1821).  
 W., White.  
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).  
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).  
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*. *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*. 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *A Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

## NOTES.

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SCENE I.—Most of the editors place the scene in London, but according to Holinshed (see extract below) it occurred "within the castle of Windsor." The early quartos and folios do not indicate where the scene is laid.

The following is Holinshed's account of the events referred to in this scene, the spelling being modernized :

"It fell forth that in this parliament holden at Shrewsbury, Henry, Duke of Hereford, accused Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, of certain words which he should utter in talk had betwixt them, as they rode together lately before betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highly to the King's dishonour. And for further proof thereof, he presented a supplication to the King, wherein he appealed the Duke of Norfolk in field of battle for a traitor, false and disloyal to the King, and enemy unto the realm. This supplication was read before both the dukes in presence of the King : which done, the Duke of Norfolk took upon him to answer it,

declaring that whatsoever the Duke of Hereford had said against him other than well he lied falsely, like an untrue knight as he was: and when the King asked of the Duke of Hereford what he said to it, he, taking his hood off his head, said: 'My sovereign lord, even as a supplication which I took you importeth, right so I say for truth, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a traitor, false and disloyal to your Royal Majesty, your crown, and to all the states of your realm.'

"Then the Duke of Norfolk being asked what he said to this, he answered: 'Right dear lord, with your favour that I make answer into your cousin here, I say (your reverence saved) that Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, like a false and disloyal traitor as he is, doth lie in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well.' 'No more,' said the King; 'we have heard enough:' and herewith commanded the Duke of Surrey, for that turn Marshal of England, to arrest, in his name, the two dukes."

The narrative proceeds to state that Norfolk was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, while the Duke of Lancaster and others became sureties for the appearance of Hereford.

The play opens with the facts described as follows: "Now, after the dissolving of the parliament at Shrewsbury, there was a day appointed, about six weeks after, for the King to come unto Windsor to hear and to take some order betwixt the two dukes which had thus appealed each other. There was a great scaffold erected within the Castle of Windsor for the King to sit with the lords and prelates of his realm; and so, at the day appointed, he, with the said lords and prelates, being come thither and set in their places, the Duke of Hereford, appellant, and the Duke of Norfolk, defendant, were sent for to come and appear before the King sitting there in his seat of justice. . . . The King commanded the Dukes of Aumerle and Surrey, the one being constable and the other marshal, to go unto the two dukes, appellant and defendant, requiring them, on his behalf, to grow to some agreement, and, for his part, he would be ready to pardon all that had been said or done amiss betwixt them touching any harm or dishonour to him or his realm; but they answered both assuredly that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement made betwixt them. When he heard what they had answered, he commanded that they should be brought forthwith before his presence, to hear what they would say. . . . When they were come before the King and lords, the King spake himself to them, willing them to agree and make peace together, 'for it is,' said he, 'the best way ye can take.'

"The Duke of Norfolk, with due reverence, hereunto answered that it could not be so brought to pass, his honour saved. Then the King asked of the Duke of Hereford what it was that he demanded of the Duke of Norfolk, and what is the matter that ye cannot make peace together, and become friends?

"Then stood forth a knight, that asking and obtaining a license to speak for the Duke of Hereford, said: 'Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford and Earl of Derby, who saith, and I for him likewise say, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a false and disloyal traitor to you and your Royal Majesty, and to



your whole realm : and likewise the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, hath received 8000 nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done as he ought : and furthermore, the said Duke of Norfolk hath been the occasion of all the treason that hath been contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsel hath caused to die and to be murdered your right dear uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, son to King Edward. Moreover, the Duke of Hereford saith, and I for him, that he will prove this with his body, against the body of the said Duke of Norfolk, within lists.'

"The King herewith waxed angry, and asked the Duke of Hereford if these were his words, who answered : 'Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right and the battle against him.'

"There was a knight also that asked license to speak for the Duke of Norfolk, and obtaining it, began to answer thus : 'Right dear sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who answereth and saith, and T for him, that all that Henry of Lancaster hath said and declared (saving the reverence due to the King and his council) is a lie, and the said Henry of Lancaster hath falsely and wickedly lied, as a false and disloyal knight, and both hath been and is a traitor against you, your crown, Royal Majesty, and realm. This will I prove and defend as becometh a loyal knight to do, with my body against his.' . . .

"The King then demanded of the Duke of Norfolk if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say. The Duke of Norfolk then answered for himself : 'Right dear sir, true it is that I have received so much gold to pay your people of the town of Calais, which I have done ; and I do avouch that your town of Calais is as well kept at your commandment as ever it was at any time before, and that there never hath been by any of Calais any complaint made unto you of me. Right dear and my sovereign lord, for the voyage that I made into France about your marriage I never received either gold or silver of you, nor yet for the voyage that the Duke of Aumerle and I made into Almaine, where we spent great treasure. Marry, true it is that once I laid an ambush to have slain the Duke of Lancaster that there sitteth ; but, nevertheless, he hath pardoned me thereof, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for the which I yield him hearty thanks. This is that which I have to answer, and am ready to defend myself against mine adversary. I beseech you, therefore, of right, and to have the battle against him in upright judgment.'

"After this, when the King had communed with his council a little, he commanded the two dukes to stand forth, that their answers might be heard. The King then caused them once again to be asked if they would agree and make peace together, and they both flatly answered that they would not ; and withal the Duke of Hereford cast down his gage, and the Duke of Norfolk took it up. The King, perceiving this demeanour betwixt them, swore by St. John Baptist that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. And therewith Sir John Bushy, in name of the King and his council, declared that the King and his council had commanded and ordained that they should have a day of battle ap-

pointed them at Coventry. Here writers disagree about the day that was appointed; for some say it was upon a Monday in August; others upon St. Lambert's Day, being the 17th of September; others on the 11th of September. But true it is that the King assigned them not only the day, but also appointed them lists and place for the combat; and thereupon great preparation was made, as to such a matter appertained."

1. *Old John of Gaunt.* John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward III., was born at Ghent in Flanders; whence his surname. As he was born in 1340, he was only fifty-eight years of age at the time when the play opens. Some of the editors seem to think that it is for poetical effect that S. represents Gaunt as a very old man; but he speaks in accordance with the common estimate of age in that day, when the average duration of life was considerably less than now. Malone remarks that Daniel, in his poem of *Rosamond*, describes King Henry as extremely old, though he was only fifty-six when he died. Spenser calls Robert, Earl of Leicester, an old man in 1582, but he was not then fifty; and Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as an aged man, though he died at fifty-three. Many other examples of the kind might be given.

2. *Band.* That is, *bond*, the words being formerly interchangeable. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 49: "Tell me, was he arrested on a band?" and again *Id.* iv. 3. 32: "he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band." The reference here is to the pledges that Gaunt had given for his son's appearance. See extract from Holinshed above.

3. *Hereford.* The word is generally spelled *Herford* or *Harford* in the early eds. Henry was called *Bolingbroke* from his birthplace in Lincolnshire.

4. *The boisterous late appeal.* The violent accusation at Shrewsbury six weeks before. See Holinshed above. *Appeal*=impeachment. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 5. 12: "upon his own appeal." The verb is used in a similar sense, as below in lines 9 and 27; also in i. 3. 21: "the Duke of Hereford that appeals me."

12. *Argument.* Matter, subject; as often.

13. *Apparent.* Evident, manifest. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 198: "these apparent prodigies," and see note in our ed. It is used in the same sense in iv. 1. 124: "apparent guilt."

16. *Ourselves.* S. uses *ourselves* and *oursel* interchangeably in this "regal" sense. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 8: "What touches us ourself," etc. In iii. 3. 127, below, the quartos have *our selves*, the folio *our selfe*.

18. *High-stomach'd.* High-tempered, proud. Cf. *stomach*=pride, in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 34: "Of an unbounded stomach." In *Temp.* i. 2. 157 (see our note) it means courage, as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 35: "He which hath no stomach to this fight," etc.

20. *Many years*, etc. Pope suggested "May many," which D. adopts. The Coll. MS. has "Full many." Abbott (Gr. 480) thinks that "years" may perhaps be read as a dissyllable.

22. *Other's.* On the omission of the article cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 230: "every

time gentler than other ;" *Oth.* ii. 3. 183 : "tilting one at other's breast ;" *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 239 : "Wink each at other," etc. Gr. 12.

23. *Envying*. Accent on second syllable, as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 18 : "Is it for him you do envy me so ?" Gr. 490. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 1, 13 :

"Let later age that noble use envy ;"

and *Id.* iv. 4. 44 :

"Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde."

26. *The cause you come*. That is, *on* or *for* which you come. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 55 :

"Declare the cause

My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head ;"

and see Gr. 244.

28. *Object*. Used transitively and in a stronger sense than now. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 116 : "This blot that they object against your house." The preposition *to* is used after it in *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 17 : "In him that did object the same to thee."

32. *Tendering*. Cherishing, holding dear ; as often in *S.* Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 72 :

"and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !"

*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 175 : "But we our kingdom's safety must so tender ;" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 74 : "which name I tender As dearly as my own ;" etc.

33. *And free from other misbegotten hate*. This is the reading of all the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "wrath or misbegotten hate," but Coll. does not adopt it in his 2d ed.

*Misbegotten* = "of a bad origin" (Schmidt).

34. *Appellant*. The modern spelling of *appealant* = impeacher, accuser. See on 4.

38. *Divine*. Partaking of the nature of God, proceeding from God. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 33 : "the divine forfeit of his soul" = the forfeit of his divine soul (C. P. ed.).

43. *To aggravate the note*. To intensify the stigma. Cf. *R. of L.* 208 :

"That my posterity sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones ;"

and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 75 :

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note.  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote."

46. *Right-drawn*. "Drawn in a right or just cause" (Johnson).

49. *Eager*. Sharp. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 2 : "a nipping and an eager air ;" *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 68 : "vex him with eager swords." The word is the French *aigre*, Latin *acer*, sharp, sour. It means sour in *Ham.* i. 5. 69. "like eager droppings into milk ;" and in *Sonn.* 118. 2 :

"Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;"

that is, with piquant or "bitter sauces," as explained in the context.

50. *Can arbitrate*. That can decide. Gr. 244.

54. *Fair reverence*. Just or becoming reverence. Cf. below, iii. 3. 188 : "fair duty to his majesty."

56. *Post*. Speed, hasten. Cf. iii. 4. 90, and v. 2. 112.

57. *Doubl'd*. The folio has "doubly."

63. *Tied*. Bound, obliged. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 217 : "And I am tied to be obedient."

65. *Inhabitable*. Not habitable. Steevens quotes B. J., *Catiline*, v. 1. 54 : "And pour'd on some inhabitable place." Cf. T. Heywood's *Gen. Hist. of Women* (1624) : "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost inhabitable for the multitude of serpents." S. uses the word nowhere else.

On the passage cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 104 : "dare me to the desert with thy sword."

67. *This*. That is, this protest.

70. *The king*. The reading of the quarto of 1597. The other quartos and the folio have "a king," which W. prefers, as it makes Bolingbroke "disclaim not only the protection and alliance of his particular sovereign, but all immunity of royal blood."

72. *Except*. St. says the word is used in "the old sense of to put a bar to, or stay action." Schmidt makes it = to object to. Cf. *T. A.* i. 3. 7 : "Let her except before excepted." We find "except against" in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 83, and ii. 4. 155.

74. *Honour's pawn*. The gage thrown down. The expression is used in the same sense in iv. 1. 55 and 70.

75. *Else*. Other, besides this. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 26 : "putting all affairs else in oblivion," etc.

77. This is the reading of the folio. The 1st quarto has "What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise;" the 2d, "What I have spoke, or thou canst devise;" the 3d and 4th, "What I have spoke, or what thou canst devise."

80, 81. "The general sense of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be: 'I will meet you on any fair terms, or in any form of combat prescribed by the laws of chivalry'" (C. P. ed.).

82. *Light*. Alight, dismount. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 31 : "Now some light. O, he lights too;" also *Gen.* xxiv. 64; 2 *Kings*, v. 21, etc.

85. *Inherit us*. Put us in possession; the only instance of this use of the word in S. For *inherit* = possess, see below, ii. 1. 83; also *R. and J.* i. 2. 30; *T. A.* ii. 3. 3; *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63; etc. Gr. 290.

88. *Nobles*. A gold coin, worth 6s. 8d. See below, on v. 5. 67.

89. *Lendings*. Money in trust. It should have been used for paying the garrison of Calais. The word is used by S. nowhere else except in *Leav.* iii. 4. 113 : "Off, off, you lendings!" that is, the clothes which the mad king throws away.

90. *The which*. See Gr. 270.

*Lewd*. Base, wicked. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 13 : "Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts!" See also Milton, *P. L.* 192 :

"So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb."

The word (see Wb.) first meant laical as opposed to clerical; thence,

unlearned, ignorant ; thence, mean, vile ; and at last it got its present restricted meaning.

91. *Injurious*. Insolent in wrong-doing. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 86 : "Thou injurious thief!"

95. *Eighteen years*. That is, since the insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1381.

96. *Complotted*. Plotted. So below, i. 3. 189 : "To plot, contrive, or complot any ill." The noun *complot* is similarly used ; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 147 : "Their complot is to have my life ;" *T. of A.* ii. 3. 265 : "the complot of this timeless tragedy ;" *Id.* v. 1. 65 : "complots of mischief," etc.

97. *Fetch'd*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "Fetch."

100. *The Duke of Gloster*. Thomas of Woodstock, seventh son of Edward III., one of the leaders in the opposition to Richard's favourites. He was accused of treason by the Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Nottingham, and the Duke of Aumerle, and was put to death at Calais in 1397.

101. *Suggest his soon-believing adversaries*. Secretly incite his enemies ready to believe anything against him. Cf. *Sonn.* 144 :

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still."

The noun *suggestion* is used in the sense of prompting to evil, temptation, in *Temp.* ii. 1. 288 ; *Id.* iv. 1. 26, etc.

104. *Which blood*. For the repetition of the antecedent, see Gr. 269. Cf. *Gen.* iv. 10.

106. *To me*. As the son of his eldest surviving brother.

107. *Worth*. Excellence, dignity. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 56 :

"I know the gentleman  
To be of worth and worthy estimation ;"

*Id.* iii. 1. 107 : "a youthful gentleman of worth."

109. *How high a pitch*, etc. The expression is taken from the language of falconry. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 11 : "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch ;" *J. C.* i. 1. 78 :

"These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch."

113. *Slander of his blood*. "This reproach to his ancestry" (Steevens). "This disgrace of his race" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 84 : "Such slanders of the age ;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 231, etc.

116. *Our kingdom's heir*. The folio reading ; the 1st quarto has "my kingdom's."

119. *Neighbour*. An adjective, as in *V. and A.* 830 ; *L. L. L.* v. 2. 94 ; *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 79 ; *R. and J.* ii. 6. 27, and other passages. The word is also used as a verb ; as in *V. and A.* 259 ; *W. T.* i. 2. 449, etc.

120. *Partialize*. To make partial ; found nowhere else in S. Cotgrave gives it as a translation of the French *partialiser* (C. P. ed.).

126. *Receipt*. The money received (88). Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 116, where it is used of the food received by the stomach : "the mutinous parts That envied his receipt." See also *R. of L.* 703.

127. *Duly*. The word is found only in the 1st quarto.

129. *For that*. See Gr. 151.

130. *Upon remainder of a dear account*. On account of the balance of a heavy debt still due. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 337: "Claudio shall render me a dear account." The Coll. MS. has "clear account," which Sr. adopts.

131. He went to France in 1395 to arrange a marriage between Richard and Isabel, the daughter of Charles VI., then only eight years old.

133. Holinshed says that Mowbray offended the king by taking too much time for the business.

140. *Exactly*. Schmidt is doubtful whether this means "earnestly" or "expressly." The C. P. ed. explains it, "in precise and distinct terms, without the omission of any detail."

142. *Appeal'd*. Charged against me. See on 4 above.

144. *Recreant*. An adjective here = cowardly or faithless. The primitive meaning (from Lat. *recredere*) is apostate.

145. *In myself*. In my own person. Gr. 162.

149. *Overweening*. Arrogant, presumptuous. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 5. 34: "Heie 's an overweening rogue!"

150. *In haste whereof*. To expedite which. Gr. 174.

152. *Wrath-kindled gentlemen*. So in folio; the 1st quarto has "gentleman." Coll. defends the latter on the ground that the king was addressing Norfolk, who had just concluded his angry speech. Bolingbroke, he says, was not so properly angry, and moreover had had time to cool. But line 156 ("conclude, and be agreed") shows that both are addressed.

153. *Choler*. There is a play upon the two meanings of the word, wrath and bile.

154. *Physician*. Four syllables, like the rhyming word *incision*. See Gr. 479.

156. *Conclude*. Come to terms, agree. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 145:

"where gentry, title, wisdom  
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance."

157. *No time to bleed*. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "no month." Bleeding was then considered advisable only at certain seasons, as spring and autumn.

160. On *shall* for *will* see Gr. 315.

162. *When, Harry, when?* An expression of impatience. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when?" See *Temp.* p. 119, and Gr. 73a.

164. *There is no boot*. As we say, "It's of no use." Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 176: "Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;" 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 52: "Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot." Cf. also the use of the verb (=avail) in iii. 4. 18 below: "And what I want it boots not to complain;" Milton, *Lyc.* 64: "Alas, what boots it," etc.

168. The antecedent of *that* is *name*. For the transposition cf. iii. 2. 38.

170. *Baffled*. "Originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 7, 27:

"And after all, for greater infamie,  
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,  
And baffuld so, that all which passed by  
The picture of his punishment might see;  
And by the like ensample warned bee,  
How ever they through treason doe trespasse."

Hence the word came to mean, to use contemptuously in any manner; as in *T. N. v. 1. 377*: "Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!" The present meaning (to balk, frustrate) is not found in *S*.

171. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529(5).

172. *The which*. See Gr. 270. On *heart-blood*, see Gr. 22.

173. *Which*. The antecedent is implied in the preceding *his*. Gr. 218; and for *which*=who, Gr. 265.

174. Malone says that "the Norfolk crest was a golden leopard;" but it was and is a golden lion. The leopard seems to be mentioned here merely as an inferior animal.

175. *His spots*. Pope changed "his" to "their;" but the former is the word in *Jer. xiii. 23*, which Norfolk has in mind.

180. On the metaphor, see Gr. 522.

184. *Dear my liege*. See Gr. 13.

186. *Throw down*. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "throw up."

187. In the folio *God* is changed to "Heaven," in accordance with an Act of Parliament (3 James I. cap. 21) entitled "An Act to restrain the abuses of Players," in which the name of God was forbidden to be used in stage-plays, etc.

The quartos have "deep sin."

189. *Beggar-fear*. The reading of the 1st quarto and 1st and 2d folios. The 2d, 3d, and 4th quartos have "begger-face;" the 3d and 4th folios, "beggar'd fear."

*Impeach my height*. Detract from my dignity. *Impeach* (Fr. *empêcher*) at first meant to hinder; as in Spenser, *F. Q. iii. 3, 53*: "That therefore nought our passage may empeach;" *Id. iii. 11, 11*: "and swelling throbs empeach His struggling tounge." Then it got the meaning "to accuse"—perhaps, as has been suggested, because an accused person is held for trial, and his free action thus *hindered*. Here perhaps the two meanings are blended.

190. *Outdar'd*. Defied. Some take it as = outdaring, audacious. Cf. *outsspoken* = outspeaking, *lean-look'd* (ii. 4. 11 below) = lean-looking, etc. See Gr. 294.

*Ere my tongue*, etc. On the figure, see Gr. 529(5).

192. *Parle*. Parley, or the trumpet-call for one; as in 3 *Hen. VI. v. 1. 16*: "Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle."

193. *Motive*. Moving power, instrument; that is, the tongue. Cf. *A. W. iv. 4. 20*:

"As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband:"

*T. and C. iv. 5. 57*: "every joint and motive of her body."

194. "It may be doubted whether *his* refers to the tongue (used for the modern *its*) or to Mowbray. Either yields a reasonable sense" (C. P. ed.).

199. *St. Lambert's day.* September 17th.

201. *Difference.* Quarrel, contention. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 171 :

"Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?"

202. *Atone.* Reconcile, make *at one*. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 244 : "I would do much To atone them." It is also used intransitively (=agree) as in *Cor.* iv. 6. 72 :

"He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violentest contrariety."

*You shall see.* The reading of all the early eds. except 1st quarto, which has "we shall see."

203. *Design the victor's chivalry.* "Designate, by the result of the contest, the true knight." *Design* is used in its etymological sense, to point out (Lat. *designare*). Schmidt makes *justice* the object of *design*.

204. *Lord marshal.* D. (following Capell) omits *Lord*, and refers to i. 3. 10 : "Marshal, demand," etc. See also i. 3. 26 and 99. Abbott (Gr. 489) thinks that *marshal* may be a "quasi-monosyllable" here. It would be better perhaps to consider it a trisyllable (Delius conjectures "Lord marishal"), as it seems to be in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 70 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 2. The line would then be an Alexandrine.

As Norfolk was himself Earl Marshal of England, a deputy was appointed for this occasion. This, as Holinshed informs us, was Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey.

205. *Be ready.* Abbott (Gr. 311) remarks that it is doubtful whether *be* is the subjunctive or the infinitive with *to* omitted. He prefers (as we do) the former, supplying *that* after *command*. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 539 :

"Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury."

SCENE II.—The Duke of Lancaster's palace, where the scene is laid, was situated on the banks of the Thames. It was known as "the Savoy," having anciently been the seat of Peter, Earl of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, queen of Henry III. Upon his death it devolved to the queen, who gave it to her second son, Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. From that time it was used as the London palace of the earls and dukes of that house. John of Gaunt married Blanche, the daughter of Henry, the first *duke* of Lancaster. Blanche was co-heiress with her sister Matilda to the vast estates of this duchy; and on the death of Matilda, without issue, John of Gaunt became possessed of all the property, in right of his wife, and was himself made Duke of Lancaster.

The Savoy was burnt by the rebels, June 13, 1381, and rebuilt in the time of Henry VII. as the Hospital of St. John the Baptist. The only remnant of the edifice that has come down to our day is the chapel, which was restored by Queen Victoria in 1865, after a fire in 1864, which destroyed everything but the walls. The new wood ceiling is a copy of the old, its 138 compartments being filled with sacred devices and arms of the Dukes of Lancaster.

The Duchess of Gloucester was Eleanor Bohun, daughter of Hum-



phrey, Earl of Hereford. Her only sister was Mary, the wife of Henry, the Bolingbroke of this play, who was created Duke of Hereford in 1397.

1. *The part I had in Gloster's blood.* My relationship to Gloster.

*Gloster's* is the reading of the folio; the quartos have "Woodstock's," which is adopted by St. and some other modern editors.

2. *Exclaims.* Exclamations; as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 52: "deep exclaims." Cf. *commends*=commendations, iii. 1. 38 and iii. 3. 126 below, and in *M. of V.* ii. 1. 90; *accuse*=accusation, 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 160; *impose*=imposition, *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 8, etc. See Gr. 451.

5. *Which made the fault,* etc. "Which ordained the incapacity, that we subjects cannot inflict punishment on the king." *That we cannot correct* is explanatory of *fault*.

6. *Put we.* A 1st person imperative not unusual in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 118: "Come, go we in procession to the village;" and just below (127): "Do we all holy rites." Abbott calls it the "subjunctive used optatively or imperatively." See Gr. 364.

7. *They see.* Pope reads "it sees," and Steevens "he sees." But S. elsewhere uses "Heaven" as a plural. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 173: "But Heaven hath pleas'd it so . . . That I must be their scourge and minister;" *Oth.* iv. 2. 47: "Had it pleas'd Heaven To try me with affliction, had they rain'd," etc.; *Per.* i. 4. 16: "if Heaven slumber while their creatures want, They may awake their helps to comfort them." In *R. of L.* 345, "the eternal power" is similarly followed by a plural pronoun; and the C. P. ed. points out that in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 71, "hell" is used in the same way.

In the present passage, however, "they" may possibly refer to "hands," as W. and Sr. explain it.

*Hours.* A dissyllable here, as often. See Gr. 480.

11. *Edward's seven sons.* The sons of Edward III. were—1. Edward the Black Prince (1330-1376); 2. William of Hatfield (1336-1344); 3. Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence (1338-1368); 4. John of Gaunt (1340-1399); 5. Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York (1341-1402); 6. William of Windsor (died young); 7. Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloucester (1355-1397).

14, 15. "A natural death, which the destinies had brought to Edward, the two Williams, and Lionel, is contrasted with the violent death which befel Gloucester" (C. P. ed.).

*Destinies.* A dissyllable, like *flourishing* in 18. See Gr. 467.

20. *Faded.* The folio has "vaded," which is only another form of the same word. Cf. *P. P.* 131: "Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded;" *Id.* 170: "A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;" *Id.* 174: "Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour," etc.

23. *That metal.* The quartos have "mettall" or "mettal;" the folio "mettle." The early eds. make no distinction between *metal* and *mettle*, using either for the literal or the metaphorical meaning.

*Self mould.* Self-same mould. Gr. 20.

28. *Model.* Copy, image. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 132: "The model of

our chaste loves, his young daughter;" *Per.* ii. 2. 10: "for princes are A model which heaven makes like itself," etc.

30. *In suffering.* For the construction, see Gr. 164.

32. *Murther.* The old spelling, used as late as the last century. Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, 88: "With many a foul and midnight murder fed." But *murder* was also used in the time of S. The folio has "murther" here, but "Murders" in 21 above.

33. *Safeguard.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 176: "Since we have locks to safeguard necessities." Cf. Gr. 290.

36. *Venge.* Not to be printed *venge*, as by most of the editors, and by Abbott in Gr. 460. It is the Fr. *venger* (Lat. *vindicare*), but has now given place to *avenge* and *revenge*. Cf. *vengeance* and *vengeful*.

39. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

40. *I may never lift.* See Gr. 307, 310.

42. *Complain myself.* Reflexive, like the Fr. *se plaindre*. Gr. 296.

44. The measure is complete if we divide *will* and *fare* (in *farewell*) into two syllables each, as Abbott does. See Gr. 483, 480. The Coll. MS. repeats *farewell*.

46. *Cousin.* Hereford was both the nephew and brother-in-law of the Duchess; but *cousin* was very loosely used in that day. Schmidt defines it as "any kinsman or kinswoman," and gives examples of its use for nephew, niece, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild. It was sometimes a mere complimentary title given by one prince to another or to distinguished noblemen; as in *M. for M.* v. i. 165, 246; *Hen. V.* v. 2. 4; *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 37; etc.

47. *Sit.* For this imperative, or "optative use of the subjunctive," see Gr. 365. There are other instances of it in 50 and 57 just below.

49. *If misfortune,* etc. If disaster fails to attend the first onset.

53. *Caitiff.* The word has here, as Johnson suggests, something of its original meaning of *prisoner*, from the Latin *captivus*. Tyrwhitt says: "I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a prisoner; I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chétif*, Fr. poor, miserable." But *chétif*, like *captif*, is from the Latin *captivus*; being one of the many instances in French (as in English) in which a Latin word has been twice taken into the language. Cf. *meuble* and *mobile* from Lat. *mobilis*, *porche* and *portique* (so our *porch* and *portico*) from *porticus*, *hôtel* and *hôpital* (our *hotel* and *hospital*) from *hospitale*, *frêle* and *fragile* (our *frail* and *fragile*) from *fragilis*,  *Août* and *auguste* from *augustus*, etc.

54. *Sometimes.* Used by S. interchangeably with *sometime* = former (or formerly), once, late. See Gr. 68a. Cf. *Col.* i. 21. iii. 7 with *Eph.* ii. 13.

58. *Grief boundeth,* etc. She compares her reiterated complaints to the bounding of a ball.

66. *Plashy.* The seat of Thomas of Woodstock, as Lord High Constable, near Dunmow, Essex.

68. *Lodgings.* Apartments, chambers. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. i. 49: "And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;" *Lear.* i. 2. 184: "retire with me to my lodging;" *Per.* ii. 3. 110: "their several lodgings."

*Unfurnish'd walls.* Cf. Percy, preface to *Northumberland Household Book*: "The usual manner of hanging the rooms in the old castles was

only to cover the naked stone walls with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal."

69. *Offices.* The offices of an old English mansion, as Malone remarks, were the rooms for keeping the various stores of provisions and for culinary purposes; that is, the butler's pantry, cellars, and kitchen. They were all within the house, on the ground floor (there were no underground rooms until the time of Charles I.), and adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, the offices were all thrown open, and full license given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 9, where this is done on account of the destruction of the Turkish fleet, and in honour of the general's nuptials: "All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven." See also *T. of A.* ii. 2. 167.

70. *Hear.* The 1st quarto has "cheere."

73. *Desolate, desolate.* The Coll. MS. has "Desolate, desperate." On *will I hence* see Gr. 475.

The Duchess died the next year (1399), from grief at the death of her son Humphrey.

SCENE III.—Holinshed's account of the events in this scene is as follows:

"At the time appointed, the King came to Coventry, where the two dukes were ready, according to the order prescribed therein, coming thither in great array, accompanied with the lords and gentlemen of their lineages. The King had caused a sumptuous scaffold or theatre and royal lists there to be erected and prepared. . . . The Duke of Hereford armed him in his tent, that was set up near to the lists; and the Duke of Norfolk put on his armour betwixt the gate and the barrier of the town, in a beautiful house, having a fair perclois of wood towards the gate, that none might see what was done within the house.

"The Duke of Aumerle that day being High Constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey Marshal, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists, with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendal, embroidered with silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order.

"About the hour of prime, came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The Constable and Marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered, 'I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do my endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the King, his realm, and me.' Then incontinently he sware upon the holy Evangelists that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists.

“Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his vizor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary. Soon after him entered into the field with great triumph King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm. The King had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fray or tumult might arise among his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the King was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the King, and of the High Constable and Marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach or touch any part of the lists on pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried: ‘Behold here Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and rec-reant.’

“The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entry of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the Constable and Marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, God aid him that hath the right; and then he departed from his horse, and sat him down in his chair, which was crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The Lord Marshal viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them, on the King’s behalf, to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat. The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward when the King cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, ‘Ho, ho!’ Then the King caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the King and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause. Finally, after they had devised and fully determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and Sir John Bushy, the King’s secretary, read the sentence and determination of the King and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was that Henry, Duke of Hereford, should, within fifteen days, depart out of the realm, and not to return before the term of ten years were expired, except by the King he should be repealed again, and this upon pain of death; and that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, because he had sown sedition in the realm by his words, should likewise avoid the realm, and never to return again into England, nor approach the borders or confines thereof, upon pain of death; and that the King

would stay the profits of his lands till he had levied thereof such sums of money as the Duke had taken up of the King's treasurer for the wages of the garrison of Calais, which were still unpaid. When these judgments were once read, the King called before him both the parties, and made them to swear that the one should never come in place where the other was, willingly, nor keep any company together in any foreign region; which oath they both received humbly, and so went their ways. The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he, for thought and melancholy, deceased. . . . The Duke of Hereford took his leave of the King at Eltham, which there released four years of his banishment. So he took his journey over into Calais, and from thence into France, where he remained."

*Enter the Lord Marshal.* See on i. i. 204. As W. remarks, "this designation by his office in one place of a character who is designated by his name in another is not uncommon in our old dramatic literature."

1. *Aumerle.* He officiated as Lord High Constable on this occasion.

2. *At all points.* Completely. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. i, 16: "Armed to point;" *Id.* i. 2, 12: "all armde to point."

3. *Sprightly and bold.* Sprightly and boldly. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4, 50: "His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning." See Gr. 397.

9. *Orderly.* Cf. "knightly" in 12 below; also "cheerly," 66 below, and *Temp.* i. 1, 6; "angrily," *Macb.* iii. 5, 1; etc. See Gr. 447.

15. *As so.* On this anomalous combination see Gr. 110.

17. *Who.* On *who*=and I, etc., see Gr. 263.

18. *Defend.* Forbid, like the Fr. *défendre*. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3, 267: "And heaven defend your good souls that you think;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1, 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case!" Cf. its use=ward off, as in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12, 63:

"And all the margent round about was sett  
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend  
The sunny beames."

20. *His succeeding issue.* The folio reading; the quartos have "my," which Johnson adopted, as "Mowbray's issue was in danger of an attainer, and therefore he might come, among other reasons, for their sake." The Camb. ed. and the C. P. ed. accept this explanation; but, as W. remarks, the other reading "more appropriately refers Norfolk's loyalty to the royal family, not to his own." D., St., and Sr. also have "his."

23. *Defending of myself.* See Gr. 178.

25. In the folio the stage direction that follows is "*Tucket. Enter Hereford and Harold.*" A *tucket* (Ital. *toccata*) was a flourish of trumpets used as a signal for a march. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2, 35:

"Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonance and the note to mount."

26. On the measure see Gr. 505.

L

28. *Plated*. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 4: "like plated Mars;" *Lear*, iv. 6. 169:

"Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

30. *Depose him*. Take his deposition, or statement upon oath; the only instance of this meaning in S.

34. *So defend thee heaven*. See Gr. 133.

42. *No person be so bold*. See Gr. 364, 365.

43. *Daring hardy*. Commonly printed "daring-hardy," but the hyphen is not in the old eds. The quartos have "daring, hardy" or "daring, hardie;" the folio "daring hardie." Abbott refers it to Gr. 2, but it may better be put under 1. The difference is often one of punctuation rather than of meaning. In most of the compound adjectives given in Gr. 2, the first part is virtually an adverb modifying the second; as "crafty-sick," "childish-foolish," "senseless-obstinate," etc.

45. *These fair designs*. See on i. 1. 80, 81.

55. *Right*. The reading of the quartos; the folio has "just."

58. *Thee dead*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "the dead."

57. *Profane a tear*. The meaning is, "If I am slain by Mowbray, I am an unworthy knight for whom it would be profanation to shed a tear."

66. *Cheerly*. See on 9 above.

67. *Regreet*. Salute; as below in 186. In 142 it may mean salute again. Cf. the use of the noun (= greetings) in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 89: "sensible regrets;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 241: "this kind regret."

The reference is to the English custom of making sweets the last course of a banquet. The C. P. ed. quotes Bacon: "Let not this Parliament end, like a Dutch feast, in salt meats; but, like an English feast, in sweet meats."

69. *Earthly*. The folio has "earthly."

70. *Spirit*. As often, a monosyllable. See Gr. 463. On *regenerate* cf. Gr. 342.

73. *Proof*. Impenetrability, resisting power; a technical term with reference to armour. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 512: "Mars's armour forg'd for proof eterne;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 123:

"Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes.  
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes.  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot"

75. *Waxen*. "Soft and penetrable, as if made of wax" (D.).

76. *Furbish new*. Polish or burnish anew. The folio has "furnish." Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 32: "With furbish'd arms."

77. *Haviour*. Not "haviour," as often printed. See Wb. s. v. It means bearing or behaviour. *Lusty* here, as Schmidt suggests, "comes near the sense of *gallant*." So also in v. 3. 19 below: "He would unhorse the lustiest challenger." There, however, it might have its ordinary meaning of stout, vigorous.

80. *Redoubled*. A quadrisyllable here. See Gr. 476. The same expression occurs in *Macb.* i. 2. 38: "Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe."

81. *Amazing*. Bewildering; as in v. 2. 85: "thou art amaz'd."

82. *Adverse*. The quarto reading; the folio has "amaz'd," which W. defends as a repetition quite in S.'s manner, and as preferable to the tautology of "adverse enemy." D., St., Sr., K., and Coll. have "adverse." Elsewhere S. accents *adverse* on the first syllable. See Gr. 490.

84. *Innocence*. The reading of all the early eds. Capell changed it to *innocency*, which was very likely S.'s word. "He uses it sometimes; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 39: "If truth and upright innocency fail me." In *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 20 ("God and our innocency defend and guard us!") it may be a misprint for *innocence*, which is found in the 1st quarto.

St. George was the patron saint of England. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 270: "God and Saint George!" *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 34: "Cry, God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

*To thrive*. That is, help me to thrive, or succeed. Cf. Gr. 382.

91. *More*. Superfluous after "freer."

95. *As to jest*. As if going to take part in a play. See Gr. 107. The noun *jest* was also used in the sense of a play, or masque. Nares quotes *Spanish Tragedy*:

"He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,  
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest;"

where the word refers to a masque that follows. Schmidt makes it a noun in the present passage, = "the contrary to earnest."

97. *Securely*. Confidently or surely (which is etymologically the same word). In ii. 1. 266 it means too confidently, carelessly.

112. *Approve*. Prove. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 35: "And that my sword upon thee shall approve;" *Sonn.* 70. 5:

"So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater."

116. *Attending*. Awaiting. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 145: "He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer;" *M. III.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir."

118. *Stay*. A dissyllable here. Gr. 482. Pope altered it to "But stay;" D. adopts Walker's conjecture, "Stay, stay."

*Warder*. The truncheon, or staff of command. Steevens quotes Daniel's *Civil Wars*, i. 63:

"When lo! the King, chang'd suddenly his mind,  
Casts down his warder, and so stays them there."

Cf. the reference to this same incident in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 125:

"O, when the King did throw his warder down  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw."

121. *Withdraw with us*. Spoken to the members of the King's council.

122. *While we return these dukes*. Until we report to these dukes. Cf. iv. 1. 269 below: "Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come." So *whiles* in *T. A.* iv. 3. 29:

"He shall conceal it  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note."

123. On the measure, see Gr. 512.  
 125. *For that*. Because. See Gr. 151.  
 127. *Aspect*. Accented on last syllable, as in 209 below. See Gr. 40.  
 128. *Civil*. The 1st quarto has "cruell."  
 129-133. These five lines are omitted in the folio. It was no doubt an accident, as the context requires them.  
*Set on you*. "Set you on" (Pope's reading), incited you.  
 134. *Untun'd*. Discordant, inharmonious. Cf. *R. of L.* 1214: "With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid."  
 136. *Wrathful iron*. The 1st quarto has "harsh resounding."  
 140. *Pain of life*. The quarto reading; in the folio "pain of death," which W. prefers. "Pain of life" is the king's expression in 153, just below.  
 142. *Regreet*. See on 67 above.  
 143. *Stranger*. Foreign. See Gr. 22.  
 150. *The fly-slow hours*. The quartos have "slye slow;" the 1st, 3d, and 4th folios, "slye slow;" the 2d folio "flye slow," whence Pope read "fly-slow," which is adopted by D., W., Sr., and Coll. K., H., the Camb. ed., and some others have "sly, slow." It is curious that Pope himself, in his *Essay on Man* (iv. 226), has

"All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes."

W. says: "*Sly-slow* is not an objectionable compound in itself; but here it is without meaning." On the other hand, the C. P. ed. remarks: "*Sly* is an epithet suitable enough to the hours that pass with stealthy and noiseless step, and to the exile they would be *slow* also."

*Determinate*. Bring to an end; a legal term. Cf. *Sonn.* 87. 4: "My bonds in thee are all determinate."

151. *Dear*. "Sad, grieving the heart" (Schmidt). The word often means "heartfelt," and is used of both agreeable and disagreeable affections. See *Temp.* p. 124, C. p. 292, and D. (*Glossary*).

*Exile*. Accent on last syllable. See Gr. 490.

156. *A dearer merit*. A more agreeable reward. There is probably a reference to the "dear exile" of the King. S. here uses *merit* for *meed*, as elsewhere *meed* for *merit*. See *T. of A.* i. 1. 288: "no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself;" *Ham.* v. 2. 149: "in his meed he's unfellowed."

159. *These forty years*. Norfolk was not much more than thirty years old at this time. His elder brother John was born in 1365.

162. *Viol*. "A six-stringed guitar."

163. *Cunning*. Cunningly or skilfully constructed. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 11: "Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

164. *His*. See Gr. 218.

166. *Enguol'd*. Imprisoned. See Gr. 440.

174. *Compassionate*. Perhaps = passionate, excited; or, as Schmidt explains it, "pitiful, moving pity." There is no other example of this use of the word. Sr. reads "be so passionate;" and Theo. suggested "become passionate," which W. adopts.

175. *Plaining*. Complaining. *Plaint* is still in use, at least in poetry.



Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 39: "The king hath cause to plain." In *Per.* iii. prol. 14 ("What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech") it means explain, or make plain.

176. *Turn me.* Reflexive. See Gr. 296, 223.

179. *On our royal sword.* The guard of the sword, being at right angles to the blade, formed a cross, so that swearing upon the sword was swearing by the cross. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 160: "Swear by my sword." See also *W. T.* iii. 2. 125; *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 105; etc.

181. The king releases them from their allegiance during their exile. It was a disputed question in law "whether a banished man was tied in his allegiance to the state which exiled him."

183. *Shall.* For the use of the word, see Gr. 315.

185. *Nor ever.* So in folio; the quartos have "Nor never," and also in 186 and 188. The double negative was common enough in that day. See Gr. 406.

186. *Regreet.* See on 67 above.

188. *Advised.* Deliberate. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 142: "more advised watch;" *Id.* ii. 1. 42: "be advis'd." So *advisedly*=deliberately in *Id.* v. 1. 253: "Will never more break faith advisedly."

189. *Plot, contrive, or complot.* Legal tautology. On *complot* see above, i. 1. 96.

192. *And I,* etc. Coll. MS. has here the stage direction "[*Kissing the King's sword.*"]

193. *So far,* etc. The quartos and the 1st folio have "so fare." The other folios have "farre" or "far." Coll. retains *fare*, and says, "The clear meaning is (if commentators would but allow themselves to see it), 'Norfolk, so fare, as I wish to mine enemy.'" But "the commentators" refuse to see it, and prefer *far*. W. explains it, "so far *I speak* as to my enemy;" D., "so far as a man may speak to his enemy;" St., "so far as I am now permitted to address my enemy;" etc.

196. *Sepulchre.* Accent on second syllable here, but elsewhere on the first, as below in ii. 1. 55. As a *verb* S. accents it on second syllable. Cf. *R. of L.* 805: "May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade;" *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 118: "Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine." See Gr. 490.

201. *Traitor.* On the omission of the article see Gr. 84.

203. *Heaven.* A dissyllable here, but a monosyllable in the next line

205. *All too soon.* On this use of *all* see Gr. 28.

*Rue.* That is, rue his knowledge.

207. Johnson says: "Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

"The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

208. For the measure, see Gr. 465 or 466.

209. *Aspect.* Accent on last syllable, as in 127 above. Cf. *exile* in 217 below (and *exiled* in 283), and see Gr. 490.

211. *Spent.* On the construction, see Gr. 377.

218. *Vantage.* Advantage. Still in use, especially in the compound "vantage-ground."

222. *Extinct*. "Used by S. only here and in *Ham.* i. 3. 118; in both places in its literal sense. *Extinguished* does not occur in his plays at all" (C. P. ed.).

227. *Sudden*. The folio reading; the quartos have "sullen," which Coll. and St. adopt.

228. "It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good" (Johnson).

231. *Current*. Like a coin made current by royal authority. Cf. *sterling* in iv. 1. 264 below.

232. *Dead*. For the construction, see Gr. 380.

233. *Upon good advice*. After due deliberation. On *upon* see Gr. 190. For *advice* cf. *advised* in 188 above.

234. *A party-verdict*. Implying that Gaunt, as a member of the council, had assented to his son's banishment; but Holinshed does not say so.

239-242. These lines are not in the folio.

*A partial slander*. "The reproach of partiality" (St.).

244. *I was too strict*, etc. "I was too severe to myself in sacrificing my son" (Gr. 356).

247. *Bid him so*. For *so* see Gr. 65.

249. *Presence*. Personal interview.

250. *Paper*. That is, letters. W. has "do you remain," which is evidently a misprint.

251. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 117: "I will run as far as God has any ground."

259. *Joy absent*. See Gr. 380.

260. *What is six winters?* On the number of the verb, see Gr. 333.

262. *A travel*. A journey. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 5. 59: "after a demure travel of regard;" but the word in this sense is not often found with the article. We may remark that down to the end of the 17th century *travel* and *travail* were used interchangeably without regard to the meaning.

264. *Which finds*. Since it finds. Cf. Gr. 263.

266. *A foil*. The reading of the 2d quarto. The 1st has "as foyle;" the other early eds. "a soyle" or "a soyl."

*Foil* in this sense is the Fr. *feuille* (Lat. *folium*), leaf, and refers to the use of gold or silver leaf as a background for transparent gems. Cf. *I Hen.* IV. i. 2. 239:

"And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my tault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

268-293. These twenty-six lines are omitted in the folio.

269. *Remember me*. Remind me. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promised." See Gr. 291.

272. *Foreign passages*. Wanderings in foreign lands.

274. *But that I was*. Only that I had become. *Journeyman* was originally a workman by the day (Fr. *journée*).

275. *The eye of heaven*. Cf. *R. of L.* 356: "the eye of heaven is out;" *Sonn.* 18. 5: "the eye of heaven shines;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 3, 4:

"Her angel face  
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright."

Malone suggests that in this passage S. had in mind that part of Lyly's *Euphues* in which Euphues exhorts Botonio to bear his exile patiently. "Nature," he says, "hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinoponetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes."

279. For the measure, see Gr. 505.

282. *Purchase*. Gain, win. Cf. *Temp.* iv. i. 14:

"Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter."

283. *Exil'd*. Often accented as here (see Gr. 490), but sometimes on the first syllable, as in *Much.* v. 8. 66: "As calling home our exil'd friends abroad."

286. *What*. See Gr. 252.

289. *The presence strew'd*. The royal presence-chamber strewn with rushes, according to the ancient usage. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. i. 17: "The two great cardinals Wait in the presence;" and *T. of S.* iv. i. 48: "Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?" See also *R. of L.* 316:

"And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

Sweet-smelling herbs were sometimes mixed with these rushes, which ordinarily were allowed to remain several days, or even weeks, and often became very dirty and unsavoury. It was thought to be a piece of unnecessary luxury, on the part of Wolsey, when he wisely caused the rushes of Hampton Court to be changed every day. We have frequent allusions to them in the writings of the period. Froissart says, "The Count de St. Foix went to his chamber, which he found ready strewed with rushes and green leaves, and the walls hung with boughs newly cut for perfume." Sir Thomas More (1483) describes Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of Edward IV., when in the sanctuary at Westminster, as "sitting alone amongst the rushes in her grief and distress." Bradshaw, in the *Lyfe of Saynt Werburge* (1500), writes:

"All herbes and flowres fragrant, fayre, and sweete,  
Were strewed in halls, and layd under theyr feet."

In a description of Draper's Hall (1495), mats are said to be in the "Checker chamber," and rushes in the hall; and, in the records of the Merchant Taylors' Hall, we find that "Guy Robinson, rush strewer, was suspended for using indecent language whilst strewing rushes." The last monarch whose presence-chamber was thus carpeted was Queen Elizabeth.

291. *Measure*. "A formal court dance" (Steevens). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry."

292. *Gnarling*. Snarling, growling. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 192: "And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first." *Gnarled* is used in the modern sense in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 116: "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak."

293. *Sets it light*. Sets light by it, esteems it lightly.

295. *Fire*. A dissyllable here, as often. See Gr. 480.

Malone quotes here from Lyly's *Euphues* (see on 275 above) the following: "I speak this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with rules of philosophie it shall be more tolerable: he that is colde doth not cover himselfe with care but with clothes; he that is washed in the rayne drieth himself by the fire, not by his fancie; and thou which art banished," etc.

299. *Fantastic*. Imaginary. Cf. *Mach.* i. 3. 139: "whose murder yet is but fantastical."

300. *Apprehension*. Imagination, conception. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 11: "in this brainish apprehension;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 139: "uncleanly apprehensions."

302. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 3. 291: "His venom tooth will rankle to the death;" the only other instance in which S. uses the word *rankle*.

304. *Bring*. Accompany. Cf. the 2d line of next scene, and *J. C.* i. 3. 1: "Brought you Cæsar home?"

309. Dr. Johnson remarks that the act ought to end here. "As the play is now divided," he says, "more time passes between the last two scenes of the first act than between the first act and the second."

SCENE IV.—1. *We did observe*. This is spoken to Bagot and Green, and is explained by line 24.

6. *None for me*. None on my part. Gr. 149. *Except*=except that.

7. *Blew*. The folio has "grew," and "face" for *faces*; and in the next line "sleepie" for *sleeping*.

11. *Farewell*. For the "interjectional line," see Gr. 512.

12. *And for*. And because. Gr. 151. Cf. 43 below.

13. *That taught*. That fact (of disdaining to profane the word *farewell*) taught me craft to pretend to be so oppressed by sorrow that I could not utter that word.

16. *Marry*. Probably a corruption of *Mary*, and originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin. The word is often a monosyllable in the measure. See Gr. 463.

19. *None of me*. None from me. Gr. 166.

20. *Doubt*. Matter of doubt, doubtful. Cf. iii. 4. 69. We still use the word in a similar way in *no doubt*=undoubtedly.

22. *Come*. Will come. See Gr. 368. *His friends* refers to the King and his other relatives, not, as some editors make it, to the "common people."

23. *Bagot here, and Green*. Omitted in the quartos, which have "Our selfe and Bushie." The folio reads, "friends, Our selfe and Bushy: heere Bagot and Greene." The 5th quarto has "friends, Our selfe, and Bushy, Bagot here and Greene."

28. *Smiles*. The folio misprints "soules."

29. *Underbearing*. Enduring, supporting (to which, as to *suffering*, it is etymologically analogous); as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 65:

"And leave those woes alone which I alone  
Am bound to underbear."

30. *As 't were*. See Gr. 107. Cf. line 35 below. *Affects*=affections. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 264: "the young affects;" *L. L. L.* i. 1. 152: "For every man with his affects is born."

31. *Bonnet*. Hat. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 339: "And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;" and *Id.* 351: "With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat" The word is used as a verb (=take off the bonnet) in *Cor.* ii. 2. 30: "those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted," etc.

32. *The tribute of his supple knee*. "To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men" (Steevens).

35. *Reversion*. In the legal sense of "right of future possession."

36. *Next degree in hope*. Malone quotes Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 168: "*Spes altera Romae*."

39. *Expedient manage*. Expeditious preparation. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 60: "His marches are expedient to this town;" *Id.* ii. 1. 223: "with much expedient march." For *manage* see *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "the husbandry and manage of my house;" *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "the manage of my state."

42. *Ourself*. See Gr. 20. Cf. i. 1. 16 above, and see note. For the omission of *go* after *will*, see Gr. 405.

43. *And for*. See on 12 above.

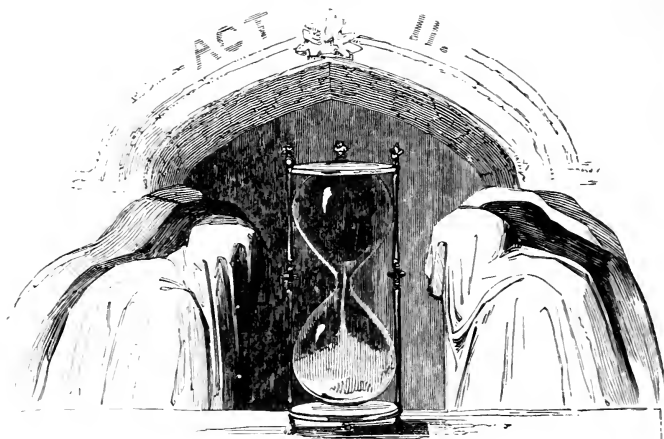
48. *Blank charters*. Blank drafts or "promissory notes," which (as explained in the following lines) rich men were compelled to sign, and which the royal officers afterwards filled out with what sums they pleased.

54. *Very sick*. The folio reading; the quartos have "grievous sick."

58. *Ely House*. The palace of the Bishop of Ely, in Holborn, London. The Savoy had been burned before this. See introduction to notes on the second scene of this act. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 33.

The only existing remnant of Ely House is the Chapel, still known as Ely Chapel. It is now (1876) undergoing restoration. The oak timbers of the roof are as sound as when first put up, five centuries ago; and the same may be said of the floor and the wooden columns by which it is supported in the crypt below. This crypt, long filled up with rubbish, is a spacious apartment, partly lighted by side windows, and is also to be restored.

63. *Go visit*. See Gr. 349.



SCENE I.—Holinshed's account of the events in this scene is as follows :

"In the mean time the Duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the Bishop of Ely's place in Holborn, and lieth buried in the cathedral church of Saint Paul in London, on the north side of the high altar, by the Lady Blanche his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of increasing more hatred in the people of this realm towards the King ; for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to him, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands, which ought to have descended unto the Duke of Hereford by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patent which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof he might make his attorneys-general to sue livery for him of any manner of inheritances or possessions that might from thenceforth fall unto him and that his homage might be respited, with making reasonable fine : whereby it was evident that the King meant his utter undoing.

"This hard dealing was much misliked of all the nobility, and cried out against of the meaner sort. But, namely, the Duke of York was therefore sore amoved, who before this time had borne things with so patient a mind as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother the Duke of Gloucester, the banishment of his nephew the said Duke of Hereford, and other more injuries in great number, which, for the slippery youth of the King, he passed over for the time, and did forget as well as he might."

2. *Unstaid*. Thoughtless. Elsewhere the accent is on the second syllable ; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 60 : "For undertaking so unstaid a journey."

3. *Nor strive not.* Cf. i. 3. 185 above, and see Gr. 305.

9. *Listen'd.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 41: "Listen great things." Gr. 199.

10. *Whom.* For the change of the relative from *that* in the preceding line, see Gr. 260.

*Gloze.* Also written *glose*. D. and others explain it here as=flatter. Schmidt defines it "to make mere words." Cf. Wb. It is also used as a noun, as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 370: "Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by."

12. Some eds. point the passage thus:

"The setting sun, and music at the close.  
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

D., K. (2d ed.), W., and the Camb. ed. have the reading in the text.

14. *Writ.* For the form, see Gr. 343.

16. *Undeaf.* See Gr. 290. S. uses the word nowhere else. 'He has *deaf* as a verb in *K. John*, ii. 1. 147: "What cracker is this same that deafs our ears?"

18. On the use of *as*, see Gr. 113. The reading is that of the 3d and 4th quartos. The folio has the same, according to both Coll. and the Camb. ed., but they appear to mistake "sound" (with the old style *s*) for "found." The 1st quarto has "of whose taste the wise are found;" the 2d quarto, "of whose state the wise are found." Pope reads, "of his state; there are beside." Coll. proposed "As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond," which the Camb. ed. adopts.

19. *Venom.* See Gr. 22.

21. In Shakespeare's time, and perhaps as early as the reign of Richard II., Italian fashions were much imitated in England. The Italian courts, especially that of Milan (whence, by the way, our *milliner*), were then the most luxurious in Europe. On the English habit of aping foreign fashions, cf. *M. of I.* i. 2. 80. See also *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 33: "Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country," etc.

22. *Still.* Ever, always; as often in S. The word is even used as an adjective (= *constant*), as in *T. A.* iii. 2. 45: "And by still practice learn to know thy meaning." See also *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229.

23. The measure is complete if *imitation* be reckoned as five syllables. Cf. *separation* in quotation in note on 26 below, and Gr. 479. Pope inserted "awkward" before *imitation*.

25. *So it be new.* If it be new. Gr. 133.

*There's no respect.* There's no thought, no one considers. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 15: "Have respect to my honour;" that is, look to it, consider it.

26. *Buzz'd.* Whispered. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 148:

"did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katherine?"

27. *All too late.* For this adverbial use of *all*, see Gr. 28.

28. *Where will*, etc. "Where the will rebels against what the understanding sees to be right" (C. P. ed.). *Regard* in S. often means view,

estimation, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 62: "Your worth is very dear in my regard;" *T. and C.* iii. 3. 128: "Most abject in regard, and dear in use," etc.

29. *Himself.* See Gr. 20.

31. *Methinks.* See *Mer.* p. 135, and Gr. 297.

40-55. This splendid passage is given in *England's Parnassus*, a collection of poetical extracts from various authors, printed in 1600. It is there by mistake attributed to Michael Drayton (C. P. ed.).

44. *Infection.* It is "intestion" in *England's Parnassus*. Johnson says: "I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion*; but the copies all agree, and I suppose S. meant to say that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*." Sr. remarks: "The poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs."

49. *Envy.* Malice, hatred; as often in S. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 164: "Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards," etc.

50. *Less happier.* S. often uses the double comparative with *more* (and the superlative with *most*), but that with *less* only in this instance. See Gr. 11.

52. *Feared by their breed.* For *by*=on account of, see Gr. 146. The folio has "for their birth."

55. *Spulchre.* See on i. 3. 196. For *Jewry*=Judea, cf. *John*, vii. 1.

59. *Is now leas'd out.* Cf. i. 4. 45.

60. *Pelting.* Petty, paltry. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 3. 18: "poor, pelting villages;" *M. for M.* ii. 2. 112: "every pelting petty officer," etc.

62. Cf. i. 4. 48, and see note. For *blots* Steevens conjectured *bolts*, explaining "inky bolts" as "written restrictions;" but, as Boswell suggests, "inky blots" is simply "a contemptuous term for writings."

68. *Ensuing.* Coming, approaching. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 140: "I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil;" *Per.* ii. 1. 7: "Nothing to think on but ensuing death."

70. *Being rag'd.* Abbott (Gr. 460) gives *rag'd* as an example of "prefixes dropped." Ritson conjectured "rein'd," which Sr. approves. The Coll. MS. has "urg'd." "Chaf'd" and "curb'd" have also been suggested.

71. S. has deviated from historical truth in introducing the Queen here. Anne, Richard's first wife, was dead; and Isabel of France, his second wife, was at this time only nine years old. They were married Nov. 1, 1396.

73. This and the twenty succeeding lines were put in the margin by Pope as being either spurious or unworthy of Shakespeare. But, as the C. P. ed. remarks, "such playing upon words in a time of the deepest affliction is quite in accordance with truth and nature, and therefore really pathetic." Coleridge has answered the king's question in line 84 ("Can sick men play so nicely with their names?") as follows:

"Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and, therefore, as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits



from any particular rank of life or mode of employment; and in this consists Shakespeare's vulgarisms, as in Macbeth's

'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!' etc.

This is (to equivocate on Dante's words) in truth the *nobile vulgare eloquenza*. Indeed, it is profoundly true that there is a natural, an almost irresistible, tendency in the mind, when immersed in one strong feeling, to connect that feeling with every sight and object around it; especially if there be opposition, and the words addressed to it are in any way repugnant to the feeling itself, as here in the instance of Richard's unkind language:

'Misery makes sport to mock itself.'

"No doubt, something of Shakespeare's punning must be attributed to his age, in which direct and formal combats of wit were a favourite pastime of the courtly and accomplished. It was an age more favourable, upon the whole, to vigour of intellect than the present, in which a dread of being thought pedantic dispirits and flattens the energies of original minds. But independently of this, I have no hesitation in saying that a pun, if it be congruous with the feeling of the scene, is not only allowable in the dramatic dialogue, but oftentimes one of the most effectual intensives of passion."

*Composition.* Bodily state.

83. *Inherits.* Possesses. See on i. i. 85.

84. *Nicely.* Fancifully. Schmidt defines it "sophistically, subtly" and compares *T. A.* iii. i. 17: "they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton."

86. *To kill my name in me.* That is, by banishing my heir Bolingbroke.

88. *Flatter with.* The folio omits *with*. The C. P. ed. refers to *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 193: "Unless I flatter with myself too much."

90. *A-dying.* See Gr. 24.

91. *The sicker.* On this demonstrative *the*, see Gr. 94.

94. *Ill in myself to see.* "I that see being myself ill." Steevens thought that *to see* should be omitted. On the metre, see Gr. 470.

95. *Lesser.* A double comparative sometimes used by good writers even now. *Worser*, which is common in S., is now obsolete.

101. *Head.* The folio has "hand."

102. *Encaged.* See Gr. 440.

*Verge.* An allusion to the legal term *verge* = the compass of the King's court, or the jurisdiction of the lord steward of the royal household, which extended for twelve miles round.

103. *The waste.* That is, the waste made by the flatterers.

106. *From forth.* See Gr. 156.

107. *Possess'd.* For the play on the word, see Gr. 295. On *which* in next line, see Gr. 265.

110. *This land.* The folio has "his land."

113. The folio reading. The first three quartos have "art thou now not, not king." Theo. reads "art thou now, not king," which is adopted by Coll., Sr., St., and the Camb. ed.

114. *Thy state of law*, etc. Thy legal state (as landlord, and no longer king) is subject to the law; or, as Malone states it, "subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease."

115. *And*—We follow the folio here, as do D., K., Sr., and W. The 1st quarto reads thus:

"And thou—

*K. Rich.* A lunatic lean-witted fool," etc.,

which Coll., St., and the Camb. ed. adopt. D. calls attention to the fact that this makes *thou* (referring to Richard) the subject of *durst*.

118. *Chasing*. The folio has the misprint "chafing."

119. *His*. For *his* = *its*, see Gr. 228 or C. pp. 160–171.

121. *Great Edward's son*. The son of Edward III.—that is, Edward the Black Prince, Richard's father.

122. *Roundly*. Unrestrainedly, unreservedly. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 59:

"Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee.  
And wish thee to a shrewd, ill-favour'd wife?"

*A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse?"

The adjective *round* is similarly used; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216: "Your reproof is something too round;" *T. A.* ii. 3. 102: "I must be round with you."

123. *Unreverent*. Irreverent, disrespectful. Theo. substituted *unreverend*, which W. adopts.

125. *For that*. Because. See Gr. 151, 287.

126. *Like the pelican*. Alluding to the fable that the young of the pelican were fed with blood from its own breast. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 146:

"And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repast them with my blood."

See also *Lear*, iii. 4. 77.

127. *Hast thou tapp'd out*. By shedding the Duke of Gloster's blood.

129. *Whom fair befall*. To whom may it happen auspiciously! Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!" See also *Id.* iii. 5. 47; *T. of S.* v. 2. 111; *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 124.

131. *Respect'st not*. Heedest not, carest not for. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 20: "Though you respect not aught your servant doth;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 72: "the idle wind, Which I respect not;" *Cymb.* i. 6. 155:

"he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter who  
He not respects at all."

133. *Crooked*. "S. had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind—the bend of age, and the sickle of time" (Mason). Steevens quotes the tragedy of *Lochner* (which has been attributed to S.): "Now yield to death o'erlaid by crooked age." Malone cites several other instances of the expression.

134. *A too long wither'd flower*. On "phrase compounds" in S., see Gr. 434.

138. *Love they to live*. Let them love to live. See Gr. 364.

139. *Sullens*. Used nowhere else as a noun by S. Dyce (*Glossary*) quotes Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, ed. 1591: "Like you, Pandion, who being sick of the sullens, will seeke no friend."

141. For the measure (and also for 147), see Gr. 468. D. omits "I do," following Steevens.

145. "The king chooses to misunderstand York's meaning, by taking *Harry duke of Hereford* as nominative, not accusative" (C. P. ed.).

148. On the measure, see Gr. 482. Capell and Steevens read "What says he now?" and Pope, "What says old Gaunt?"

156. *Rug-headed kerns*. A *kern* was an Irish light-armed foot-soldier. They are called *rug-headed* because their heads were "like the rugs which the peasants wore as outer garments" (Coll.). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 367: "Full often like a shag-hair'd crafty kern." See also *Macb.* i. 2. 13, 30; *Id.* v. 7. 17; *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 56.

157. *Which live*, etc. For *which*, see Gr. 268. The allusion to the absence of snakes in Ireland is obvious. Steevens quotes Decker, *H. W.* (1630):

"that Irish Judas,  
Bred in a country where no venom prospers  
But in his blood."

158. *But only*. See Gr. 130; and on *for* in next line, Gr. 151.

159. *Ask some charge*. Call for some expense, require some outlay. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 27: "that will ask some tears;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 115: "my business asketh haste." On *charge*, cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 9: "How to cut off some charge in legacies;" *A. John*, i. 1. 49:

"Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge."

166. *Gaunt's rebukes*. The rebukes given to Gaunt.

167. Bolingbroke, when exiled, went to France, and obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French king; but Richard sent the Earl of Salisbury to France to calumniate his cousin, and thus prevented the match.

169. *Have ever made*. For the plural verb, see Gr. 408.

171. *The last*. That is, the last surviving.

173. *Rag'd*. That is, *that* rag'd. See Gr. 244; and for the omission of the article before *lamb* and *lion*, Gr. 84. Schmidt makes *rag'd* here = enraged, as in 70 above.

177. *Accomplish'd*, etc. When he had reached thy age. *Accomplish* means to make complete. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chorus, 12: "The armourers accomplishing the knights;" that is, completely equipping them.

Richard was at this time thirty-two years old. His father, who died at the age of forty-six, was sixteen when he fought at Crecy in 1346, and twenty-six at Poitiers.

185. *Compare between*. We do not now say *to compare between*, though *to make comparison between* is allowable.

196. *Enssue*. Not now used transitively. Cf. *R. of L.* 502: "I know repentant tears ensue the deed." See also 1 *Peter*, iii. 11.

199. *Succession*. Four syllables. See on 23 above.

200. *Afore*. Before; used of both place and time. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 32: "Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes;" *Temp.* iv. 1. 7: "Here, afore heaven," etc. S. also uses the word as an adverb (*Temp.* ii. 2. 78) and as a conjunction (2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 220). We find also *aforehand* (=beforehand) in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 461: "Knowing aforehand of our merriment." *Tofore* occurs in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83 and *T. A.* iii. 1. 294.

202. *Letters-patents*. The double plural is found also in Holinshed. See Gr. 338, 433. D. remarks that even Pope, writing to Craggs in 1712, uses the expression, "letters-patents."

203. *Attorneys general*. An *attorney general* is "he that by general authority is appointed to act in all our affairs or suits" (Cowel's *Law Interpreter*, quoted in C. P. ed.). To *sue livery* was to claim delivery to him, as lawful heir, of all property and rights of which Gaunt, his predecessor, had feudal tenure. "In feudal times, when a vassal died, the heir, if under age, became a ward of the king; but if he was of full age, he had the right to sue out a writ of *ouster-le-main*—that is, his *livery*—that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him" (Malone).

207. *Prick*. Spur, incite. Cf. ii. 3. 78 below. See also *T. of S.* iii. 2. 75: "'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion," etc.

211. *The while*. See Gr. 137.

213. *By bad courses*. For *by*=concerning, with reference to, see Gr. 145. As Schmidt remarks, this sense of *by* is found only with "verbs of speaking and thinking."

214. *Events*. Issues, results. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 69: "And crown what I profess with kind event," etc.

215. *The Earl of Wiltshire*. Sir William Scrope, created Earl in 1397. He was treasurer of England, and one of those to whom the realm was farmed. See 256 below.

217. *To see this business*. See to it, attend to it. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 147: "see that at any hand," etc. *Business* is here a trisyllable, as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business," etc. See Gr. 479.

*To-morrow next*. "A pleonasm not elsewhere used by S." (C. P. ed.).

218. *We will for Ireland*. See Gr. 405.

222. *Our queen*. See Gr. 13.

226. *Barely*. Merely, only. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 342: "Shall I not have barely my principal?"

228. *Great*. Teeming (with indignation). Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 159: "But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

229. *Liberal tongue*. Free speech. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 220: "No, I will speak as liberal as the north."

232. *Tends that*, etc. Does that which you would say tend, etc. Gr. 244.

239. *More*. More. See *Mer.* p. 129, or Gr. 17.

242. *What they will inform*. Whatever accusations they may bring. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 32: "How all occasions do inform against me;" *Lear*, iv. 2. 93: "he informed against him." It is used transitively, as here, in *A.W.* iv. 1. 91: "haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life."

245. *Our lives.* The Coll. MS. has "our wives;" but, as D. remarks, it is strongly opposed, if not absolutely forbidden, by *Hen. V.* i. 2. 34:

"That owe yourselves, your lives, and services  
To this imperial throne."

246. *Pill'd.* Stripped, plundered. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 159: "In sharing that which you have pill'd from me." For *pill*=peel, see *M. of V.* i. 3. 85: "The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands." The two words are probably the same etymologically. See Wb. under *peel*. *Peel*=pillage, rob, is found in Milton, *P. R.* iv. 136: "Peeling their provinces;" and in *Isa.* xviii. 2, 7; *Ezra*, xxix. 18.

247. *And lost their hearts.* The early eds. all have "And quite lost their hearts." Pope was the first to drop "quite." See Gr. 480.

250. *Blanks.* The "blank charters" of i. 4. 48. See note. *Benevolences*=forced loans. According to Holinshed, the word was first used in this sense by Edward IV. in 1473. If so, it is here an anachronism. On the measure, see Gr. 471.

251. *O' God's name.* The quartos have "a God's name." See Gr. 24.

254. The folio reading. The quartos have "That which his noble ancestors," etc.

258. *Hangeth.* For the number, see Gr. 336; and for the measure of the line, Gr. 466.

263. *Sing.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 20: "Another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind." See also *M. W.* iii. 2. 38.

265. *Sit sore.* Press heavily. Cf. below, ii. 2. 123: "The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland."

266. *Strike not.* Do not strike our sails. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 18: "That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort."

*Securely.* Carelessly. See on i. 3. 97. Cf. Gr. p. 12.

267. *Wrack.* Wreck. The invariable form of the word in S. In *R. of L.* 841 and 966 it rhymes with *back*.

268. *Unavoided.* Pope changed the word to *unavoidable*, which is of course its meaning here. But *unavoided* occurs in the same sense in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 8, *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 56, and iv. 4. 217. Cf. *imagined*=imaginable, in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 52; *unvalued*=invaluable, in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 27; etc. See Gr. 375.

272. *Tidings.* Here singular, as in iii. 4. 80; but generally plural in S., as in *J. C.* v. 3. 54: "These tidings will well comfort Cassius."

275, 276. St. explains the passage thus: "We are all leagued together, and whatever you speak will be as safe in our keeping as if you had only thought it." D. quotes a writer in *Blackwood's Mag.* (Sept. 1853) who renders it: "We three are but yourself, and in these circumstances your words are but as thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself." The Coll. MS. reads "our thoughts," which Sr. adopts.

279. *Renald.* That is, Reginald. The early eds. read *Rainold*. *Raynold*, *Rainald*, and *Raynald*, which indicate the pronunciation of the name.

There is evidently some omission or corruption at this point in the text, as it was not Reginald Lord Cobham who escaped from the custody

of the Duke of Exeter; neither was he the brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury. According to Holinshed, it was "Thomas (not Richard, as the C. P. ed. accidentally gives it) Arundel, son and heir to the late Earl of Arundel." Malone therefore inserted here, in brackets, the line

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel."

This is consistent with the historical facts and with the context. "His brother," in line 282, then refers, as it should, to the brother of Richard Earl of Arundel.

282. *Sir John Ramston*. "Sir Thomas Ramston," according to Holinshed.

285. *Tall ships*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 6; *Oth.* ii. 1. 79, etc.

286. *Expedience*. Expedition. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 70: "And will with all expedience charge on us." See also *expedient* in i. 4. 39 above.

288. *Stay*. Stay for, await. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 13: "My father stays my coming;" *A. F. L.* iii. 2. 221: "let me stay the growth of his beard," etc.

291. *Imp out*. Repair, strengthen. *To imp* originally meant to graft. To imp out the wing of a hawk was to supply new feathers in place of lost or broken ones. Turberville, in his *Booke of Faulconrie*, has a whole chapter on "The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed." Cf. Massinger, *Renegado*, v. 8:

"Strive to imp  
New feathers to the broken wings of Time;"

Milton, *Sonn.* x. 8:

"and the false North displays  
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings;"

Dryden, *Ann. Mirab.* st. 143:

"His navy's moulted wings he imps once more."

See also examples in Wb. s. v.

292. *From broking pawn*. That is, from the pawnbroker. The verb *to broke* is rare. S. uses it only here and in *A. W.* iii. 5. 74. Nares quotes examples from B. and F. and Daniel. See also Wb. s. v.

295. *In post*. "In haste," as it reads in 3d and 4th folios. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 63: "I from my mistress come to you in post;" *R. and J.* v. 3. 273: "And then in post he came from Mantua," etc. We find "in all post" in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73; and "all in post" in *R. of L.* i.

*Ravenspurge* (also called *Ravensburg*, *Ravenspurm*, etc.) was an important port at the mouth of the Humber, sheltered from the sea by the point now known as Spurn Head. In 1346 it had suffered so much from the inroads of the sea that the merchants residing there removed to Hull. The high tides of 1357 and subsequent years swept away nearly all that remained of the town, and but few vestiges of the ancient port could have been left at the time of Bolingbroke's landing. In 1471, Edward IV. also landed here, after his brief exile in Holland. In the town of Hedon, a few miles distant, there still stands a beautiful old cross, which is believed to have been erected at Ravenspurge in memory of the landing of Bolingbroke. To prevent its destruction by the sea, it was first removed

to Kilnsea, and again in 1818 to Burton Constable, whence it was in 1832 taken to Hedon.

297. *Be secret.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 60: "wherein thou must be secret;" *Much Ado*, i. 1. 212: "I can be secret as a dumb man," etc.

299. *Hold out my horse.* Let my horse hold out. See Gr. 361.

SCENE II.—The events in scenes ii. and iv. are thus related by Holinshed:

"It fortuned at the same time in which the Duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the winds blew so contrary for any passage to come over forth of England to the King, remaining still in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks he received no advertisements from thence: yet at length, when the seas became calm, and the wind once turned anything favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the King understood the manner of the Duke's arrival; whereupon he meant forthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the Duke; but through persuasion of the Duke of Aumerle (as was thought) he stayed till he might have all his ships and other provision fully ready for his passage.

"In the meantime he sent the Earl of Salisbury over into England to gather a power together, by help of the King's friends in Wales and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be ready to assist him against the Duke upon his arrival, for he meant himself to follow the Earl within six days after. The Earl, passing over into Wales, landed at Conway, and sent forth letters to the King's friends, both in Wales and Cheshire, to levy their people and to come with all speed to assist the King, whose request, with great desire and very willing minds, they did, hoping to have found the King himself at Conway, insomuch that, within four days' space, there were to the number of forty thousand men assembled, ready to march with the King against his enemies if he had been there himself in person. But when they missed the King, there was a bruit spread among them that the King was surely dead, which wrought such an impression and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that, for any persuasion which the Earl of Salisbury might use, they would not go forth with him till they saw the King; only they were contented to stay fourteen days to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that term, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed away."

1. *Too much sad.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 53: "Our too much memorable shame." Gr. 51.

2. *With.* See Gr. 194.

3. *Life-harming.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos. The 3d and 4th quartos have "halfe-harming," and the folio "selfe-harming."

4. *Entertain.* Maintain. Cf. *R. of L.* 1514: "He entertain'd a show so seeming just;" *M. of V.* i. 1. 90: "And do a wilful stillness entertain."

9. *Again.* See Gr. 27.

12. On *with* in this line and the next, see Gr. 193.

"The queen's melancholy, for which there is no sufficient cause apparent, may be compared with that of Antonio at the beginning of the *M. of V.* In both cases the poet wishes to convey a presentiment of approaching disaster" (C. P. ed.).

"Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terra incognita* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind" (Coleridge).

15. *Which shows*. On the number, see Gr. 247; on *shows*, Gr. 293.

18. *Perspectives*. These were pictures which were produced by cutting the surface or edge of a board, so that it should present a number of sides or flats when looked at obliquely. To these sides a print or drawing, cut into parts, was affixed, so that when viewed obliquely, or "awry," the whole picture was seen; but, looked at directly, or "rightly," nothing appeared but confusion.

Staunton quotes Plot's *Natural Hist. of Staffordshire*: "At the right Honourable the Lord Gerard's at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the Great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture."

Cf. *T. A.* v. 1. 224:

"One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A natural perspective, that is and is not!"

*Hen. V.* v. 2. 447: "Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid."

*Perspective* also meant a kind of glass by which optical illusions were produced. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 48:

"Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour."

See also *Sonnet* 24.

D. quotes Baxter's *Sir P. Sydney's Ourania* (1606):

"Glasses perspective,  
Composed by Arte Geometrical,  
Whereby beene wrought thinges Supernaturall;  
Men with halfe bodies, men going in th' Ayre,  
Men all deformed, men as angels fayre,  
Besides other thinges of great admiration,  
Wrought by this Glasses Fabrication."

Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), mentions several kinds of perspective glasses, one of which is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image, and not his own." Hobbes also, in a letter to Davenant, printed in the 1651 ed. of *Gondibert*, speaks of "a curious kind of perspective, where he that looks through a



short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass."

On the accent of *perspectives*, see Gr. 492.

20. *Distinguish form*. Make the form distinct.

25. The line is an Alexandrine. See Gr. 498.

29. On the measure, see Gr. 494; and for line 29, Gr. 497.

30. *Heavy*. See Gr. 1 (Abbott refers to Gr. 2).

31. Johnson suggested "in thinking," which is adopted by Coll., St., D., and others. The sense is the same either way. The queen means that she can fix her thoughts on nothing.

On the use of *as* and the construction of *makes*, see Gr. 280.

33. *Conceit*. Fancy, or "fanciful conception" (Malone). Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 145: "with mere conceit and fear;" *T. of A.* v. 4. 14: "When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit." On the various uses of *conceit* in S., see Schmidt or C., p. 202. He never uses it in its modern sense.

34. *'T is nothing less*. Nothing can be less so; it is anything but fancy. Cf. Latimer, *Sermons*: "Many things were taken for prayer, when they were nothing less."

*Still*. Always. See Gr. 69. The conception of grief, she says, is always derived from some actual grief.

36-38. The sense is obscured by the play upon words, and some of the commentators, like Johnson, have been puzzled to make it out. Collier suggests that "either nothing hath begotten the queen's grief, or there really is something in the nothing that she grieves about;" and this something, we may add, she *possesses in reversion* because she must wait for the future to reveal it to her—"what it *is*, that is not yet known."

41. On the measure, cf. ii. 1. 141, 147 above. Gr. 468.

43. *'T is better hope*. Cf. Gr. 351.

46. *Retir'd his power*. Withdrawn his forces. On the transitive use of *retire*, see Gr. 291; and cf. *R. of L.* 303: "Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward." On *power*=armed force, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 110:

"Never such a power  
For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land."

See also iii. 2. 63 below. S. often uses both the singular and the plural in this sense. For the latter see below, v. 3. 140; *J. C.* iv. 1. 42; *Id.* iv. 3. 308, etc.

49. *Repeals*. Recalls from exile. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 51: "For the repealing of my banish'd brother." See also iv. 1. 87 below.

50. *Uplifted arms*. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 68:

"Your swords are now too massy for your strength,  
And will not be uplifted."

52. *And that is worse*. And what (that *which*) is worse. Rowe (followed by W.) changed *that* to *what*, but the omission of the relative is common enough. See Gr. 244.

53. *His son young Henry Percy*. The reading of the 1st quarto. The other early eds. have "His young son," etc.

57. The 1st quarto has, "And all the rest revolted faction traitors;" the 2d quarto and the folio, "And the rest of the revolted faction traitors;" the 3d and 4th quartos, "And the rest of the revolting faction traitors." Abbott ("quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus") interprets the line thus, in Gr. 246:

"And all the rest (that are) revolted, faction-traitors."

58. *The Earl of Worcester*. Thomas Percy, lord steward of the king's household, and brother of the Earl of Northumberland. For the measure of the line, see Gr. 487, 497.

59. *Hath broke his staff*. Holinshed calls it "his white staff, which is the representing sign and token of his office." On *broke*, see Gr. 343.

61. For the short line, see Gr. 511.

71. *Dissolve*. In its etymological sense of loosen, undo. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 156: "The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd."

72. *Lingers in extremity*. Causes to linger in extreme misery. Cf. *M. A. D.* i. 1. 4: "She lingers my desires."

74. *Signs of war*. Armour; the military gorget. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 174.

75. *Careful*. Full of care, anxious. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 298:

"And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

See Gr. 3.

76. On the measure, see Gr. 497.

77. This line is not in the folio.

80. *Your husband he*. Cf. "The nobles they" in 88 below, and see Gr. 243.

84. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 129: "when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour."

87. *Why, so*. Well, be it so. This use of *so* to express "acquiescence or approbation" (Schmidt) is common in S., though we believe Abbott does not mention it in his Gr. Cf. *Much*, iii. 4. 107: "Why, so;" *M. of I.* i. 3. 170: "If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;" *Temp.* i. 2. 24; *M. for M.* ii. 4. 84; *T. G. of I.* ii. 1. 137; etc.

88. For the measure, see Gr. 465. Pope (followed by D.) reads "the commons cold."

90. *Get thee*. A common reflexive form. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 4. 37: "I'll get me to a place more void;" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 287: "gets him to rest," etc. Gr. 296. On the measure, see Gr. 512.

91. *Presently*. Immediately; as very often in S. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42: "Ariel. Presently? Prospero. Ay, with a twink." See *Mer.* p. 131.

*A thousand pound*. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 60: "seven hundred pound;" *W. T.* iv. 3. 40: "Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 126: "within three pound;" and so frequently, of pounds both sterling and avoirdupois. On the other hand, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 204: "four-score pounds a year;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 23: "Keep your hundred pounds," etc. So S. sometimes uses *shilling, mile, year*, etc. in the plural. See Mätzner, vol. i. pp. 230, 240.

On the measure, see Gr. 497.

92. *Hold, take my ring.* On this interjectional use of *hold*, see *J. C.* p. 140.

95. *To report.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

98. *God for his mercy.* That is, I pray God for his mercy. Gr. 155.

101. *So my untruth*, etc. Provided no disloyalty in me had provoked him to it. On *so*, see Gr. 133.

102. *My brother's.* That is, Gloucester's.

103. The reading of 1st quarto. The folio omits *no*. For the measure, see Gr. 512.

105. *Come, sister—cousin I would say.* "This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind" (Steevens).

108. On the measure of this line and 111, see Gr. 507. Collier suggests that the irregularity of the metre here is meant to accord with York's perturbed state of mind.

113. *Bids.* On the number here and in 115, see Gr. 336.

119. *Berkeley Castle.* The quartos omit *castle*. *Berkeley* is "Barkly," "Barckly," or "Barkley" in the old copies, indicating the pronunciation.

The castle is on the southeast side of the town of Berkeley, on a height commanding a fine view of the Severn, and is in perfect preservation in our day. It was here that Edward II. was murdered, Sept. 21, 1327. Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, 53:

"Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall reëcho with affright  
The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's roofs that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king!"

121. *At six and seven.* The earlier form of the phrase "at sixes and sevens," which is still in colloquial use. Its origin is not known. Bacon speaks of Pope Sixtus V. as "a fierce thundering friar that would set all at six and seven; or at six and five, if you allude to his name." See Nares.

122. *The wind sits fair.* See on ii. 1. 265.

123. *Power.* See on 46 above.

125. *Is all impossible.* See Gr. 28, 442. The folio has "impossible."

127. *Those love not.* Those *who* love not. Gr. 244.

128. *That's the wavering commons.* See Gr. 335.

132. *If judgment*, etc. "If the power of condemnation lie in the Commons, then so do we stand condemned."

136. *Office.* Service. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 129: "I will no more enforce my office on you."

137. *Hateful.* Full of hate, malignant. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 23: "hide thee from their hateful looks."

141. *Presages.* In the only other metrical passages in which S. uses the word as a noun (*K. John*, i. 1. 28 and iii. 4. 158) the accent is on the first syllable. Cf. Gr. 490.

147. *Farewell*, etc. The folio gives this line to Bushy, as does St. In the quartos it is joined to Green's preceding speech. D. and W. give it to Bagot.

148. *I fear me.* Often used reflexively by S. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 283;

*T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 61, 67; etc. See also iii. 2. 67 below. Cf. its transitive use in *M. of V.* ii. 1. 9: "this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant;" *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "fear boys with bugs," etc.

SCENE III.—5. On the number of *draws* and *makes*, see Gr. 333. Rowe changed them to the plural.

7. *Delectable*. For the accent, see Gr. 492.

9. *Cotswold*. Cotswold Downs in Gloucestershire, a famous hunting-ground. The quartos spell the word here "Cotshall," and the folio "Coltshold." Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 92: "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotshall."

10. *In*. In the case of. Gr. 162.

12. *Process*. "Long course." The C. P. ed. remarks that "the word seems always to be used as connoting 'tediousness' and 'weariness';" but that is hardly the case in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 36:

"For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
Finish the process of his sandy hour."

Cf. also *Sonn.* 104. 6.

15. *To joy*. To enjoy. Cf. v. 3. 95 below; and for its transitive use, v. 6. 26.

18. For the measure, see Gr. 494; and on line 20, Gr. 506.

21. *Percy* is metrically a trisyllable. Gr. 478.

23. For the measure here and in 25 and 26, see Gr. 512, 513. For line 24, see Gr. 497; for line 29, Gr. 497 or 501.

27. See ii. 2. 58 above.

41. *Tender*. Perhaps used carelessly, as the C. P. ed. suggests; though if it be a pun it could hardly be worse than the one in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 11:

"Why tender'st thou that paper to me with  
A look untender?"

51. *Stir*. "The state of being in motion or action" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 127: "There is no stir or walking in the streets;" *Macb.* i. 3. 144: "Chance may crown me Without my stir."

55. For the measure, see Gr. 456.

61. *Unfelt*. Expressed in words only, and not in a palpable or substantial way. *Treasury* is the antecedent of *which*.

62. *Love and labour's recompense*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return;" *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 16: "As soul and body's severing." Gr. 397.

67. For the measure, see Gr. 506.

70. *To Lancaster*. That is. I answer to the name of Lancaster, not Hereford.

77. The reading of the 1st quarto. The folio has "the most glorious of this Land."

78. *Pricks*. See on ii. 1. 207.

79. *The absent time*. "The time of the king's absence" (Johnson).

80. *Self-born*. "Native, home-sprung." Abbott (Gr. 20) explains it as "divided against themselves." Schmidt takes the word to be *self-borne* (it is so spelled in all the early eds., but no argument can be based

on that fact), and defines it "borne for one's self (not for the king)." W. and H. have *self-borne*; most other eds. *self-born*. The only other instance of the compound in S. is in *W. T.* iv. 1. 8 ("in one self-born hour"), where no one, so far as we are aware, has attempted to define it. Schmidt considers it "quite unintelligible."

81. *Need transport*. On the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

84. *Deceivable*. Deceptive, treacherous. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 3. 21: "There's something in it That is deceivable."

87. *Grace me no grace*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 153: "Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds." Malone cites *Solyman and Perseida* (1599): "Typhon me no Typhons, but swear," etc.; Peele, *Edward I.*: "Ease me no easings," etc.; Copley, *Love's Owle* (1595): "All me no alls, for all is nought," etc.

The folio omits "no uncle."

90. *A dust*. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 93: "A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair." In *Id.* iii. 4. 128, we have "each dust."

91. *But then, more why*. But then, still more; "but, to add more questions" (Malone). We follow the 1st quarto with Coll., St., Sr., W., *et al.* The other early eds. have "But more then (than) why."

93. *Pale-fac'd*. "Proleptic," the effect of the fright being anticipated.

94. *Despised*. Despicable. Schmidt suggests that it may mean "creating despite, hateful." The Coll. MS. has "despoiling." Other conjectures are "despiteful," "disposed," "despited," and "displayed;" but, as the C. P. ed. remarks, *despised* is required as antithetical to *ostentation*. Cf. in 109 below *detested*=detestable, and in ii. 1. 26 *unavoided*=unavoidable.

99. "It does not appear that S. had any historical authority for this statement. No such incident is recorded of the battle of Navarette, at which the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were present in 1367. Gaunt was not with the Prince at Poitiers in 1356, nor did the Prince accompany him in his expedition to France in 1372; and there is no mention of the Duke of York on any of these occasions" (C. P. ed.).

103. *Chastise*. Accent on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except in *Temp.* v. 1. 263. Gr. 471.

106. *On what condition*. For *on*, see Gr. 181. Johnson suggested *In*, which D. adopts. Cf. next line.

111. *Braving*. "Ostentatiously defiant" (C. P. ed.). Cf. 143 below. It seems to be used in a similar sense in *A. W.* i. 2. 3: "A braving war" (Schmidt).

113. *For Lancaster*. As Lancaster. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 182: "Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?" *A. and C.* i. 2. 198: "For the main soldier." Cf. Gr. 148.

115. *Indifferent*. Impartial. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 17: "No judge indifferent."

120. *Perforce*. By force. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95: "took perforce my ring away," etc.

121. *Unthrifts*. Prodigals. Cf. *Sonn.* 9. 9: "Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend;" *Sonn.* 13. 13: "O, none but unthrifts." The word is used as an adjective in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 311 and *M. of V.* v. 1. 16.

122. *If that*. See Gr. 287.

123. For the measure, see Gr. 469.

126. *Should*. Used where we should use *would*. Gr. 322.

127. To rouse a wild beast was to drive him from his lair. Cf. *V. and A.* 240; *T. A.* ii. 2. 21, etc. A stag was said to be *at bay*, or *bayed* (cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 204: "Here wast thou bayed, brave hart") or *driven to bay*, when tired out or desperate he turned upon his pursuers. Cf. *V. and A.* 877; *T. of S.* v. 2. 56; 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 52, etc.

128, 129. See on ii. 1. 202, 203.

133. *Challenge law*. Demand justice, claim my legal rights. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 188: "So much I challenge;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 6: "Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;" *C. of E.* iv. 1. 83: "I shall have law in Ephesus;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 142: "I stand here for law."

135. *Free*. "Unimpeachable, direct" (C. P. ed.).

137. *It stands your grace upon*. It is incumbent on your grace. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 63: "Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon;" *A. and C.* ii. 1. 50:

"It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands."

142. *In this kind*. In this manner. So in 146 below.

143. *Be*. On the omission and insertion of the infinitive *to* in the same sentence, see Gr. 349, 350.

144. *It may not be*. See Gr. 310.

153. *Ill left*. Left by the king in bad condition. On *power*=army, see on ii. 2. 46.

155. *Attich*. Arrest; a law term. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 6 (see also 73): "I'll attach you by this officer."

159. *In*. Into. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 56:

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears;"

*Ham.* v. 1. 301: "leaping in her grave." Gr. 159.

160. *Repose you*. See Gr. 296.

163. *Bristol*. "Bristow" in all the early eds. except 5th quarto, which has "Bristoll."

164. *Complices*. Accomplices. Cf. iii. 1. 43; 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 163, etc.

166. *Weed*. To *weed caterpillars* is to mix metaphors. See Gr. 529 (4).

167. On the measure, see Gr. 497.

168. *I'll pause*. Cf. 158: "I do remain as neuter."

170. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "Past cure is still past cure;" *Mach.* iii. 2. 11:

"Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard."

SCENE IV.—See introduction to scene ii. above.

Johnson suggested that this scene had been accidentally misplaced, and that it should have been the second of the next act.

8. Holinshed says: "In this year [1399], in a manner throughout all the realm of England, old bay-trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to

all men's thinking, grew green again; a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event."

This was reckoned a bad omen because of the sacred estimation in which the bay-tree was held. Lupton, in his *Syxt Booke of Notable Things*, says: "Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a Bay-tree is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell."

Evelyn says in his *Sylva*: "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed that the bay is ominous of some funest accident, if that be so accounted which Suetonius (in *Galba*) affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter; and much later, that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceding a great pestilence, almost all the bay trees about that famous university grew sick and perished: 'Certo quasi praesagio (says my author) Apollinem Musasque subsequenti anno urbe illa bonarum literarum domicilio excessuras.'"

Johnson remarks: "This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking." Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 13 fol.

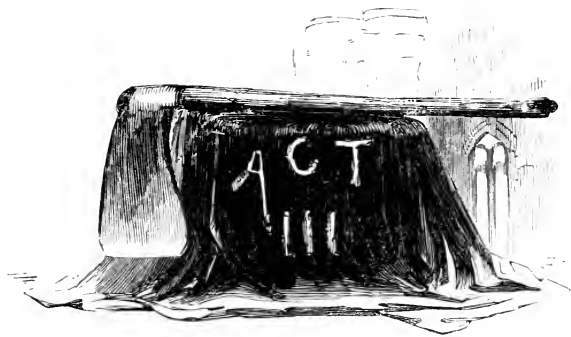
11. *Lean-look'd.* Lean-looking. For similar examples, see Gr. 294, 374.

15. *Or fall.* These words are found only in the 1st quarto; and the same is true of *the* in 18 below.

18. *Of heavy mind.* On the omission of *my* or *the*, see Gr. 82.

20. *Base.* Low. Cf. "base court" in iii. 3. 176, 180 below.

24. *Crossly.* Adversely.



SCENE I.—3. *Part.* Cf. *Per.* v. 3. 38: "We with tears parted Pentapolis." We still say, "departed this life." Gr. 198.

4. *Urging.* Laying stress upon, dwelling upon. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 144: "I urge this childhood proof," etc.

9. *Happy*. Fortunate. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 66: "Not so happy, yet much happier" (that is, not so fortunate, yet much more blessed). Gr. 419a.

10. *Unhappied*. Made unhappy. Used nowhere else by S.

*Clean*. Completely. Cf. *Sonn.* 75. 10: "Clean starv'd;" *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "Clean from the purpose," etc. See also *Joshua*, iii. 17; *Ps.* lxxvii. 8; *Isa.* xxiv. 19, etc.

11. *In manner*. In a manner (*K. John*, v. 7. 89: "it is in a manner done already"), as it were.

As the queen was only nine years old, and the former queen had died five years before, there is no historical ground for the charge which S. puts into Bolingbroke's mouth (C.P. ed.).

13. *Broke*. See on ii. 2. 59. Gr. 343.

20. *Foreign clouds*. "That is, clouds of breath exhaled in foreign climes" (Hunter). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 139: "Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs."

22. *Signories*. Estates, manors. Cf. iv. 1. 89 below. In *Temp.* i. 2. 71, it means principalities.

23. *Dispark'd*. To *dispark* is a legal term, meaning to destroy the enclosures of a park and throw it open.

24. *Coat*. That is, coat of arms blazoned in the painted windows.

25. *Impress*. An emblem or device with a motto, which in this instance was "Souveraine."

29. *The death*. Often used in this sense of "the judicial penalty of death." Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 165; *M. A. D.* i. 1. 65, etc.

For the measure, see Gr. 497. Pope omitted *over*.

32. The folio reading. The quartos have, "Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell." As W. suggests, these two words were probably the interpolation of an actor, and were struck out in revising the text for the folio. Coll., St., and some other editors retain them.

37. *Entreated*. Treated; as often in S. and other writers of the time. Cf. *Jer.* xv. 11; *Acts*, vii. 6; 1 *Tim.* v. 1, etc.

38. *Commends*. Commendations, greetings. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 90: "Commends and courteous breath." See also iii. 3. 126 below.

41. *At large*. That is, expressed fully, or at length. Cf. v. 6. 10 below. The phrase occurs often in S.

42. Pope inserted *my* before *lords*, and the Coll. MS. has the same emendation.

44. *After*. Afterwards. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc. The word is an adjective in *Oth.* i. 3. 35: "An after fleet;" that is, one sent after.

SCENE II.—1. *Barkloughly*. Holinshed is the only authority for this name, which he spells "Barclowlie" or "Barclowly." It doubtless should be "Hertlowly," which some identify as Harlech in North Wales.

*Call you*. The reading of all the early eds. except 1st quarto, which "call they."

On the measure, see Gr. 482; and for the next line, Gr. 497.



*Brooks*, as Schmidt gives it, here "comes near the sense of *likes*." Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4 3:

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

4. *Needs*. Of necessity. Gr. 25.

5. *To stand*. On this "indefinite use of the infinitive," see Gr. 356.

8. *A long-parted mother with her child*. A mother long parted from her child. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 134: "A constant woman to her husband." See other examples in Gr. 419a. On the use of *with*, see Gr. 194.

9. *Smiles*. We prefer to consider this word a noun, but some make it a verb, putting a comma after *tears*.

15. *Their*. The plural pronoun takes the place of the preceding *his*; or, as has been suggested, it may refer by anticipation to *feet*.

19, 20. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 66:

"look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't."

21. *Double*. Forked. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 9: "You spotted snakes with double tongue."

*Mortal*. Deadly. Cf. *R. of L.* 364: "his mortal sting;" *Rich.* III. i. 2. 146: "mortal poison;" Milton, *P. L.* i. 2: "that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste," etc.

23. *Conjuration*. Adjuration. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 48: "An earnest conjuration from the king." The verb *conjure* is still used in a similar sense. The conjuration is called *senseless* because addressed to a senseless thing.

25. *Native*. "Hereditary, legitimate" (Schmidt). Richard was born at Bordeaux.

26. *Rebellious*. The reading of the folio and later quartos; the 1st and 2d quartos have "rebellion's."

29-32. Omitted in the folio.

34. *Security*. Carelessness. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 8: "security gives way to conspiracy;" *Macb.* iii. 5. 32: "Security is mortals' chiefest enemy." Cf. also the use of *securely* in ii. 1. 266 above.

35. *Friends*. The folio reading; the quartos have "power."

36. *Discomfortable*. Used by S. nowhere else. Schmidt is doubtful whether it means "wanting hope" or "discouraging."

37, 38. Malone proposed to read,

"That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights  
The lower world, is hid behind the globe;"

but such transpositions are not unusual in S. Cf. i. 1. 163: "Despite of death that lives upon my grave." See Gr. 262, 263. Hammer and Johnson read "and lights the lower world." Hunter makes the "direct construction" to be "that lights the lower world behind the globe."

40. *Boldly*. The 1st quarto has "bouldy;" the other early eds. "bloudy," "bloodie," or "bloody." Coll. conjectured *boldly*, and has been followed by D., W., and others.

43. *Light*. The folio has "lightning."

49. Omitted in the folio, "perhaps intentionally" (W.).

55. *The balm*. The consecrated oil. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 17: "The balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed." See also iv. 1. 207 below.

58. *Press'd*. Impressed, forced into military service. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 122: "being press'd to the war;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16, 22, 40, etc.

59. *Shrewd*. "Sharp" (C. P. ed.), or perhaps better, "evil, wicked," as Schmidt explains it. See notes on the word in our *Hen. VIII.* p. 202 and C. pp. 221-224.

64. *Near*. The old form of *nearer*. See Gr. 478, and cf. v. 1. 28 below.

70. *Twelve thousand*. Holinshed makes it forty thousand.

76. *But now*. A moment ago. See Gr. 130.

80. *Will*. See Gr. 319.

84. *Sluggard*. The folio reading; the quartos have "coward."

85. *Forty*. As in folio; the quartos have "twenty."

91. Sir Stephen Scroop, or Scrope, of Masham, elder brother to William, Earl of Wiltshire, was distinguished for his loyalty to Richard.

92. *Deliver*. Cf. iii. 3. 34 and iv. 1. 9 below; also *Temp.* ii. 1. 45: "as he most learnedly delivered."

94. The worst thou canst unfold is worldly loss. See on 37, 38 above.

109. *His*. Its. Gr. 228.

110. *Fearful*. Full of fear. Cf. iii. 3. 73 below; *V. and A.* 677: "these fearful creatures;" that is, "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful, flying hare" in 3 *Hen. IV.* ii. 5. 130), the fox, and the roe. See also *Judges*, vii. 3; *Matt.* viii. 26, etc.

112. *White-beards*. That is, white-bearded men. The folio has "White Beares." *Thin and hairless* means, of course, with thin hair or none.

114. *Clap their female joints*. Hastily thrust their weak, womanish limbs. Pope changed *clap* to "clasp," and the Coll. MS. gives "feeble" for *female*. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 231: "Clapped under hatches;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 25: "a pennyworth of sugar clapped into my hand," etc.

115. *In*. Into. Cf. ii. 3. 160 above. Gr. 159.

116. *Beadsmen*. "Old pensioners, so called because they were bound to pray for those by whose alms they were supported" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 18: "I will be thy beadsman, Valentine." See also *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 315.

117. *Double-fatal*. Doubly fatal, "because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death" (Warburton). *Yew* is spelled "ewe" and "eugh" in the early eds. In the 3d and 4th quartos it is misprinted "woe." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 9: "The Eugh, obedient to the benders will."

118. *Manage*. Handle, wield. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 76:

"Put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me."

*Bills* were "a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen" (Nares). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 44; *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, etc.

Lines 112-120 are thus pointed in the folio:

"White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps  
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,  
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints  
In stiffe vnwioldie Armes: against thy Crowne  
Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State  
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:  
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,  
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell."

St. adopts this division of the sentences.

121. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 174:

"O, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!"

125. *Peaceful.* Undisturbed, unresisted.

126. *Heads.* The folio has "hands."

128. *Peace.* Cf. the play on the word in *Macb.* iv. 3. 178, 179.

131. *Heart-blood.* See Gr. 22.

132. *Three Judases.* Four names are mentioned in 122, 123. According to Holinshed, Bagot escaped to Chester, and thence to Ireland. They therefore proposed to read "he got" for "Bagot" in 122.

134. *Offence.* Omitted in quartos.

135. *His propriety.* Its proper nature. See on 109 above.

139. *Hand.* The quartos have "wound."

140. *Grav'd.* Buried. See Gr. 294.

141. *Is.* See Gr. 335, 336, and cf. iii. 3. 168; iii. 4. 24 (folio, "comes"), etc.

143. *Power.* See on ii. 2. 46.

153. *Model.* Johnson says: "He uses *model* for *mould*; that earth, which, closing upon the body, takes its form." Malone explains it in a similar way. According to Douce, the word here "seems to mean a measure, portion, or quantity." See Trench's *Select Glossary*, s. v.

154. "A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a *pie*" (Johnson).

158. *The ghosts they have depos'd.* The ghosts of those whom they have deposed. "The Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context" (Gr. 382).

161. *Rounds.* Surrounds, encircles. Cf. *M. V. D.* iv. 1. 56:

"For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers."

Douce suggests that this passage was suggested by one of the illustrations in the *Imagines Mortis*, improperly attributed to Holbein. The picture represents a king on his throne, with courtiers about him, while a grinning skeleton stands behind in the act of removing the crown from his head. Death is not *sitting in* the crown, as S. expresses it, and as the commentators also state it, though any one who looks carefully at the fac-simile of the picture (see Knight's pictorial ed.) will see how the mistake originated. The skeleton, being directly *behind* the king, appears at first glance to be rising from the crown. Some of the editors say that

he is sitting in the crown *and* taking it off—a mechanical impossibility, though we will not assert that a ghost would find it such.

162. *Antic*. Buffoon. Cf. *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 18: "Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn."

163. *Scoffing his state*. That is, at his state. Gr. 200.

164. *A breath*. A brief time. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 134: "One minute, may one quiet breath of rest." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 145.

166. *Self and vain conceit*. Vain self-conceit, or estimate of self. See on ii. 2. 33.

168. *Humour'd*. Abbott (Gr. 378) explains the construction thus:

"And, (man having been) humour'd thus,  
(Death) comes at the last."

It is doubtful, as Schmidt suggests, whether *humour'd* is to be construed thus, or as = "in this humour," referring to Death.

173. *Tradition*. "Traditional practices; that is, established or customary homage" (Johnson). "Addition" was suggested by Roderick, and D. approves it, but no change seems called for.

174. *Mistook*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 48, and see Gr. 343.

175. *With bread*. Cf. *1 Hen. II.* iii. 1. 162: "I had rather live With cheese and garlic." Gr. 193. On the measure, see Gr. 510. Perhaps something has dropped out of the text here.

176. *Subjected*. Made a subject; antithetical to *king* in next line.

178. The folio reading. The quartos have "ne'er sit and wail their woes."

179. *Presently*. Immediately. Gr. 59.

182. Omitted in the folio.

183. *To fight*. To fighting; to you if you fight. Gr. 356.

184. "That is, to die fighting is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers" (Johnson).

185. *Where*. Whereas. See Gr. 134.

*Fearing dying*. Yielding to death through fear.

186. *Of*. About, concerning. See Gr. 174.

190. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529(4).

198. *By small and small*. For the construction, see Gr. 5.

203. *Upon his faction*. Upon his side. This is the folio reading; the quartos have "his party," which means the same.

204. *Beshrew*. A mild form of imprecation. Cf. *Sonn.* 133. 1: "Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 14: "Beshrew your eyes," etc. See on *shrewd*, 59 above.

On *which*, see Gr. 268; and on *forth*, Gr. 156. *Forth of* = out of, away from. Cf. extract from Holinshed, p. 194, first line.

209. *Flint Castle*. In North Wales, about twelve miles from Chester. It is still standing, though in a very ruinous condition. According to Leland, it was built by Edward I. In the civil wars of Charles I. it was garrisoned by the royal party, but was besieged and taken by the parliamentary forces in 1643.

211. *That power*, etc. Discharge the soldiers that I have.

212. *To ear*. To plough, or till. Cf. *V. and A.* dedication, 5: "never

after ear so barren a land ;” *A. W.* i. 3. 47 : “ He that ears my land spares my team ;” *A. and C.* i. 4. 49 :

“ Make the sea serve them which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind.”

See also *Deut.* xxi. 4 ; *Isa.* xxx. 24, etc.

*That hath*, etc. That promises to be productive. Delius would change *hath* to *have*, making *them* the antecedent of *that* ; but this seems unnecessary. The meaning seems to be : Let them go to till the land, from which they may expect a better return than from serving a king whose cause is hopeless.

SCENE III.—The following is Holinshed’s account of the events in this scene :

“ King Richard being thus come unto the Castle of Flint, and the Duke of Hereford being still advertised from hour to hour by posts how the Earl of Northumberland sped, the morrow following he came thither, and mustered his army before the King’s presence, which undoubtedly made a passing fair show, being very well ordered by the Lord Henry Percy, that was appointed general, or rather, as we may call him, master of the camp, under the Duke, of the whole army.

“ There were come already to the castle, before the approaching of the main army, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Aumerle, the Earl of Worcester, and divers others. The Archbishop entered first, and then followed the others, coming into the first ward.

“ The King, that was walking aloft on the brays of the walls to behold the coming of the Duke afar off, might see that the Archbishop and the others were come, and, as he took it, to talk with him : whereupon he forthwith came down unto them, and beholding that they did their due reverence to him on their knees, he took them up, and drawing the Archbishop aside from the residue, talked with him a good while, and, as it was reported, the Archbishop willed him to be of good comfort, for he should be assured not to have any hurt as touching his person ; but he prophesied not as a prelate, but as a Pilate, as by the sequel it well appeared.

“ After that the Archbishop had now here at Flint communed with the King, he departed, and taking his horse again, rode back to meet the Duke, who began at that present to approach the castle, and compassed it round about, even down to the sea, with his people arranged in good and seemly order at the foot of the mountains ; and then the Earl of Northumberland, passing forth of the castle to the Duke, talked with him awhile in the sight of the King, being again got up to the walls to take a better view of the army, being now advanced within two bow-shots of the castle, to the small rejoicing, ye may be sure, of the sorrowful King.

“ The Earl of Northumberland, returning to the castle, appointed to the King to be set to dinner (for he was fasting till then), and after he had dined the Duke came down to the castle himself, and entered the same all armed, his bassinet only excepted, and being within the first

gate, he stayed there till the King came forth of the inner part of the castle unto him.

"The King, accompanied with the Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sir Stephen Scrope, knight, who bare the sword before him, and a few other, came forth into the utter ward, and sat down in a place prepared for him. Forthwith as the Duke got sight of the King, he showed a reverent duty, as became him, in bowing his knee; and coming forward, did so likewise the second and third time, till the King took him by the hand, and lift him up, saying, 'Dear cousin, ye are welcome.' The Duke, humbly thanking him, said, 'My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming at this present, is (your honour saved) to have again restitution of my person, my lands, and heritage, through your favourable licence.' The King hereunto answered, 'Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that ye may enjoy all that is yours, without exception.'"

10. *Mistakes*. Rowe added "me" to help out the measure; but see Gr. 487.

12. *Would you have been*, etc. If you should have been, or if you had been disposed to be, etc. Cf. Gr. 322, 331. On *so*, see Gr. 281.

14. *Taking so the head*. Johnson thought this meant "to take undue liberties;" Douce, "to take away the sovereign's chief title." The latter seems the better.

17. *Mistake*. Take wrongly or unjustly. There is a play on the word, which some editors indicate by printing it "mis-take."

*O'er your head*. So in folio; the 1st and 2d quartos have "over our heads," the 3d and 4th "over your heads."

26. *Yond*. Equivalent to *yon* or *yonder*, but not a contraction of the latter word, as W., H., and other editors who print it *yond* appear to consider it. Here the folio has "yond," the quartos "yon." See *Temp.* p. 121, note on "What thou seest yond."

30. *Belike*. Probably. Common in S., but now obsolete.

31. On the short line, see Gr. 512.

32. *Ribs*. The C. P. ed. compares *K. John*, ii. 1. 384: "The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city."

33. *Parle*. The quartos have "parlee" (parley). See on i. 1. 192.

34. *His*. Its. See on iii. 2. 109 above; and for *deliver*, on iii. 2. 92.

38. *Hither come*. Having come hither.

41. *Be freely granted*. The subject is the preceding clause, which = my recall from banishment and the restoration of my lands.

52. *Tatter'd*. So in folio and later quartos; "tottered" in 1st and 2d quartos. As Coll. and D. state, this is simply "a variety of spelling." Schmidt also defines the word here as "torn, ragged." In *K. John*, v. 5. 7, the folio has "our tott'ring colours;" and in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 37, "a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls."

53. *Perus'd*. Surveyed, examined. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 74: "Let me peruse this face;" *C. of E.* i. 2. 13:

"Till that, I'll view the manners of this town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings."

Tennyson (*Princess*, ii.) has

"At those high words we, conscious of ourselves,  
Perused the matting."

56. *Shock*. Here the 1st quarto furnishes the correct reading. The other early eds. have "smoke," "smoake," or "smoak."

57. *Cheeks of heaven*. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 4: "the welkin's cheek."

60. *Not on him*. That is, not to extinguish him.

61. *King Richard how he looks*. See Gr. 414.

62-67. The early eds. give these lines to Bolingbroke; Warburton. Hanmer, K., Sr., and W., to York; D., to Percy. Warburton remarks that they are "absurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's." Besides, as W. points out, "Bolingbroke, as will be seen by the last twelve lines previous to the appearance of Richard, has marched away with his army from the castle, to which he afterwards returns and asks Northumberland, 'What says the king?'"

71. *Harm*. The Coll. MS. has "storm," which D. and Sr. adopt.

73. *Fearful*. See on iii. 2. 110.

76. *Awful*. Full of awe, as fearful = full of fear. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 176: "We come within our awful banks again." Hence it comes to mean "filled with reverence for all that deserves it, conscientious" (Schmidt), as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 46: "Thrust from the company of awful men."

81. *Profane*. Commit sacrilege.

83. *Have torn their souls*. Have perjured themselves. The metaphor seems to be taken from the act of tearing a legal document.

89. *That lift*. The antecedent of *that* is implied in *your*. Gr. 218.

90. *Threat*. Threaten. Used only in verse and in the present tense (Schmidt). Cf. *V. and A.* 620: "Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes;" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 127: "To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us."

94. *To ope the purple testament*. To open and carry into execution the blood-stained will.

96. On the metaphor, see Gr. 529 (5).

97. *The flower of England's face*. The blooming surface of the land. Steevens cites Sidney, *Arcadia*: "the sweet and beautiful flower of her face."

98. *Maid-pale*. White or fair as a maiden. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 47: "this pale and maiden blossom."

102. *Civil and uncivil*. Civil in one sense (as in "civil war"), not civil in another. Or *uncivil* may mean rude, as in *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 17: "uncivil outrages."

105. *Honourable tomb*. That of Edward III. in Westminster Abbey.

109. Holinshed states that John of Gaunt was buried in St. Paul's.

114. *Enfranchisement*. "Restoration to his full rights as a free Englishman" (C. P. ed.).

115. *Party*. Part. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 28:

"have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?"

116. *Commend*. Give up, deliver over. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 28: "I did commend your highness' letters to them;" *Macb.* i. 7. 11: "Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips."

117. *Barbed*. Armoured; used only of horses. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 1. 10: "mounting barbed steeds." Not to be confounded with *barb*, a Barbary horse. See Wb. under *barb* and *barded*.

121. *Returns*. Returns answer. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 46:

"The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,  
Returns us that his powers are not yet ready."

See also i. 3. 122 above.

126. *Commends*. See on iii. 1. 38. Gr. 451.

128. *Poorly*. "Without spirit, dejectedly" (Schmidt). Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 71: "Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts."

136. *Words of sooth*. Words of concession, or of flattery. Cf. *Per.* i. 2. 44:

"When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life."

So *soothers* = flatterers in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 7:

"I cannot flatter; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers."

On *sooth* = truth, see *Mer.* p. 127.

137. *Lesser*. See on ii. 1. 95.

146. *O' God's name*. See Gr. 24. 169. The folio has *o'*, the quartos *a*.

154. *Obscure*. Accent on first syllable, as usually in S. when the word is an adjective. See Gr. 492.

156. *Common trade*. Common passage. Lord Surrey, in his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, book ii., translates "pervius usus" by the same expression:

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,  
A common trade, to pass through Priam's house."

According to Wedgwood, *trade* is derived from *tread*, meaning literally "a trodden way, a beaten path or course." Wb., on the other hand, makes it from the Latin *tractare*, through the French *traiter*. However that may be, there is an obsolete *trade*, as Wb. states, meaning *tread*. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6. 39:

"As Shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges shade  
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade."

162. *Lodge*. Throw down, lay. The word is still used by farmers in this sense. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 55: "Though bladed corn be lodg'd."

164. *Wantons*. Triflers.

168. *There lies*. See on iii. 2. 141. Gr. 335.

169. On the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244. The sentence forms the epitaph that Richard proposes for the graves.

175. *Ay*. Always spelled "I" in the early eds. There is a play upon *You* and *ay*, not upon *leg* and *ay* (eye), as some commentators make it. In *R. and J.* (iii. 2. 45), however, there is a play on *ay* and *eye*. See also iv. 1. 201 below.



176. *Base court.* The outer court of the castle, which was usually on a lower level than the inner court; the French *basse cour*.

178. *Glistering.* *Glisten* is not used by S. See *Mer.* p. 145.

179. *Wanting the manage of.* Unable to control. *Manage* is especially used of horses. See *Mer.* p. 153.

185. *Fondly.* Foolishly. See *Mer.* pp. 146, 152, and cf. iv. 1. 72 below. On *makes*, see Gr. 336. Cf. *V. and A.* 988: "Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous."

191. *To make.* See Gr. 356.

192. *Me rather had.* See Gr. 230.

195. *Thus high.* Here some insert the explanatory stage direction, "*touching his own head.*"

198. *So far be mine.* That is, may they so far be mine.

202. *Uncle.* Addressed to York.

203. *Want their remedies.* Are without their remedies, do not avail.

204. Bolingbroke and Richard were both born in 1366, and were now thirty-three years old.

208. *Set on.* Lead forward, set out. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 14 and v. 2. 3.

SCENE IV.—4. *Rubs.* In bowling the word denoted any impediment that might divert the ball from its course. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 188: "But every rub is smoothed on our way" (see also v. 2. 33); *Cor.* iii. 1. 60:

"nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit."

11. *Of sorrow or of joy?* The early eds. read "or of grieve?" St. John's Capell, reading "Of joy or grief?"

14. *Remember.* Remind. Cf. i. 3. 269 above.

15. *Altogether had.* Altogether possessed; wholly occupying my mind.

18. *Complain.* Complain of, bewail. Gr. 291.

20. On the use of *shouldst* and *wouldst* here, cf. Gr. 322 and 326.

22. *And I could sing,* etc. Pope changed *sing* to *weep*, which D. adopts and Sr. approves. W. explains it thus as it stands: "The queen says that, if weeping would do her any good, she has shed tears enough herself to be able to sing;—the emphasis being, 'And I could *sing*,' etc." The Camb. ed. paraphrases it as follows: "And I could even sing for joy if my troubles were only such as weeping could alleviate, and then I would not ask you to weep for me."

26. *My wretchedness.* "I will wake my great wretchedness against the merest trifle" (C. P. ed.).

28. *Against a change.* In anticipation of a change. Gr. 142.

*Woe is forerun with woe.* That is, *by* woe; "sadness is the harbinger or precursor of disaster." Gr. 193.

29. *Apricocks.* Apricots; the old spelling. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 1. 169: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries."

32. *Supportance.* Support. Used by S. only here and in *T. A.* iii. 4. 329: "the supportance of his vow."

34. *Too-fast-growing.* See Gr. 434.

38. *Noisome*. Noxious. Cf. *Ps.* xci. 3: "the noisome pestilence."
40. *Pale*. Enclosure. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 45: "How are we park'd and bounded in a pale."
46. *Knots*. Flower-beds laid out in fanciful shapes. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 242: "In beds and curious knots."
51. *In eating him*. While depriving him of nourishment. The allusion is to the farming of the land to the Earl of Wiltshire, who "seemed to hold him up" by supplying him with money, though really on usurious terms.
56. *Dress'd*. Tilled; as in 73 below. Cf. *Gen.* ii. 15.
57. *We*. Wanting in the early eds.; inserted by Capell. On the omission of the article in *at time of year*, see Gr. 89.
59. *In sap*. The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "with sap."
60. *It* may refer either to the "bark" or to the "fruit-trees" taken distributively.
63. On the measure, see Gr. 506. The 2d folio has "All superfluous," which D. adopts. W. suggests that *superfluous* is accented on the penult.
66. The folio reading; the quartos have "waste of." Pope changed *hath* to *have*; but see Gr. 334.
67. On the use of *shall*, see Gr. 315. Pope inserted *then*, which is in none of the early eds.
69. *'Tis doubl'*. 'T is feared or suspected. The folio has "doubted." Cf. Gr. 342, under which this may possibly come. We have "'t is doubt" in another sense in i. 4. 20.
72. *Press'd to death*. An allusion to the old custom of putting a person to death by piling weights upon the chest. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 76: "Press me to death with wit;" *M. for M.* v. 1. 528: "pressing to death." The punishment was known as *peine forte et dure*, and was inflicted on those who when arraigned refused to plead.
74. On the measure, see Gr. 498. Pope omitted *harsh rude*.
75. *Suggested*. Prompted, tempted. See on i. 1. 101. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 164.
76. *Cursed man*. Cf. *Gen.* iii. 17-19.
78. *Thou little better thing than earth*. On the arrangement, see Gr. 419a.
79. *Divine*. Prophecy. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 124: "If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so."
80. *By this ill-tidings*. On *by*, see Gr. 145. Pope changed *this* to *these*; but see on ii. 1. 272.
83. *He*. See Gr. 243. *Hold* = grasp.
86. The C. P. ed. cites *M. of I.* iii. 2. 91: "Making them lightest that wear most of it."
89. *Odds*. Used by S. both as singular and plural, like *tidings* and *news*. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41: "these odds;" *A. and C.* iv. 15. 66: "the odds is gone," etc.
100. *This news*. The folio reading; the quartos have "these news." As just stated, S. uses both forms.

101. *Pray God.* The folio substitutes "I would."

102. *Sa.* See Gr. 133.

104. *Fall.* Let fall. All the early eds. except 1st quarto have "drop." S. often uses *fall* transitively. See Gr. 291 and our ed. of *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests.*

105. *Rue.* "The plant *Ruta graveolens*, called also *herb of grace*, and used on account of its name as a symbol of sorry remembrance" (Schmidt). This is the most probable of the various explanations of *herb of grace*. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 181: "There 's rue for you; and here 's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays." See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 74.

106. *Ruth.* Pity. Cf. *Sonn.* 132. 4: "Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain;" Milton, *Lyc.* 163: "Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;" Tennyson, *Enid*: "Had ruth again on Enid."



SCENE I. — Holinshed, after describing Bagot's bill of accusation against Aumerle, continues:

"There was also contained in the said bill, that Bagot had heard the Duke of Aumerle say that he had liefer than twenty thousand pounds that the Duke of Hereford was dead, not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble and mischief that he was like to procure within the realm.

"After that the bill had been read and heard, the Duke of Aumerle rose up and said, that as touching the points contained in the bill concerning him, they were utterly false and untrue, which he would prove with his body, in what manner soever it should be thought requisite.

"On the Saturday next ensuing, the Lord Fitzwater herewith rose up and said to the King that when the Duke of Aumerle excuseth himself of the Duke of Gloucester's death, I say (quoth he) that he was the very cause of his death; and so he appealed him of treason, offering, by

throwing down his hood as a gage, to prove it with his body. There were twenty other lords also that threw down their hoods, as pledges to prove the like matter against the Duke of Aumerle.

"The Duke of Aumerle threw down his hood, to try it against the Lord Fitzwater, as against him that lied falsely in that he charged him with by that his appeal. These gages were delivered to the Constable and Marshal of England, and the parties put under arrest.

"The Duke of Surrey stood up also against the Lord Fitzwater, avouching that where he had said that the appellants were cause of the Duke of Gloucester's death it was false; for they were constrained to sue the same appeal, in like manner as the said Lord Fitzwater was compelled to give judgment against the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel, so that the suing of the appeal was done by coercion; and if he said contrary he lied, and therewith he threw down his hood.

"The Lord Fitzwater answered hereunto, that he was not present in the Parliament House when judgment was given against him; and all the lords bare witness thereof. Moreover, where it was alleged that the Duke of Aumerle should send two of his servants unto Calais to murder the Duke of Gloucester, the said Duke of Aumerle said that if the Duke of Norfolk affirmed it he lied falsely, and that he would prove with his body, throwing down another hood which he had borrowed. The same was likewise delivered to the Constable and Marshal of England, and the King licensed the Duke of Norfolk to return, that he might arraign his appeal."

The speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, when the Commons demanded judgment to be passed on King Richard, is narrated by Holinshed as follows:

"Whereupon the Bishop of Carlisle, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldly showed forth his opinion concerning that demand, affirming that there was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgment upon so noble a prince as King Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign and liege lord by the space of twenty-two years and more. 'And I assure you (said he) there is not so rank a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor yet so cruel a murderer apprehended or detained in prison for his offence, but he shall be brought before the justice to hear his judgment; and ye will proceed to the judgment of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse. And I say that the Duke of Lancaster, whom ye call King, hath more trespassed to King Richard and his realm than King Richard hath done either to him or to us; for it is manifest and well known that the Duke was banished the realm by King Richard and his council, and by the judgment of his own father, for the space of ten years, for what cause ye know; and yet, without license of King Richard, he is returned again into the realm, and, that is worse, hath taken upon him the name, title, and pre-eminence of King. And therefore I say that you have done manifest wrong to proceed in anything against King Richard, without calling him openly to his answer and defence.' As soon as the Bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the Earl Marshal, and committed to ward in the Abbey of St. Albans."

*Westminster Hall*, where this scene is laid, was built by William Rufus, but was repaired by Richard II., who raised the walls, altered the windows, and added the carved timber roof, which is to this day a marvel of construction. Here in the olden time were held the royal revels at Christmas, and here for centuries the great state trials took place, from that of Sir William Wallace to that of Warren Hastings. Here Cromwell was inaugurated Protector, and Charles I. was condemned to die. No room in England has been the scene of so many events involving the destinies of the nation.

Richard finished the work of reconstruction in 1399, and the first meeting of Parliament in the new building was for the purpose of deposing him.

4. *Wrought it with the king.* Who persuaded the king to it.

5. *Timeless.* Untimely. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 117: "the timeless deaths, Of these Plantagenets;" *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 21: "your timeless grave."

10. *Dead time.* "Dark and dreary time" (C. P. ed.); or, as Schmidt explains it, "bringing death, deadly." In *T. A.* ii. 3. 99, "dead time" means a time "still as death." Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 180; *Ham.* i. 1. 65; *Id.* i. 2. 198. *Dead*=deadly in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 57; *W. T.* iv. 4. 445; *K. John*, v. 7. 65, etc.

11. *Is not my arm of length?* Is not my arm long? The C. P. ed. cites Ovid, *Epist.* xvi. 166: "An nescis longas regibus esse manus?"

12. *Restful.* Quiet, peaceful. Cf. *Sonn.* 66. 1: "Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry." Some explain it here as="stationary," making the passage mean, Can I reach so far without moving from the English court?

15. On the measure, see Gr. 466.

17. *Than Bolingbroke's return.* Than to have him return. On the ellipsis, see Gr. 390. *England* is metrically a trisyllable here. Gr. 477.

19. On the measure, see Gr. 500.

21. *My fair stars.* The dignity assigned me by the propitious stars at my birth. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 172: "The right and fortune of his happy stars."

22. For the omission of *as*, see Gr. 281.

24. *With the attainder*, etc. He means to say that unless he vindicated his honour by wager of battle, he would be as much disgraced as if convicted of felony or treason.

25. *The manual seal of death.* His death-warrant; an allusion to the sign-manual of a sovereign.

28. *Heart-blood.* Cf. i. 1. 172, and Gr. 22. On the adverbial use of *all*, see Gr. 28.

29. Cf. i. *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 94: "A sword whose temper I intend to stain," etc.

33. *If that.* See Gr. 287. The quartos have "sympathy;" the 1st folio, "sympathize;" the other folios, "sympathies." *Stand on sympathies* (or *sympathy*) =insist on equality of rank (in your antagonist). Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 94: "When articles too nicely urg'd he stood upon;" *Oth.* v. 1. 232: "sympathy in years," etc.

38. The pointing of the folio. The quartos put the comma after *it*, making *twenty times* modify *liest*.

40. The *rapier* was a long pointed sword, of Spanish origin. Its introduction here is an anachronism, as it was not known in England in the time of Richard. But, as the C. P. ed. remarks, S. arms Demetrius in *T. A.* (ii. 1. 54 and iv. 2. 85) with a rapier.

49. *And if*. See Gr. 105. The Camb. ed. adopts Capell's "An if."

52-59. These lines were omitted in the folio; perhaps, as W. suggests, "because they were considered superfluous, and because the expression, *I task the earth*, in the quarto of 1597, or *I take the earth*, in that of 1598 and its successors, was found inexplicable," Capell read "I task thee to the like," which D. approves; Johnson conjectured "I take thy oath;" Steevens, "I task thy heart;" S. Walker, "I take oath." St. makes *I task the earth* = "I challenge the whole world." The C. P. ed. explains it, "I lay on the earth the task of bearing the like gage;" and Hunter, "I engage the earth to bear the like trial of battle."

53. *With full as many lies*. By giving you the lie as many times.

55. *Sun to sun*. Capell's emendation of the "sinne to sinne" of the quartos. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 70: "One score 'twixt sun and sun."

56. *Engage it*. Throw down your gage in return. Cf. 71 below.

57. *Who sets me else?* "Who else sets a match with me?" See Gr. 220. The expression was used in playing dice. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 46:

"Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast?"

*Rich. III.* v. 4. 9:

"Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the dice."

*Lear*, i. 4. 136: "Set less than thou throwest," etc.

58. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 347: "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom" (C. P. ed.).

62. *My lord*. These words are not in the quartos. They seem to have been added in the folio "as a proper mark of respect from Fitzwater to a prince of the blood royal, and one much his senior" (W.).

*In presence*. In the presence-chamber. Gr. 90.

65. *Dishonourable boy*. Spoken in contempt, as Fitzwater was now thirty-one years old.

72. *Fondly*. Foolishly. See on iii. 3. 185.

74. *In a wilderness*. "Where no help can be had by me against him" (Johnson). Cf. *Mach.* iii. 4. 104: "And dare me to the desert with thy sword." Boswell cites B. and F., *Love's Progress*:

"Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what  
Contempt I hear it! In a wilderness  
I durst encounter it."

76. *My bond of faith*. Probably he here throws down another gage.

77. *To tie thee*. To bind thee, obligate thee. Cf. i. 1. 63.

78. *This new world*. The new era under Bolingbroke.

84. *Here do I throw down this*. According to Holinshed, he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.

85. *Repeal'd*. Recalled from exile. Cf. ii. 2. 49.
89. *Signiories*. Cf. iii. 1. 22. On the measure, see Gr. 495. Pope omitted "land and."
93. *In glorious Christian field*. For the omission of article, see Gr. 82.
94. *Streaming*. For the transitive use, see Gr. 290. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 201: "Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood."
96. *Toil'd*. Wearied. Gr. 290. On the reflexive *retir'd himself*, see Gr. 296. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 30.
97. *At Venice*. There Norfolk is said to have died of grief in 1400.
104. Cf. *Luke*, xvi. 22; and *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 38: "The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom."
- On the measure, see Gr. 485. Capell inserted "My" before "lords."
112. *Of that name the fourth*. So in folio. The quartos have "fourth of that name," in which *fourth* may be reckoned a dissyllable. Gr. 484.
115. *Worst in this royal presence*, etc. "That is, I may be the meanest and most unfit to speak" (Schmidt). The C. P. ed. makes *worst* an adverb: "Though I may speak the worst, or with the least right to speak," etc.
116. *Yet best beseeming*, etc. That is, it befits me best, as a spiritual peer, to speak the truth.
117. *Would God*. See Gr. 190.
119. *Noblesse*. The reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "noblenesse." Cf. the Fr. *noblesse oblige*.
120. *Learn*. Teach. Gr. 291. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365:

"The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!"

It is used reflexively in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 17: "I have learned me to repent the sin."

123. *Judg'd*. Condemned; as in 128. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 15: "the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee." On *but*, see Gr. 120.

124. *Apparent*. Manifest. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 198: "these apparent prodigies;" and see note in our ed., p. 147.

128. *Subject*. An adjective here.

129. *And*. See Gr. 95. For *forbid* the quartos have "forfend," which S. uses in several other places. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 32, 186, etc.

130. *Climate*. Region. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 32:

"For I believe they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon."

Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 6. 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is a verb in *III. T.* v. 1. 70: "whilst you Do climate here."

131. *Obscene*. Foul, abominable. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 244: "that obscene and most preposterous event."

139. *Go sleep*. See Gr. 349.

141. "*Kin* refers to blood-relationship; *kind* to our common human nature." Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 65: "A little more than kin, and less than kind" (C. P. ed.).

144. See *Matt.* xxvii. 33.

145. *Rear*. The folio reading; the quartos have "raise." There is an allusion to *Matt.* xii. 25.

146. *Wofullest division*. A prophecy of the Wars of the Roses.

148. *Prevent, resist it*. The early eds. have "Prevent it." Pope omitted it. See Gr. 460.

149. *Lest children's children*. The early eds. have "Lest child, child's children." Pope made the change, and has been followed by D., W., and other editors. Coll., K., St., and H. retain the old reading.

151. *Of capital treason*. See Gr. 177, and cf. i. 1. 27.

154. The "new additions" (see Introduction, p. 10) begin here, and continue to line 318 inclusive.

157. *His conduct*. His escort. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 116: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!"

160. *Beholding*. Equivalent to "beholden," which Pope substituted. Cf. *M. of I.* i. 3. 106: "Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?" and see *Mer.* p. 135.

161. *And little look'd for*. The 3d and 4th quartos have "looke," and the Coll. MS. "look for little." Some understand it to mean, and *this* (the fact that we are little beholding to your love) was little looked for.

163. *Shook*. See Gr. 343. S. sometimes uses *shaked*, as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 101: "when degree is shaken."

165. *Knee*. So the folio. The quartos have "limbs" or "limbes."

168. *Favours*. Faces. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 91: "your outward favour;" and see note in our ed., p. 131.

169. *Sometime*. Once, formerly. Cf. *Cor.* v. 1. 2: "sometime his general." See on *sometimes*, i. 2. 54.

170. Cf. *Matt.* xxvii. 49.

171. On the measure, see Gr. 501.

178. *Tired* is a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

181. *Seize the crown*. Coll., Sr., and others consider this a stage direction (*seizes the crown*), which has accidentally got into the text.

182. *Thine*. So in folio; "yours" in 3d and 4th quartos.

184. *Owes*. Owns, has. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 454: "thou dost here usurp The name thou owest not." It is also used in the modern sense, as in i. 3. 180 above. Both meanings occur in *K. John*, ii. 1. 248:

"Be pleased then  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it."

194, 195. There is a play on the two senses of *care*, anxiety and sorrow: My sorrow is in having to give up the anxieties of a king, a burden which you have to assume.

198. *Tend*. Attend. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 47: "women that tended me." Sometimes it is = be attentive, as in *Temp.* i. 1. 8: "tend to the master's whistle." It is also used with *on* or *upon*, as in *Mach.* i. v. 42: "Come you spirits, That tend on mortal thoughts;" *Lear*, ii. 1. 97: "the riotous knights, That tend upon my father."

200. *As* is printed "I" in the old editions; hence the play on the word. Cf. iii. 3. 175.



201. *No no.* "Since I must be nothing, *no I* is *no no*." The second *no* is a noun.

204. *Unwieldy.* The Camb. ed. prints "unwieldy" (see Gr. 447), and does not mention the folio reading "vnwieldie."

206. *Bulm.* See on iii. 2. 55.

209. *Duteous oaths.* The folio reading. The 3d and 4th quartos have "duties rites." Coll., St., and others read "duties, rites;" the Camb. ed. "duty's rites." "Duteous rites" and "duties, rights" have also been suggested. Perhaps "duty's rites" ("the ceremonious observances which subjects are bound to render to their sovereign," as the C. P. ed. explains it) is to be preferred to "duteous oaths," as the latter are mentioned in 214.

211. *Revenue.* Accented on second syllable, as in *Temp.* i. 2. 98: "Not only with what my revenue yielded." See *Temp.* p. 114, and cf. Gr. 490. In i. 4. 46 and ii. 1. 161, 226 above, the accent is on the first syllable.

214. *That swear.* That is, of those that swear; or, perhaps, that are sworn. The folio has "are made" instead of *that swear*.

216. *And thou.* See Gr. 216.

220. *Sunshine days.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 187: "a sunshine day;" Milton, *L'All.* 98: "On a sunshine holiday."

224. *State and profit.* "Constitution and prosperity" (Hunter). "Settled order and material progress" (C. P. ed.).

228. *Weav'd up.* See on 163 above.

229. *Record.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. i. 1. 30.

231. *Read a lecture of them.* Read them aloud. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 365: "I have heard him read many lectures against it."

*If thou wouldst.* We should say "If thou *shouldst*," and in the next line "There *wouldst* thou." Cf. iii. 4. 20, and see Gr. 322, 326, 331 for *should* and *would* in conditional sentences.

236. *Look upon me.* So in folio. The quartos omit *me*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27:

"Why stand we like soft-hearted women here  
And look upon, as if," etc.

and *Ham.* i. 2. 179: "Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon." Gr. 192

237. *Whilst that.* See Gr. 287.

238. See *Matt.* xxvii. 24, 26.

240. *Sour.* Used metaphorically very much as *bitter* is. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 315: "the sour cup of prosperity" (Costard's speech); *Sonn.* 57. 7: "Nor think the *bitterness* of absence *sour*," etc. So we find "sour woe," "sour adversity," "sour affliction," "sour misfortune," and in the present play (iv. 1. 241) "sour cross" and (v. 6. 20) "sour melancholy."

245. *Sort.* Company. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort;" 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 167: "a sort of naughty persons;" *Id.* iii. 2. 277: "Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king."

249. *Pompous.* Used in its original sense of stately, magnificent. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 188: "the pompous court;" *Per.* iii. prol. 4: "Of this most pompous marriage-feast."

253. *Haught.* Haughty. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 28: "the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud."

254. *Nor no.* The folio has "No, nor." See Gr. 406.

255. *That name was.* That name *which* was. Gr. 244.

256. *But 't is usurped.* "How Richard's name could be usurped is not clear: perhaps he meant that in surrendering his crown he had given up everything that belonged to him by right of birth, both name and position."

263. *And if.* Theo. changed this to "An if," and Pope to "Ah, if." See Gr. 103.

*Word.* The quartos have "name." Cf. i. 3. 231.

266. *His.* Its. Cf. i. 1. 194, etc. Gr. 228.

268. *While.* See on i. 3. 122.

269. *Torments.* Gr. 340. Rowe substituted "torment'st," which the modern eds. generally adopt.

274. *Writ.* See on *shook*, 163 above. Cf. ii. 1. 14. In *Lear*, i. 2. 93, we have *wrote* for *written*.

280. *Beguile.* Deceive. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 131: "the better to beguile;" *Sonn.* 3. 4: "Thou dost beguile the world," etc.

282. *Did keep ten thousand men.* Malone says: "Shakespeare is here not quite accurate. Our chronicles only say: 'To his household came every day to meat ten thousand men.'"

291. *The shadow of your sorrow,* etc. The act by which you express your sorrow has destroyed the reflected image of your face.

295. *Lament.* Capell's emendation for the "laments" of the early eds.

298. The quartos omit *There lies the substance*; also *For thy great bounty* in next line, and *Shall I obtain it?* in 303.

307. *To.* See Gr. 189. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 75 and iii. 2. 54. See also *Matth.* iii. 9; *Luke*, iii. 8, etc.

314. *Sights.* Pope changed this to "sight;" but in Elizabethan English such use of the plural was common. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 21: "whose loves;" *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 48:

"O that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents."

See also *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 25; *T. of A.* i. 1. 255; *Per.* i. 1. 74; *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 68; and v. 2. 38 below.

315. *Convey.* Often = steal. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 32, where after Nym has used the word *steal*, Pistol says "*Convey* the wise it call." Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 63 and 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 81.

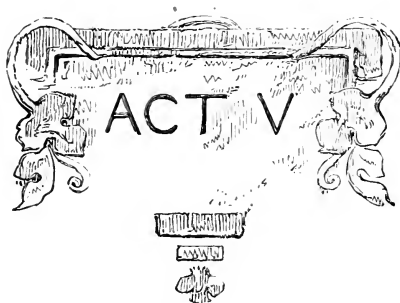
317. *On Wednesday,* etc. The first two quartos read—

"Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next  
We solemnly proclaim our coronation;  
Lords, be ready all."

The change in the text was rendered necessary by the new addition of the "Parliament scene."

325. *My lord.* These words are found only in the first two quartos. Gr. 512.

326. *Take the sacrament.* Take an oath. Cf. v. 2. 97 below.  
 327. Pope and D. omit *also*. See Gr. 497.  
 333. *A plot shall show.* That is, *which* shall show. Gr. 244.



SCENE I.—2. *Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower.* That is, erected under evil auspices, or for evil purposes. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 68 fol. Tradition ascribed the first building of the Tower to Cæsar. Hence Gray in *The Bard* apostrophises it thus :

“Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame!”

11. *Thou model*, etc. “Thou *picture* of greatness” (Johnson). “Thou ruined majesty that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood” (Malone).

12. *Thou map of honour.* “The mere outline, which is all that is left” (C. P. ed.). The expression is used in a somewhat different sense in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 203 : “In thy face I see The map of honour ;” that is, the outward image of the honour within.

13. *Inn.* A house of entertainment of the better sort, as opposed to *alehouse* in line 15. Cf. B. and F., *Lover's Progress*, v. 3 :

“She s a book  
 To be with care perus'd; and 't is my wonder  
 If such misshapen guests as lust and murder  
 At any price should ever find a lodging  
 In such a beauteous inn.”

W. quotes *Optick Glasse of Humours* (1607) :

“His comely body is a beauteous Inne  
 Built fairly to the owner's princely minde,  
 Where wandring virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin;  
 Such pilgrims kindest entertainment finde.  
 An Inne said I? O no, that name's unfit,  
 Sith they stay not a night, but dwell 'n it.”

14. *Hard-favour'd.* Ill-looking, ugly. Cf. *V. and A.* 133 : “Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old ;” *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 53 :

"*Speed.* Is she not hard favoured, boy?

*Valentine.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured."

20. *Sworn brother.* "Adventurers in travel or war sometimes bound themselves to share each other's fortunes; they were then *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers." Cf. *W. T.* v. 4. 607: "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!" *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 107: "and they shook hands, and swore brothers!" *Cor.* iii. 2. 102: "I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people."

23. *Cloister thee.* Shut thyself up. Cf. *R. of L.* 1085: "And therefore still in night would cloister'd be." See Gr. 290, 296.

*Religious house.* A convent.

25. *Stricken.* The reading of the folio; the quartos have "thrown." Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 192: "The clock hath stricken three."

31. *To be o'erpower'd.* At being overpowered. Gr. 356.

37. *Sometime.* See on iv. 1. 169. Gr. 41.

42. *Long ago betid.* That happened long ago. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 31:

"No, not so much perdition as a hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel."

43. *To quit their griefs.* To requite their mournful tales. The quartos have "quite." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 8, 26:

"How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?"

So in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 204: "I'll quit thy pains" ("quite" in early eds.); *T. A.* i. 1. 141: "To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes." The word was spelled either way.

44. *Tale.* The folio has "fall." On *of me*, see Gr. 225.

46. *For why.* Equivalent to "Wherefore? (Because)." See Gr. 75. Cf. *T. G. of F.* iii. 1. 99: "For why, the fools are mad if left alone."

*Sympathize.* Here used transitively. See Gr. 200.

47. *Moving.* Moving the feelings of others.

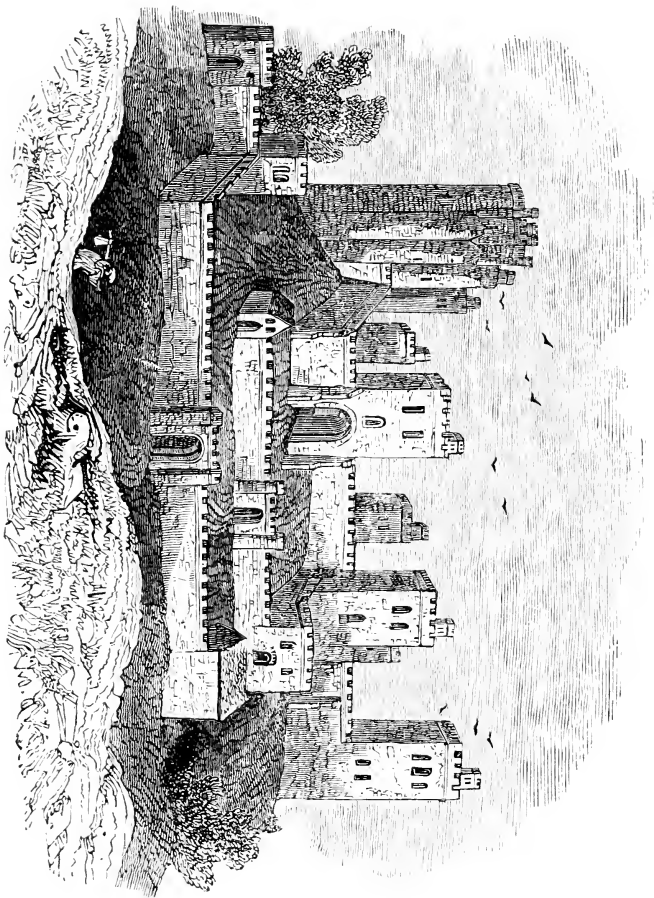
48. *Fire.* A dissyllable. Cf. i. 3. 294. Gr. 480.

52. *Pomfret.* That is, Pontefract Castle, at the town of the same name in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about twenty-two miles from York. *Pomfret* is the common pronunciation of the name.

This famous castle, the ruins of which still give some idea of its ancient strength and magnificence, was built about 1080 by Hildebert (or Ilbert) de Lacy, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. In 1310 it came into the possession of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded near the castle for a revolt against Edward I., several lords implicated with him being hanged at Pontefract the same day. In 1399 it was the prison of Richard II., and here, according to the account that Shakespeare follows, he was murdered by Sir Pierce of Exton. In 1483, Earl Rivers, Richard Lord Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan were executed here, without any legal trial, by the order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Shakespeare (*Rich. III.* iii. 3. 9) makes Rivers exclaim:

"O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
Foul and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls

PONTERRACT CASTLE.



Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink."

The castle was four times besieged: in 1536, by Robert Aske, captain general of the Pilgrimage of Grace, to whom it surrendered; and thrice in the time of Charles I. In 1649 it was dismantled by order of Parliament.

The chief remnant of the castle now is a portion of the keep, consisting of the ruins of two massive round towers connected by walls. In one of these walls, which is eighteen feet thick, is a wretched dungeon, in which tradition says Richard was confined, but it is more probable that he occupied one of the large apartments of the keep.

53. *Order ta'en*. Arrangements made. The expression occurs often in S. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 72: "Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't;" *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 53: "I will take order for her keeping close."

55. *Wherewithal*. Cf. Gr. 196.

61. *Helping him*. Thou having helped him.

62. *Which*. See Gr. 268.

64. *N'er so little*. See Gr. 52.

66. *Converts*. Is converted, changes. See Gr. 293, and cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 229: "Let grief Convert to anger."

68. *Worthy*. Well-merited. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 87: "For doing worthy vengeance on thyself."

69. *And there an end*. A common phrase in S. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 80; *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 65; *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 2, etc.

70. *You must part*. That is, depart. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 77: "Thus losers part;" *T. of A.* iv. 2. 21: "We must all part Into this sea of air." See also Gray, *Elegy*, 1: "The knell of parting day;" Goldsmith, *D. V.* 171: "parting life," etc.

75. *For with a kiss 't was made*. Steevens says: "A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient nuptial ceremony. So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess* (1613) the Duke, on parting with his wife, says to her: 'The kiss thou gavest me in the church, here take.'"

77. *Pines*. Makes waste, or "afflicts" (Schmidt). It is =starve in *V.* and *A.* 602:

"Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw."

78. *Wife*. The folio has "Queene."

80. *Hallowmas*. In the time of S., All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, was ten days nearer the winter solstice than it is now. The calendar was corrected by Gregory XIII. in 1582, but the reform was not adopted in England until 1752.

*Short'st of day*. See Gr. 473, and cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 117: "My near'st of life."

84. The quartos give this line to *Richard*.

88. The 1st quarto reads, "off than neere be nere the neare;" the folio, "off, then neere, be ne're the neere." The line is variously pointed by the modern editors, but they agree pretty well in regard to the meaning, which appears to be, "Better to be far off than near, and yet never the

nearer." The second *near*=nearer. See Gr. 478. Malone quotes Churchyard, *Legend of Shore's Wife* (1578): "Your time is lost, and you are never the near." St. cites Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, epilogue:

"Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,  
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near."

94. *Wedding it.* For the construction, see Gr. 372.

96. *Mine.* That is, my heart.

101. *To make woe wanton.* Cf. iii. 3. 164.

*Fond.* See on iii. 3. 185. Even when the word means affectionate it carries with it the sense of foolish, doting.

SCENE II.—Holinshed's account of the conspiracy in the Abbot's house at Westminster, and its discovery, is as follows:

"At length, by the advice of the Earl of Huntington, it was devised that they should take upon them a solemn joust, to be enterprised between him and twenty on his part, and the Earl of Salisbury and twenty with him, at Oxford, to the which triumph King Henry should be desired; and when he should be most busily regarding the martial pastime, he suddenly should be slain and destroyed, and so by that means King Richard, which as yet lived, might be restored to liberty, and to his former estate and dignity.

"This Earl of Rutland, departing before from Westminster to see his father, the Duke of York, as he sat at dinner had his counterpart of the indenture of the confederacy in his bosom. The father, espying it, would needs see what it was; and though the son humbly denied to show it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force took it out of his bosom, and perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horses to be saddled out of hand . . . and incontinently mounted on horseback, to ride towards Windsor to the King, to declare to him the malicious intent of his son and his accomplices."

4. *Leave.* Leave off. Cf. *V. and A.* 715: "Where did I leave?"

16. *Painted imagery.* "Our author probably was thinking of the painted cloths that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation" (Malone).

22. *Rides.* The 1st quarto has "rode."

23. "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language" (Dryden). We may add that the poet was indebted solely to his imagination for the description. Holinshed simply states that Richard was first taken to Westminster, and the next day "was had to the Tower, and there committed to safe custody." He adds no details, except that "many evil-disposed persons, assembling themselves together in great numbers, intended to have met with him, and to have taken him from such as had the conveying of him, that they might have slain him; but the Mayor and Aldermen gathered to them the worshipful commoners and grave citizens, by whose policy, and not without much ado, the other

were revoked from their evil purpose." According to Stow, Richard was taken by water from Westminster to the Tower.

25. *Idly*. Regardlessly, indifferently. W. prints the word "idlely."

28. The quartos have "gentle Richard."

33. *Patience*. A trisyllable here. See Gr. 479.

38. Capell changed *bound* to "bind;" D., following Lettsom, to "bow." For *contents*, see on iv. i. 314.

40. *Allow*. Accept, acknowledge. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 4: "And on all sides the authority allow'd."

46, 47. The *spring* is the reign of Bolingbroke; the *violets*, his earliest courtiers. Cf. Milton, *Song on May Morning*, 3:

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

48. On the double negative, see Gr. 406.

49. *Had as lief*. Like *had rather*, used regularly by S. and all the old writers. *Would as lief* and *would rather* are of comparatively recent introduction, like "being built" and sundry other neologisms which writers of grammars prefer to good old English idioms that cannot be "parsed" so easily.

*Lief* is the A. S. *leof*, dear. The comparative *liefer* or *lever*, and the superlative *liest*, are common in the old writers. S. uses the latter in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. i. 164: "my liefast liege."

52. *Hold those justs*, etc. That is, are they really to be held? See extract from Holinshed above.

*Triumphs*. Tournaments. Cf. v. 3. 14 below. See also 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31:

"Or one that at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds;"

Milton, *L'All.* 119:

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold."

56. *Without*. See Gr. 197. The seal was usually attached to a deed or bond by a loop of parchment.

58. *Sees*. The quartos have "see." Gr. 368.

65. *Bond*. The quartos have "band." See on i. i. 2.

66. *'Gainst*. See on iii. 4. 28. The folio and the later quartos have "against the triumphs." We follow the 1st quarto.

75. On *for*, see Gr. 155.

79. *Appeach*. Impeach, inform against. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 197:

"Come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd;"

that is, informed against you.

81. *I will not peace*. Cf. ii. 3. 87: "Grace me no grace," etc.

85. *Amaz'd*. Confounded, bewildered. Cf. i. 3. 81.

90. *Have we more sons?* There was a younger son, Richard, the "Earl of Cambridge" of *Hen. V.*



*Like.* Likely; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iv. i. 237: "you are like to lose your hair," etc.

91. *Is not*, etc. Is not my period of child-bearing past?

98. *Interchangeably.* Mutually. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 62: "Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably,'" 1 *Hen.* IV. iii. 1. 81: "sealed interchangeably." In i. i. 146, the word = in return.

99. *None.* Not one of them. Gr. 53.

101. For the measure, see Gr. 512.

112. *Spur, post.* The folio has "Spurre post," making *post* an adverb, as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 85: "comes post." See on i. i. 56.

SCENE III.—Holinshed writes:

"The Earl of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, took his horse and rode another way to Windsor, in post, so that he got thither before his father; and when he was alighted at the castle gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying that he must needs deliver the keys to the King. When he came before the King's presence, he kneeled down on his knees, beseeching him of mercy and forgiveness, and declaring the whole matter unto him in order as everything had passed, obtained pardon; and therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his son unto the King, who, thereby perceiving his son's words to be true, changed his purpose for his going to Oxford."

1. *Unthrifty son.* Afterwards Henry V., at this time only twelve years old. His introduction here is one of the anachronisms which, as Schlegel says, Shakespeare committed purposely and most deliberately (*geflissentlich und mit grossem Bedacht*).

5. *At London.* Abbott (Gr. 144) remarks that London was not so large as it now is when S. wrote this.

6. *Frequent.* See Gr. 293. S. nowhere else uses the verb intransitively.

9. The folio transposes "beat" and "rob." *Passengers* = passers by; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. i. 1: "I see a passenger;" *Id.* iv. i. 72: "silly women or poor passengers." S. uses the word in no other sense.

10. *While.* Pope's emendation for the "which" of the early eds. Some editors retain the latter. St. thinks the passage was meant to end at *support*, and that *so dissolute a crew* was to be cancelled or to supply the place of *even such, they say*. The C. P. ed. suggests putting a comma after *support*, making *crew* in apposition with *which*.

*Young wanton.* So all the early eds. Rowe put a comma after *young*, making *wanton* an adjective. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 310: "you make a wanton of me;" *K. John*, v. i. 70:

"Shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?"

14. *Held.* That is, to be held.

16. *He would unto.* See Gr. 405.

17. *Common'st.* See Gr. 473. Cf. *short'st*, v. i. 80.

18. *Favour.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 130: "this favour thou shalt wear;"

*Hen. V.* iv. 7. 160: "wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap."

21. *Sparks.* The 2d, 3d, and 4th quartos have "sparkles." Cf. v. 6. 29: "sparks of honour."

22. *Happily.* Haply. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 98: "Happily You something know;" *T. of S.* iv. 4. 54: "happily we might be interrupted." Perhaps in the present passage it is used in its ordinary sense.

27. *To have.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

34. *On.* See Gr. 181.

43. *Secure.* Careless, too confident. See on iii. 2. 34.

44. *Speak treason.* Use language like that of treason; referring to *foolhardy*.

48. *Us.* Used reflexively, as the personal pronouns often are in *S.* Gr. 223. Cf. *me* in 52 just below.

50. *Forbids me show.* For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

52. *Repent me.* See Gr. 296.

57. *Forget to pity him.* "Forget your promise to have mercy on him" (C. P. ed.).

58. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343.

61. *Sheer.* Pure. *S.* uses the word only here and in *T. of S.* induction, 2. 25: "Fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale." There it probably means "nothing but ale;" though Schmidt thinks it may mean "unmixed ale." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 44: "a fountaine shere;" *Id.* iv. 6. 20: "Pactolus with his waters shere;" Golding, *Ovid's Met.* iv.: "The water was so pure and shere."

64. *Converts.* See on v. 1. 66.

66. *Digressing.* "Transgressing" (Schmidt); turning aside from the right path, going astray.

72. *Giving.* In giving. Gr. 372.

80. *The Beggar and the King.* An allusion to the old ballad of *King Cophetua*, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 114: "Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?"

86. *Confound.* Destroy. Cf. iii. 4. 60.

88. *Aone other can.* Can love no one else. Gr. 387.

89. *Make.* Do. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 55: "What make you here?" *Oth.* i. 2. 43: "Ancient, what makes he here?" *Id.* iii. 4. 169: "What make you from home?"

93. *Kneel.* The quartos have "walk."

95. *Bid me joy.* See on ii. 3. 15.

97. *Unto.* In addition to. Gr. 190.

99. Omitted in the folio.

101. The C. P. ed. says that this line as it stands is an Alexandrine, and *prayers* a dissyllable. It would be better to make *are in jest* one foot, bringing the line under Gr. 497. D. (following Capell) settles the question by dropping *in*, which is better than Pope's elision of *do*.

103. *Would be.* Wishes to be. See Gr. 329.

109, 110. As these lines both end with *have*, Pope substituted *crave* in the first. *S.* Walker prefers to make the change in the second. *Prayers* is here a dissyllable.

111. *Good aunt, stand up.* The folio gives this to *Bolingbroke*; the 1st quarto, to *York*.

113. *And if.* •Theo. changed this to "An if," which many eds. adopt. See Gr. 103.

118. *Mouths.* The folio has "mouth's."

119. *Pardonnez-moi.* That is, excuse me; a polite way of refusing the request.

121. *My sour husband.* Cf. *V. and A.* 449: "Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest;" *Id.* 655: "This sour informer." See on iv. i. 240.

122. Cf. v. 5. 13 below.

124. *Chopping.* "Changing, inconstant" (Hunter). Wb. quotes L'Estrange: "We go on chopping and changing our friends." Cotgrave uses the word to define the Fr. *changer*. Schmidt explains it here as "mincing, affected," or "perhaps = the French which hacks or disfigures our words." The word is still used in the sense of "changing suddenly" in the nautical phrase, "a chopping wind." The meaning of the passage seems to be: "The chopping French, which changes one meaning for another, which sets the word itself against the word, we do not understand."

125. *Set thy tongue there.* That is, let it speak the pity that the eye expresses.

132. *Happy vantage.* Lucky advantage. "The Duchess here implies that kneeling was for the suppliant as much a position of vantage as it would be the reverse for a combatant" (C. P. ed.). See on i. 3. 218.

137. On *for*, see Gr. 149; and on the measure, Gr. 466. The *brother-in-law* was John, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon, who had married Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister. He, together with Aumerle and Surrey, had been deprived of his dukedom in the first Parliament of Henry IV.

138. *Consorted.* Confederated. Cf. v. 6. 15. See also *R. of L.* 1609: "Collatine and his consorted lords."

139. Cf. *A. IV.* iii. 4. 15: "Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth;" *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 40: "Death and destruction dog thee at the heels!"

140. *Order several powers.* Marshal separate bodies of troops. On *several*, cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 42: "For several virtues Have I liked several women;" *A. and C.* i. 5. 62: "Twenty several messengers;" Milton, *Comus*, 25: "commits to several government;" *Hymn on Nativity*, 234: "Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave," etc. On *powers*, cf. ii. 2. 46, etc.

144. *Mine.* Not in the early eds., but found in the Coll. MS. and adopted by D., St., W., and others. The 5th quarto has "cousin too," which the Camb. ed. gives.

SCENE IV.—1. For the "redundant object," see Gr. 414.

2. Holinshed says that Exton overheard these words while waiting upon the king at table. For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

5. *Urg'd.* See on iii. i. 4.

7. *Wistly.* Wistfully. Cf. *R. of L.* 1355: "wistly on him gaz'd."

8. *As who should say.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 45: "He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'If you will not have me, choose;'" and see Gr. 257.

11. *Rid.* Make away with, destroy. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 364: "The red plague rid you!"

SCENE V.—Holinshed's account of Richard's death is as follows:

"Sir Piers Exton incontinently departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his company, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquire that was accustomed to sew and take the assay\* before King Richard, to do so no more, saying, 'Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.' King Richard sat down to dinner, and was served without courtesy or assay, whereupon, much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquire why he did not his duty: 'Sir (said he), I am otherwise commanded by Sir Piers of Exton, which is newly come from King Henry.' When King Richard heard that word, he took the carving-knife in his hand, and struck the esquire on the head, saying, 'The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together;' and with that word Sir Piers entered the chamber, well armed, with eight tall men likewise armed, every of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard, perceiving this, put the table from him, and stepping to the foremost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantly defended himself that he slew four of those that thus came to assail him. Sir Piers being half dismayed, herewith leapt into the chair where King Richard was wont to sit, while the other four persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber; and, in conclusion, as King Richard traversed his ground from one side of the chamber to another, and coming by the chair where Sir Piers stood, he was felled with the stroke of a pole-axe which Sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life, without giving him respite once to call to God for mercy of his past offences."

1. *How I may compare.* The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "how to compare."

3. *For because.* See Gr. 151.

8. *Still-breeding.* Ever breeding. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 64: "the still-closing waters;" *Id.* i. 2. 229: "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." See on ii. 2. 34. Gr. 69.

9. *This little world.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 10: "Strives in his little world of man," etc. The poet here uses the philosophy which is thus described by Sir Walter Raleigh: "Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."

10. *Humours.* Dispositions. The "four humours" in a man, according to the old physicians, were blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. If these were all duly mixed, all would be well; but if any of them un-

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\* That is, to put the dishes on the table, and taste of them before serving them. See on v. 5. 99 below.

duty preponderated, the man became "humourous," one "humour" or another bearing too great a sway in him. See Trench's *Select Glossary*, s. v.

13. *Scruples*. Doubts. The folio has "the Faith it selfe Against the Faith."

15-17. See *Matt.* xi. 28; xix. 14, 24. A *postern* is a small gate. The quartos have "a small needle's eye." *Needle* was often a monosyllable; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 204: "Have with our needles created both one flower;" *R. of L.* 319: "And, griping it, the needle his finger pricks," etc. In these and similar cases the modern eds. often substitute *neeld*, a monosyllabic form which was in use in the time of S. Cf. Fairfax, *Tasso*, xx. 95: "Thy neeld and spindle, not a sword and speare." In *Per.* v. prol. 5 the quartos have "neele," which is frequently found in *Gammer Gurton*, rhyming with "feele." See Gr. 465.

On *thread*, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 127: "They would not thread the gates;" *Lear*, ii. 1. 121: "threading dark-eyed night." In the latter passage, as Schmidt suggests, the adjective is "evidently formed in allusion to the eye of a needle." Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 11: "Unthread the rude eye of rebellion." In the present passage, *thread* was doubtless suggested by *eye*.

18. For the redundant *they*, see Gr. 243.

21. *Ragged*. Rugged, rough. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 121: "a ragged, fearful-hanging rock;" *T. A.* v. 3. 133: "the ragged stones;" Milton, *L'Al.* 8: "under low-brow'd rocks, As ragged as thy locks;" *Isa.* ii. 21: "the tops of the ragged rocks."

22. *For*. See on 3 above.

25. *Nor shall not*. See Gr. 406. Cf. iv. 1. 254.

*Silly*. Often = "harmless, innocent, helpless" (Schmidt), and used "as a term of pity." Cf. *V. and A.* 1098: "the silly lamb;" *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 72: "silly women or poor passengers." See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 91:

"Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep"

(that is, their *simple* thoughts). It is also used "as a term of contempt;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 22: "Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!" As Trench remarks (*Select Glossary*, s. v.), the word (identical with the German *selig*) "has successively meant, (1) blessed, (2) innocent, (3) harmless, (4) weakly foolish."

26. *Refuge their shame*, etc. Find refuge for their shame in the fact that, etc. S. nowhere else uses *refuge* as a verb. Cf. Gr. 290.

27. *That many have*. Have sat. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 192: "that am, have, and will be."

31. *Person*. The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "prison."

36. *King'd*. Made a king. See Gr. 294.

43. *Broke*. See Gr. 343. Cf. iii. 1. 13, etc.

46. *Hear*. The folio reading; the quartos have "check" = rebuke, reprove, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 220, etc.

50. Henley explains the passage thus: "There are three ways in

which a clock notices the progress of time, viz., by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in the minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, to use an expression of Milton, *minute-drops*;\* his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial-point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour."

51. *My thoughts are minutes.* "That is, my mind is never at rest; my thoughts recur in regular time and order" (Morris).

*Jar* = tick. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 43: "a jar o' the clock."

55. The early eds. have "Now, sir, the sound that tells." Coll. suggested *for* (= instead of); and Pope, *sounds that tell*.

57. *So sighs and tears*, etc. Cf. *A. V. L.* iii. 2. 321: "Sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock."

60. *Jack o' the clock.* An automaton that struck the hours. Such figures were not unfrequently connected with public clocks in those days, and are still to be seen on the "Clock Tower" in Berne, and on the famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral. There used to be two of them in front of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, London; and there are still two such (or were when we were last in London) in front of a clock-maker's shop in Cheapside, near Bow Church. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 117:

"Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation."

*T. of A.* iii. 6. 107:

"You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks;"

that is, "marking every minute, changing with every minute?" (Schmidt).

See also B. and F., *Coxcomb*, i. 5:

"Is this your jack i' th' clock-house?"  
Will you strike, sir?"

Decker, *Lantern and Candlelight*: "The Jacke of a clock-house goes upon screws, and his office is to do nothing but strike;" Flecknoe, *Enigmat. Char.*: "He scrapes you just such a leg, in answering you, as jack o' th' clock-house agoing about to strike."

61. *Help.* Found both as imperfect and as past participle of *help*.

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\* The expression which Henley mentions occurs in *Il Penseroso*, 13:

"Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust has blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute-drops from off the eaves;"

that is, the last drippings from the roof falling at intervals of a minute. Cf. *minute-guns*.

Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 240: "Sir Robert never help to make this leg;" *Temp.* i. 2. 63: "But blessedly help hither." S. also uses *helped*; as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 138; *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 48, etc.

There is perhaps an allusion here to 1 *Samuel*, xvi. 23.

66. *Brooch*. An ornamental buckle for the hat; here probably = ornament (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 94:

"he is the brooch indeed  
And gem of all the nation."

Malone explains the passage thus: "As strange and uncommon as a brooch which is now no longer worn;" and he cites *A. W.* i. 1. 171: "just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now."

67. *Thanks, noble peer*. The gold coin called the *noble* was worth 6s. 8d., while that known as the *royal* was worth 10s. The *groat* was 4d.; so that the difference in value between them was ten groats. Richard says: "The cheapest of us (that is, the *noble*, worth twenty groats) is valued at double its worth, or ten groats too dear." This jest is said to have been borrowed from Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, "My royal Queen," and a little after, "My noble Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What! am I ten groats worse than I was?" A similar joke may be found in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317-321.

69. *What*. See Gr. 254.

70. *Sad*. Grave, gloomy. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 205:

"Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam."

*T. N.* iii. 4. 5: "he is sad and civil," etc.

*Dog* has troubled the souls of some of the commentators. Theo., following Warburton, substituted "drudge," and Becket conjectured "Doeg."

75. *Sometimes*. See on i. 2. 54.

76. *It yearn'd*. It grieved. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 26: "It yearns me not;" *M. W.* iii. 5. 45: "it would yearn your heart to see it." See also *J. C.* ii. 2. 129, and note in our ed., p. 153. Gr. 297.

79. *Bestrid*. Mounted. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 15: "When I bestride him, I soar;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 183: "And once again bestride our foaming steeds." For the form *bestrid*, cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 192: "When I bestrid thee in the wars and took Deep scars to save thy life" (that is, defended thee when fallen in battle). Cf. *betid*, v. 1. 42.

83. *So proudly as*. See Gr. 275.

85. *Jade*. "A term of contempt or pity for a worthless or wicked or maltreated horse" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 269: "let carman whip his jade," etc. On *eat* = eaten, see Gr. 343.

90. *Rail*. Often followed, as here, by *on* or *upon*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 49: "he rails . . . on me, my bargains," etc.

94. *Spur-gall'd*. The folio reading; the quartos have "Spurde, gall'd" or "Spurde, galde."

*Jauncing*. Nares defines the word: "To ride hard; from *jancer*, old French, to work a horse violently."

95. *Here is no longer stay.* That is, for thee. Cf. *T. G. of V. i. 3. 75*: "No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go."

98. *Fall to.* Cf. *A. Y. L. ii. 7. 171*: "Welcome! fall to;" *Hen. V. v. 1. 38*: "I pray you, fall to," etc.

99. *Taste of it first.* See extract from Holinshed above. To *take the assay* (or *say*) or to *give the say*, as it was called, was a regular formality at the royal table. Nares says, "To *give the say*, at court, was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes." When Charles I. returned for a time to St. James, Herbert says, "At meals he was served with the usual state: the carver, the sewer, cupbearer, and gentleman usher doing their offices respectively; his cup was given on the knee, as were the covered dishes; the say was given, and other accustomed ceremonies of the court observed."

100, 101. Printed as two lines of verse in the early eds. Coll. first gave it as prose, and has been followed by most of the recent editors. Pope changed *lately* to "late."

104. St. suggests "What! mean'st death in this rude assault?"

109. *Staggers.* Makes to reel, strikes down. Used nowhere else by S. in this sense. It is transitive only in one other passage (*Hen. VIII. ii. 4. 212*: "The question did at first so stagger me"), where it is metaphorical and = bewilder. Intransitively, it means to waver or hesitate; as in *M. W. iii. 3. 12*: "without any pause or staggering, take this basket," etc.

Pope omits *Exton*.

The story of the murder of Richard by Sir Pierce of Exton, which S. has adopted, was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's *Polychronicon*, and was copied by Holinshed, who, however, notices the other stories that he was starved, or starved himself to death. It is supposed that Caxton got his account from a French manuscript in the royal library at Paris, written by a partisan of Richard. Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time of the king's death, states that he voluntarily starved himself. In the manifesto of the Percies against Henry IV., issued just before the battle of Shrewsbury, Henry is distinctly charged with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days of sufferings unheard of among Christians. Two years later the charge is repeated by Archbishop Scrope, but he adds "ut vulgariter dicitur." This is the version adopted by Gray in *The Bard*:

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare;  
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

There is yet another story—that Richard escaped from Pontefract, and lived nineteen years in Scotland. This account is supported by Tytler in his *History of Scotland* (vol. ii., Appendix), and it has been proved that such a belief was entertained early in the 15th century. In the records of the Chamberlain of Scotland there are entries of the sums paid for the King's maintenance for eleven years. On the other hand, it is asserted



that the person who was thus taken care of was a pretender, and that no satisfactory evidence can be found that he was the real Richard.

The body of Richard is said to have been brought to London, and publicly exhibited in the Tower. It was buried at Langley, but afterwards transferred by Henry V. to Westminster Abbey. When the tomb was opened, some years ago, no marks of violence were found upon the skull. This would seem to disprove the Exton story, but Tytler maintains that the body was not that of Richard, who, as he affirms, was buried in the Grayfriars' Church, at Stirling in Scotland.

The question will probably have to remain among the unsolved problems of history. On the whole, there can be little doubt that Richard died at Pontefract; but the story of assassination is a mere fable, and that of voluntary starvation very doubtful. More than this the conflicting testimony does not seem to justify us in saying.\*

SCENE VI. — 3. *Cicester*. That is, Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. The early eds. have *Ciceter*, which indicates the common pronunciation.

8. The 1st quarto has "Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt." It has been suggested that as the name of Oxford frequently occurs in Holinshed, S. may inadvertently have taken it for the title of one of the conspirators. It is corrected in the folio.

15. *Consorted*. See on v. 3. 138.

19. Shakespeare here follows Holinshed, who says that the Abbot died shortly after the defeat of the conspiracy in 1400. But Dean Stanley, in his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, says that it was William of Colchester, abbot from 1386 to 1420, "who was sent by Henry IV. with sixty horsemen to the Council of Constance, and died twenty years after Shakespeare reports him to have been hanged for treason."

20. *Sour*. See on iv. 1. 240.

25. *Reverend*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "reverent," but the words seem to be used indifferently. *Room* = place.

26. *Joy*. Enjoy. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 365: "live thou, to joy thy life;" *Id.* iv. 9. 1: "Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne?"

27. *So as*. See Gr. 133.

35. *A deed of slander*. That is, that will be the cause of slander. All the early eds. except 1st quarto have "deed of slaughter."

40. *Him murthered*. "Him who is murdered." Gr. 246.

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\* In an interesting Memoir of Bishop Braybrooke (1381-1404), printed in the *Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society* (vol. iii. 1870), Mr. E. W. Braybrooke, F. S. A., after remarking that the theory of slow starvation is more probable than that of assassination, adds: "But whether this starvation was an act of murder by Henry's orders, or an act of voluntary suicide, is uncertain. The secrets of the dreadful prison-house at Pomfret have never been revealed; and the documentary evidence, when allowance is made for the partialities of the writers, is about equal on either side. There remains, however, another alternative, for which there is no documentary evidence whatever, but which may after all afford the true explanation—that Richard's death was natural; that the few short steps between the prisons and the graves of princes were traversed the sooner by the natural effect of his recent sad experiences on a constitution weakened by indulgence. Not a single testimony rests upon any personal knowledge, and the tongues of rumour are always busy when the great ones of the earth die suddenly."

43. The 1st quarto has "thorough." See *Mer.* p. 144, note on *Through-fares*.

47. *For that.* For that *which.* Gr. 244.

48. *Sullen.* Dark, gloomy. Cf. *Sonn.* 29. 12 :

"Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;"

1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 236 : "And like bright metal on a sullen ground."

*Incontinent.* Forthwith, immediately. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 12 : "he will return incontinent." We have *incontinently* in *Oth.* i. 3. 306. Gr. 1. The Coll. MS. puts a period after *black*.

52. *After.* Pope substituted "over."

### ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 269) as follows :

"Time of this play, fourteen days represented on the stage ; with intervals, the length of which I cannot attempt to determine.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.

*Interval.* About  $4\frac{1}{2}$  months ?—historic time.

" 2. Act I. sc. ii.

*Interval.* Gaunt's journey to Coventry.

" 3. Act I. sc. iii.

*Interval.* Journey from Coventry to London.

" 4. Act I. sc. iv., Act II. sc. i.\*

*Interval.* A day or two.

" 5. Act II. sc. ii.

*Interval.*

" 6. Act II. sc. iii.

*Interval.*

" 7. Act II. sc. iv., Act III. sc. i.

" 8. Act III. sc. ii.†

*Interval.*

\* "The connection of this scene with the preceding one is too close to allow of more than one day for the two ; and here we have a singular instance of the manner in which the dramatist annihilates time. It is evident that Bolingbroke cannot yet have quitted the English coast, while at the same time we hear that he is already prepared to return to it ; and that, too, before he could possibly have heard of his father's death, the ostensible cause of his return. Some slightly greater degree of *apparent probability* might be given to the plot, in stage performance, by dividing this scene ; making a separate scene of the latter half when the King has left the stage. The direction of the Folio, however, is—'*Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.*' But even with this break in the action we should still have no probable time for the evolution of the story ; neither would this arrangement meet the reference to Bolingbroke's sojourn at the French court during his exile contained in York's speech, where he mentions the ill turn the King has done him in the prevention of his marriage with the Duke of Berri's daughter (167, 168)."

† "If Salisbury's 'yesterday' (69) is to be accepted literally, the time of this scene should be the morrow of Act II. sc. iv. For this reason I put Act III. sc. i. with that scene as Day 7, and, setting aside geographical considerations, with which indeed the

Day 9. Act III. sc. iii.

*Interval.*

" 10. Act III. sc. iv.

*Interval.*

" 11. Act IV. sc. i., Act V. sc. i.

*Interval.*

" 12. Act V. sc. ii., iii., and iv.

*Interval.*

" 13. Act V. sc. v.

*Interval.*

" 14. Act V. sc. vi.

Historic time, from 29th April, 1398, to the beginning of March, 1400, at which time the body of Richard, or what was declared to be such, was brought to London."

RICHARD AND JAKUES.—Dowden (*Shakspeare: his Mind and Art*, Amer. ed. p. 180) says: "The soliloquy of Richard in Pomfret (v. 5) might almost be transferred, as far as tone and manner are concerned, to one other personage in Shakspeare's plays—to Jaques. The curious intellect of Jaques gives him his distinction. He plays his parts for the sake of understanding the world in his way of superficial fool's-wisdom. Richard plays his parts to possess himself of the æsthetic satisfaction of an amateur in life, with a fine feeling for situations. But each lives in the world of shadow, in the world of mockery wisdom or the world of mockery passion."

The same critic remarks (p. 181): "Yet to the last a little of real love is reserved by one heart or two for the shadowy, attractive Richard: the love of a wife who is filled with a piteous sense of her husband's mental and moral effacement, seeing her 'fair rose wither,' and the love of a groom whose loyalty to his master is associated with loyalty to his master's horse, roan Barbary. This incident of roan Barbary is an invention of the poet. Did Shakspeare intend only a little bit of helpless pathos? Or is there a touch of hidden irony here? A poor spark of affection remains for Richard, but it has been kindled half by Richard, and half by Richard's horse. The fancy of the fallen king disports itself for the last time, and hangs its latest wreath around this incident. Then suddenly comes the darkness. Suddenly the hectic passion of Richard flares: he snatches an axe from a servant, and deals about him deadly blows. In another moment he is extinct; the graceful, futile existence has ceased."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

*King Richard*: i. 1(57), 3(74), 4(40); ii. 1(41); iii. 2(146), 3(104); iv. 1(134); v. 1(63), 5(96). Whole no. 755.

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author does not appear to have concerned himself, we may then with dramatic propriety suppose the journey of Salisbury from North Wales and of Scroop from Bristol to have been simultaneous, bringing them to Richard's presence within a short time of each other."

- Gaunt*: i. 1(8), 2(16), 3(62); ii. 1(106). Whole no. 192.  
*York*: ii. 1(74), 2(41), 3(49); iii. 1(2), 3(13); iv. 1(11); v. 2(70), 3(28). Whole no. 288.  
*Bolingbroke*: i. 1(59), 3(78); ii. 3(56); iii. 1(38), 3(55); iv. 1(39); v. 3(56), 6(33). Whole no. 414.  
*Aumerle*: i. 3(5), 4(15); iii. 2(12), 3(3); iv. 1(26); v. 2(11), 3(13). Whole no. 85.  
*Mowbray*: i. 1(83), 3(52). Whole no. 135.  
*Surrey*: iv. 1(10). Whole no. 10.  
*Salisbury*: ii. 4(9); iii. 2(11). Whole no. 20.  
*Berkeley*: ii. 3(8). Whole no. 8.  
*Bushy*: i. 4(4); ii. 2(33); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 39.  
*Bagot*: ii. 2(9); iv. 1(13). Whole no. 22.  
*Green*: i. 4(5); ii. 2(25); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 32.  
*Northumberland*: ii. 1(50), 3(35); iii. 3(30); iv. 1(15); v. 1(7), 6(5). Whole no. 142.  
*Percy*: ii. 3(21); iii. 3(8); iv. 1(5); v. 3(6), 6(5). Whole no. 45.  
*Ross*: ii. 1(20), 3(2). Whole no. 22.  
*Willoughby*: ii. 1(10), 3(2). Whole no. 12.  
*Fitzwater*: iv. 1(23); v. 6(4). Whole no. 27.  
*Carlisle*: iii. 2(14); iv. 1(49). Whole no. 63.  
*Abbot*: iv. 1(10). Whole no. 10.  
*Marshal*: i. 3(25). Whole no. 25.  
*Exton*: v. 4(10), 5(6), 6(5). Whole no. 21.  
*Scroop*: iii. 2(37). Whole no. 37.  
*Captain*: ii. 4(15). Whole no. 15.  
*1st Herald*: i. 3(6). Whole no. 6.  
*2d Herald*: i. 3(7). Whole no. 7.  
*Servant*: ii. 2(5); iii. 4(10); v. 4(2). Whole no. 17.  
*Gardener*: iii. 4(52). Whole no. 52.  
*Lord*: iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.  
*Groom*: v. 5(12). Whole no. 12.  
*Keeper*: v. 5(6). Whole no. 6.  
*Queen*: ii. 1(1), 2(39); iii. 4(43); v. 1(32). Whole no. 115.  
*Duchess of York*: v. 2(45), 3(48). Whole no. 93.  
*Duchess of Gloster*: i. 2(58). Whole no. 58.  
*Lady*: iii. 4(6). Whole no. 6.  
*"All"*: i. 4(1). Whole no. 1.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(205), 2(74), 3(309), 4(65); ii. 1(299), 2(149), 3(171), 4(24); iii. 1(44), 2(218), 3(209), 4(107); iv. 1(334); v. 1(102), 2(117), 3(146), 4(12), 5(119), 6(52). Whole number in the play, 2756.

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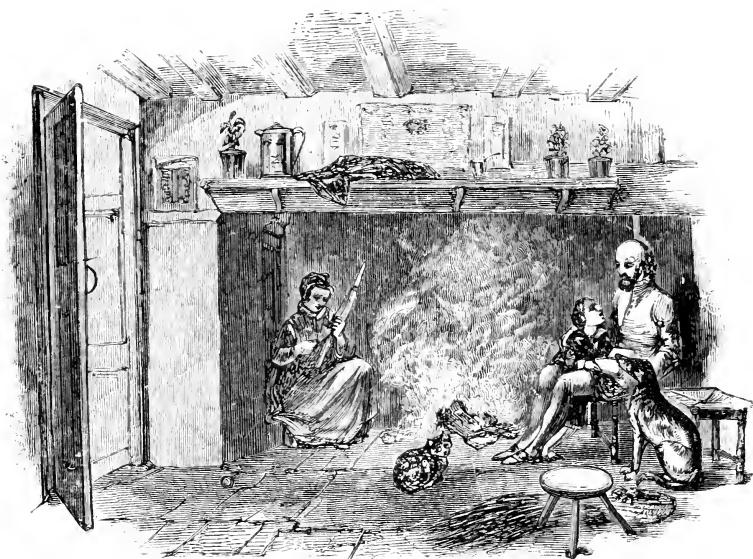
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